$1000.00 FOR A TITLE TO THIS COVER

–SEE INSIDE

WEEK ENDING SEPT. 4, 1926

5c Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

In this Issue

"SHE BROKE A LANCE WITH LIFE"

by

Rosita Forbes

When you paint WHITE, use Zinc-O-Lith

White for Your Fall Painting

Rich, glistening white! No wonder it has the preference. Aside from the pleasure of having a newly painted home, there are other reasons for painting in the fall. The house is free from moisture. Paint takes hold of the surface more firmly and provides greater resistance against rough winter weather and the hot summer sun. There are no flies, gnats, or mosquitoes to interfere with the work.

And there are many reasons, too, why you should choose Zinc-O-Lith. First, it's the white that IS white and STAYS white. It's made from newly developed ingredients and these ingredients are less costly, as well as being BETTER, for painting purposes. Because of them, Zinc-O-Lith covers a greater surface, flows on more easily, retains its gloss for a longer time and offers genuine protection for years.

Now—Zinc-O-Lith Enamel

All of the remarkable qualities of Zinc-O-Lith House Paint are now available to you in a finish for interior purposes—Zinc-O-Lith Enamel for your walls, woodwork, furniture whenever you want "a white that IS white and STAYS white." And like Zinc-O-Lith House Paint, it gives you a better result at a lower cost.

Zinc-O-Lith
PURE WHITE

Two important factors are necessary for a good painting result—good paint and a good painter. The country-wide success of Zinc-O-Lith is your assurance of the former. You can safely judge the painter by the same formula—his reputation in your community.

Adrian D. Joyce
President

The GLIDDEN EVERYWHERE ON EVERYTHING Companies

Adams & Elting Company
Chicago
The American Paint Works
New Orleans
T. L. Blood & Company
St. Paul
Campbell Paint & Varnish Co.
St. Louis
The Forest City Paint & Varnish Co.
Cleveland
The Glidden Company
Cleveland
The Glidden Company of California
San Francisco
Heath & Milligan Mfg. Company
Chicago
Nubian Paint & Varnish Company
Chicago
Twin City Varnish Company
St. Paul
The A. Wilhelm Company
Reading
In Canada:
The Glidden Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

SEND FOR THIS BOOK

THE GLIDDEN COMPANIES,
National Headquarters,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Please send me a copy of your free book, "White House Painting."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....L.9-4

Zinc-O-Lith—*the paint that's* ALL *paint*

Gaining Public Confidence

TRUE merit is recognized in this land of ours. Sometimes, the path is not always easy. Sometimes it is not always swift. Sometimes patience is required. But if the cause is just, if real service is being rendered to the public, then sooner or later the multitude will appreciate it and will praise the efforts. ¶ It is a law of nature. ¶ Star cars are now in their fourth year. More than four hundred thousand have been built. Progress has been constantly made in production. The demand has been widened. Star car following has steadily increased. ¶ Today the name STAR on a motor car has the respect of the trade and the confidence of the public. ¶ And this confidence has been earned by sheer merit. It has been earned by building honestly and giving dollar-for-dollar value—by serving the public need. ¶ Today the New Star Six and Improved Star Four, more than ever before live up to these ideals. ¶ Go see the new Star cars and you will appreciate what has been done. ¶ You will see car beauty which will win your hearty approval. You will find a chassis of greater power and a body obviously superior in design, construction, equipment, and finish. ¶ An inspection of the new models will enable you to realize why the Star car is Gaining Public Confidence—why Star car sales are steadily climbing—and why the true merit of Star cars is being appreciated more and more in a country where the buyer of automobiles knows what constitutes dollar-for-dollar value.

The New Star Six

Chassis	$650
Touring	725
Coupe	820
Coach	880
De Luxe Sport Roadster	910
Sedan	975
Landau	995
COMPOUND FLEETRUCK	
Ton Chassis	975

Improved Star Four

Com. Chassis	$470
Convertible Roadster	550
Touring	550
Coupe	675
Coach	695
Sedan	795

Prices f. o. b. Lansing

HAYES-HUNT BODIES

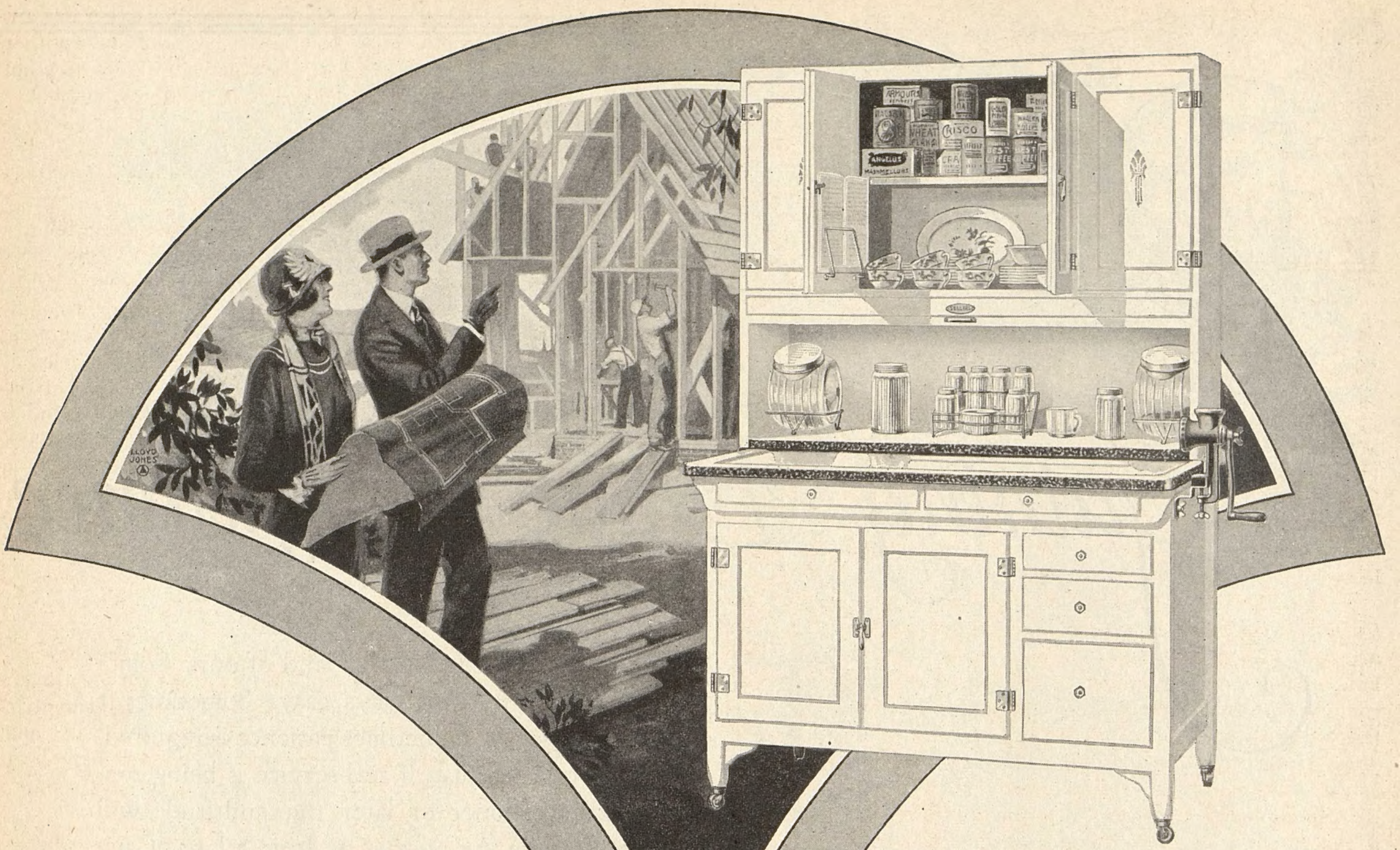
DURANT MOTORS, INC., 250 West 57th Street, New York City.
General Sales Department, 1819 Broadway, New York City.

Plants:
Elizabeth, N. J. Lansing, Mich.
Oakland, Cal. Toronto, Ont.

Dealers and Service Stations throughout the United States, Canada and Mexico

Low-cost Transportation

Star Cars

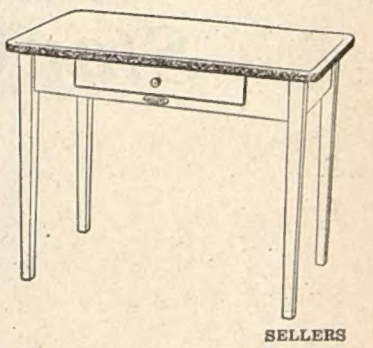


A booklet for those who build

If you are interested in modern home-making you should send today to G. I. Sellers & Sons Company, Elwood, Indiana, for their new full-color booklet "L-9." It not only tells of one of the greatest home conveniences of all time, but it gives suggestions as to colorful kitchens, it outlines plans for better culinary arrangements, as made possible by the Sellers "fifteen famous features," and it points the way to substantial saving of labor and expense.

Have you made this big mistake?

"When I built my home I did not make a place for a kitchen cabinet," says a disappointed home-maker. "And now I see the error of my way. While I spent a great deal of money for elaborate cupboards, my wife and the maid still haven't the conveniences of a cabinet; and twice I have missed a good sale of the house because there is no possible way of getting a cabinet into our kitchen. Every builder should plan a place for a kitchen cabinet."



SELLERS KITCHEN TABLE

SELLERS

KITCHEN CABINETS

SEPT. 4, 1926

Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

VOL. 3 No. 18

EDITORIAL OFFICES
New York: 247 Park Ave. Ashland 4160
Chicago: Tribune Square, Superior 0100

ADVERTISING OFFICES
New York: 247 Park Ave. Ashland 4160
Chicago: Tribune Square. Superior 0100

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE OTHER FELLOW'S RELIGION—*An Editorial*

The religious instinct is one of the deepest rooted and most sensitive of all basic emotions. It has been a fertile source of wars and hatreds. In the name of the gentle Christ, millions have done one another to death. Regardless of his morality or decency, if you belittle or asperse a man's religion he will fight and, if needs be, die in defense of it. It is an emotion seemingly impossible to uproot or to temper.

The Fathers of this country—the men who framed our Constitution—knew this instinctive emotion and its fury when aroused. They were wise—perhaps wiser than their descendants. They saw the danger to the existence of the Republic, composed of groups from every nationalistic religion and from the two great basic branches of the Christian religion, and provided against the arousing of religious hatreds and antagonisms as well as human ingenuity could provide.

Sporadically, however, since then, efforts have been made in this Republic to arouse religious hatreds for political or other purposes.

If it was wise that the Fathers should provide against such perils at a time when only two great groups were concerned, how much greater need is there now, with our complicated civilization and its scores of powerful religious organizations!

Most of us admit that a good Catholic is better than a bad one, a good Jew better than a bad one, a good Protestant better than a bad one. In the United States we should respect one another's religious convictions, just as we respect one another as individuals. The code of gentility is sufficient. We may not like certain things associated with certain religions, but ladies and gentlemen in a drawing-room do not say: "Your sister is cross-eyed and your brother has halitosis." Why not apply the same consideration to one another in our religious convictions that we do in business or in society?

Every father and mother feels that son and daughter are safer if they are in some church or Sunday school. They may not think of the soul or of the future, but they know the children will be more apt to become good citizens and good neighbors if they grow up in association with church members, whether Jew, Catholic, or Protestant. The basic principles of each religion are the same: clean living, charity, respect of the rights of others. The Golden Rule in some phraseology is found in each, and in most cases is applied in every relationship except toward other religions. In America it is time for each religion—and each individual professing that religion—to include other religious beliefs in his application of the Golden Rule.

Notice

Leading citizens and local Chambers of Commerce throughout the country are warned to avoid any dealings with engineers who offer to prepare a survey to interest the management of LIBERTY in building its contemplated printing plant in their city. Reports that several Chambers of Commerce have been approached by engineers with such a proposition have come to LIBERTY'S New York offices.

It is a fact that a site will soon be chosen for the home of LIBERTY. A survey is now being made by Lockwood, Greene & Co., New York architects and engineers, who are giving thorough consideration to various cities. Their survey will be used by the management of the magazine to help select the city where its plant will be located. But no other engineer, or engineering firm, has been authorized to collaborate in the preparation of the survey.

IN THIS ISSUE

PAGE

She Broke a Lance with Life.....By ROSITA FORBES 7
A famous woman reveals herself

War Birds..... 11
Continuing the uncensored diary of a war flyer

Mulliner's Buck-U-Uppo.....By P. G. WODEHOUSE 19
Another gem by the master of humorous fiction

The Big Parade.....By NORMAN S. HALL 29
The story of a great movie

Own Your Home.....By HENRY G. JEFFERSON 35
Part Thirteen—Putting finishing touches on the home

Questions and Answers on Home-building..... 39

The Whirlwind.....By PHYLLIS DUGANNE 40
More of a great serial of modern marriage

The Big Fellow.....By ROBERT EDGREN 59
James J. Jeffries in the heyday of his fame

The Robin's Nest.....By ALINE KILMER 64
No. 6 of LIBERTY'S series for children

The Girl Men Don't Forget.....By ELMER DAVIS 68
A society beauty defies all for love

Jilt and Double Jilt.....By JESSIE DOUGLAS FOX 75
The story of a girl who lost love and found it

Bright Sayings of Children (p. 48); LIBERTY'S great cover contest No. 12 (49); Eileen Bourne's Question Box (50); Paris Letter (51); Patterns (52); Movie Review (55); Vox Pop (56); States Contest Winners, Set No. 2 (57); Food (67); News of the World (73); LIBERTY'S Cross-Word Puzzle No. 83 (74).

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Champion Fighter of the Senate

A SEARCHING study of the most arresting figure in Congress. JIM REED, ANTIQUE AMERICAN, by William Hard. Don't miss this word-picture of the gaunt Missourian who is the stanchest defender of our Constitution.

MEN HAVE DIED AND WORMS HAVE EATEN THEM is a powerful story of modern marriage founded upon fact. Life, the master dramatist, rewrites the words of Shakespeare in this blazing cross-section of high society. MABEL MCELLIOTT CLARKE is the author.

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW in I CERTAINLY DON'T LOOK MY AGE contributes an incisive dissection of woman's—and man's—eternal hunt for the fountain of youth.

LIN BONNER brings good news to femininity in his article, THE ENEMY OF WOMEN. A. B. See, the chronic critic of their sex, is revealed as one who has sought and found reams of publicity in the last thirty years by the simple expedient of belaboring women.

Also, another stirring installment of WAR BIRDS, an intimate document straight from the heart of an air fighter.

September 4, 1926 LIBERTY Vol. 3, No. 18

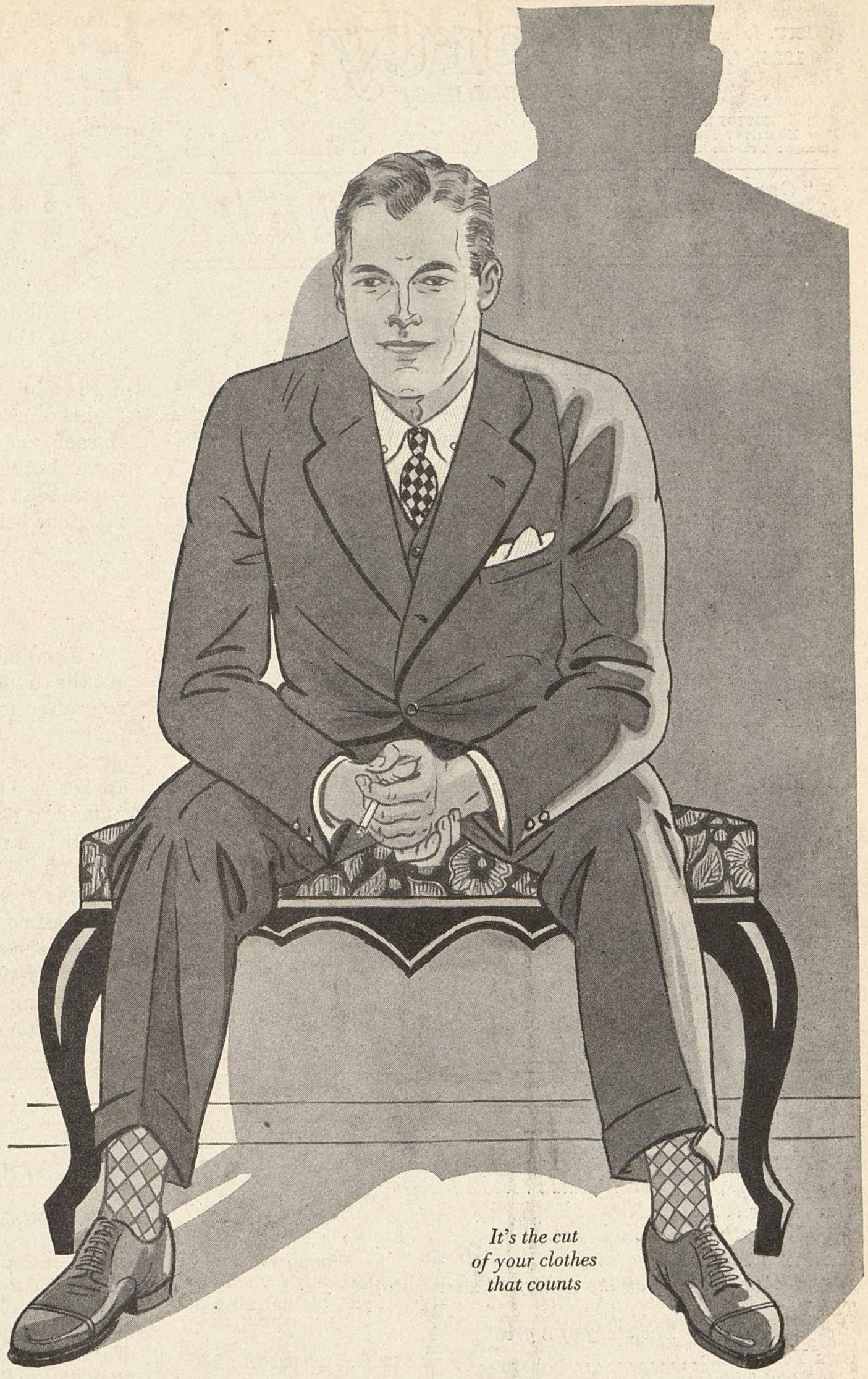
Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in U. S., Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year. Address subscriptions, Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York. Allow four weeks for change of address. Special articles, short and long fiction stories desired. Address Editor, Liberty, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscripts received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; William H. Field, Secretary; Harvey Deuell, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1926, by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

Bristol Stripes

totally new this Fall

And as far from the usual fabric as anything you can imagine. Fine cheviots in smoke gray, corn tan, and rust brown. Stripes add to their richness. And the weaves—honeycomb, new diagonals, herringbones—make them positively luxurious! Not extreme, of course. Bristol Stripes reflect the same good taste, the same distinctive character, that you find in the Society Brand cut. For your protection, there's a Society Brand label sewn in the pocket. Look for it.

Send for Bristol Stripes Folder and Name of Nearest Dealer



It's the cut of your clothes that counts

Society Brand Clothes

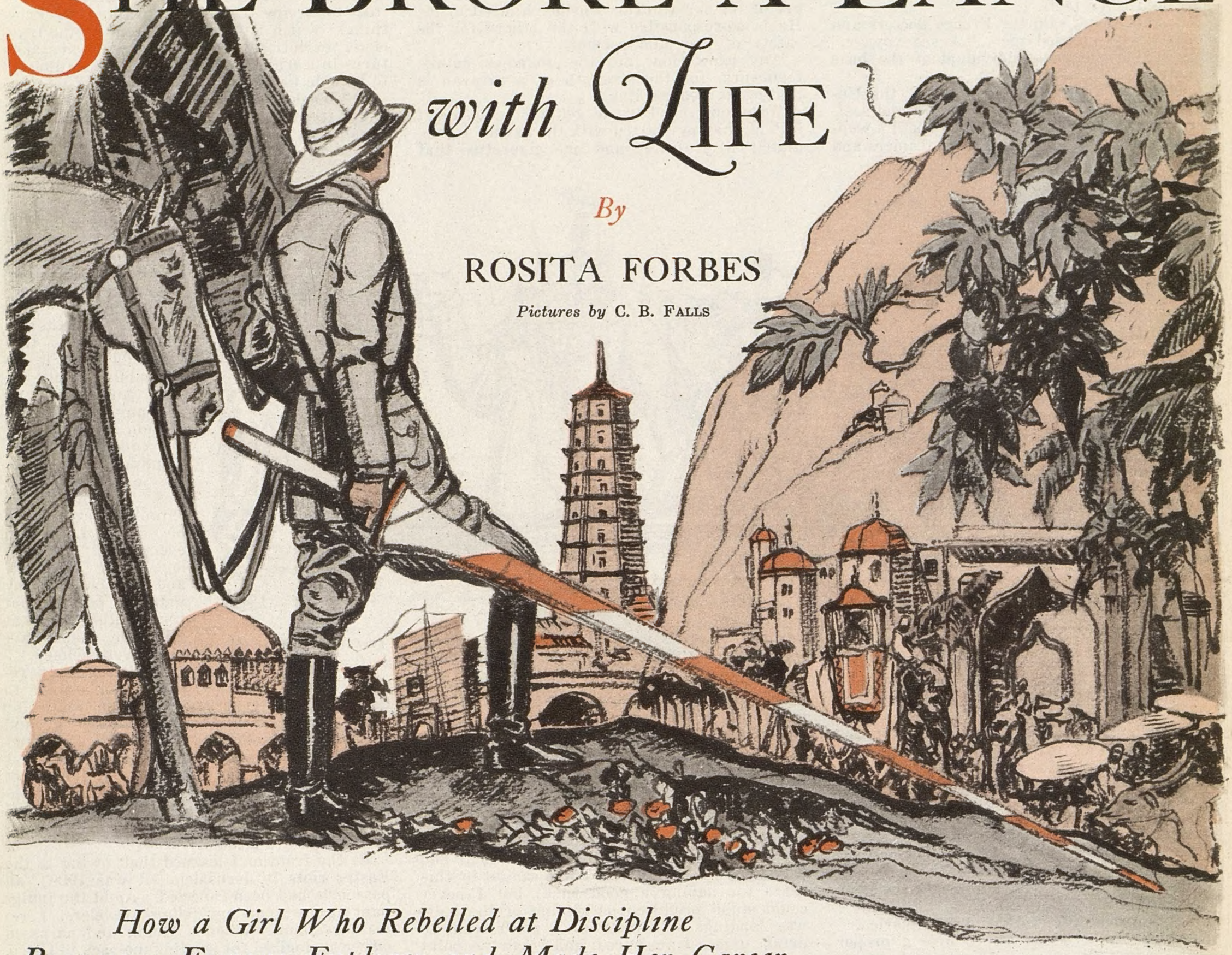
ALFRED DECKER & COHN · *Makers* · CHICAGO · NEW YORK · *In Canada* · SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES LIMITED · *Montreal*

SHE BROKE A LANCE with LIFE

By

ROSITA FORBES

Pictures by C. B. FALLS



How a Girl Who Rebelled at Discipline Became a Famous Explorer and Made Her Career Yield a Rich Harvest of Romance and Adventure

I BEGAN as badly as possible. I did all the foolish things that excessive vitality and wild rebellion against authority suggested. Having jeopardized reputation, prospects, and my parents' nerves, I indulged in an idiotic marriage. In fact, I let life run away with me.

True, I was born in a train which is perhaps why I have been moving ever since. My first garment was a newspaper, in which I was wrapped—and nearly forgotten—during the ensuing bustle of hastily summoned doctor and ambulance.

For the following sixteen years my life was a series of meaningless regulations, inconclusive teachings, and unexplained inhibitions.

Fortunately, there was a library at my home—an immense house, isolated by miles of low-lying, mist-bound park and woodland from the nearest elderly neighbors. The library offered solace. I read avidly—history, biography, travel. I gloated over the lives of all the great adventurers and, secretly, I collected maps.

While I was studying medieval architecture at Oxford, a man bet me I wouldn't go with him—platonically, of course—to Paris to see the Grand Prix! I accepted the challenge, was detected looking for winners at Longchamps, and was banished to Italy.

After that I broke most of my bones on the ice runs of Switzerland. Then I flew with Merrian at Brooklands. At eighteen I precipitated myself into an engagement to a man of suitable position—"Such a nice family to marry into, my dear!"—and unsuitable in everything else.

I thought he knew more about living than anyone I had met. He did, and was bored

with it; and when he discovered my ignorance he grew bored with me. He was given an official post in Australia. Nominally together, really as independent of each other as two strangers, we went to this new land.

Later I went alone to Africa, with an English return ticket and $300, most of which went for the purchase of a horse. With a revolver, which I didn't know how to use, a toothbrush, a comb, and a clean shirt, I started riding north. I forget what happened to that horse; but I borrowed innumerable others.

Eventually I wandered into Rhodesia. Here Government House put down its foot. I was sent back to Cape Town and a home-bound steamer.

War began as I reached England, and I worked in a London hospital till the Societe de Secours aux Blesses Militaires appealed for ambulance drivers at the front. That was my chance. I took it and a forty-five-horsepower Mercedes, which made a souffle of my insides whenever I draped myself round the starting-handle. That machine could kick in more directions than a mule, but I drove it to most of those immortal places on the Western front,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHE BROKE A LANCE WITH LIFE]
Continued from Page Seven

and finally into a shell-hole, wherein I also deposited a good deal of skin, a splinter of bone, and some teeth.

"Take a rest," said the French doctors and dentists who mended me. "A sea voyage," suggested a pompous individual at the base hospital.

I collected a traveling companion (the Undine of my first book), golden-haired and soulless, with an unfailing smile. We spent a wonderful year wandering on tramp steamers and river junks. We rode anything four-legged, from an elephant to a water-buffalo, and, when we were too broke even to hire an *ecca*—a sort of mouse-trap on wheels popular in Cochin China—we tramped to the nearest Embassy or Government House and demanded shelter.

UNDINE and I had only $2,000 for our wander year, so most of our time was spent trudging across the mountains of Japan or Fiji, with a coolie carrying our single suitcase, or drifting across Cambodian lakes.

After the first few months we threw away most of our clothes to make room for models of Java sampans, Buddhas from Siam, and soapstone priests from Korea.

Our arrival in Ottawa was epic, for the most polished and pluperfect A. D. C. was sent to meet us. His horror may be imagined when we refused to be parted from a mud-stained blood-stained, storm-stained holdall which dropped alternate clothing and curios from its burst seams!

It was toward the end of this comprehensive journey that I began to take stock of life. Temporarily I had left Undine with some friends on a Canadian ranch, so I thought I would ride over the Rockies into America.

It never occurred to me to hire a proper outfit. After an encounter with a cinnamon bear, wherein my scarlet parasol was much more effective than my revolver, I got lost in a storm and was rescued by a hunter.

He told me he couldn't think why women had been invented at all, lent me all his blankets, and asked me what in "tarnation" I thought I was doing.

I began to wonder myself. With the object of finding out, I wrote down my impressions of that unforgettable year.

That was my first book. The publisher said it was original because it showed "such a feminine point of view." Nobody bought it, but it received a column of undiluted praise in the *Times* Literary Supplement. "Wherever they went," said the critic, "they asked for whatever they wanted, from a government yacht to a native saddle, with the confidence of well-bred children who had never been refused."

This, I decided, was how one should treat life. Assured of its friendliness, one should ask from it or give to it with equal confidence.

To be a traveler at all, you must have that self-reliance and physical courage which is merely the result of sound nerves, good digestion, and a controlled imagination, and which is as much a gift from Heaven as slim ankles or an ear for music.

In addition to this, life on the edge of civilization—sometimes far beyond that edge—is bound to teach quickness of thought and action and a sound judgment of your fellows, for your life may depend on such qualities. It induces a sense of responsibility, for no member of the caravan can consider himself alone. He is co-responsible with the others for the safety of men and beasts.

Any expedition into the unknown entails teamwork, for the strength of a caravan is that of its weakest link.

When on trek, I try to get into camp about 5 P. M., having started with the dawn. Immediately after coffee and one cigarette—that precious moment of relaxation one looks forward to all through the sun-parched, dust-choked, apparently endless march—I write up the day's route report, fix our position on the map, and note any facts, observations, and stories in the diaries that are the basis of my travel books. After that I sleep!

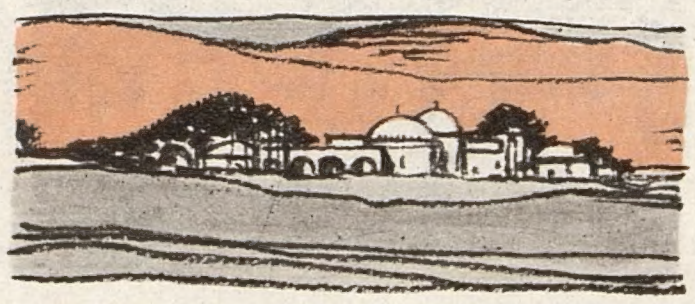
The strength of a caravan is that of its weakest link. Each member is co-responsible with the others for the safety of men and beasts. Thus one learns the necessity of teamwork.

The winter of 1918-19 was the turning-point of my life. Undine and I returned to a London more maddened by peace than it had been by war. For a time I was caught by this craze for having a good time; but I never could stand promiscuous kissing or the half-way landings of flirtation. I never want to drink, unless I am bored, and I saw no point in breakfasting at chilly coffee stalls in the dawn, sleeping fitfully all morning, and waking with a headache and a frock to mend!

I had divorced my husband. The result had been a definite break with my family, who considered marriage as final as the guillotine. It also meant the cessation of my allowance.

PARIS and the Peace Conference offered a chance of employment. I spent half my fortune on a ticket, the other half on the rent of a couple of rooms and decided I could hold out just a month. I lived on two rolls and one egg a day. I was immensely relieved when, just as I was meditating cutting the egg out of my menu, an editor wanted some articles on French colonization in North Africa. When I had convinced him that I alone could write them, I ordered about half a yard of steak at the nearest Durand, ate it lovingly, wired to Undine, and with her departed for Morocco.

We entered Africa at Casablanca on the Atlantic coast, and eight months later I left it at Massawa, 4,000 miles away on the Red Sea. This time our partnership was not so successful. Undine's ambition was still limited to seeing things. I wanted to know things; which is the second stage of the traveler's evolution. Previously we had taken turns in learning sufficient of the local dialects to be able to repeat: "We insist on going to —" "Wash everything everywhere at once," and "It's much too early to stop." When I began to study Arabic seriously, Undine returned to England, married, produced a son, and achieved domesticity.



WITH my mind full of grammar and vague ambitions, I arrived in Khartum, where the Intelligence people decided I was malleable material. They suggested that I should compile an Abyssinian route report for them and add any other information I could pick up concerning gun-running, slave-trading, or secret societies. Full of pride, I chronicled every pebble and, I expect, every bird or antelope along the way, and wore out so many indelible pencils that the authorities at Khartum must have been overwhelmed.

Evidently they reported favorably to Cairo. When I arrived there en route for Damascus, at that moment debatable ground between the ambitions of France and England, and the limelit capital of Feisul's first Arab kingdom, I was approached by the Secret Service. They asked me to acquire certain information and, simultaneously, assured me that I had neither official standing nor support. I started for Palestine.

At the frontier I learned that, owing to the Easter riots in Jerusalem (it was 1920), all passports had been canceled. Amid the indignant protests of my fellow travelers, I remained silent. When a young and harassed officer apologized for sending me back to Cairo, I smiled. "Thank goodness," I said. "I'm delighted. I didn't want to come, but the powers-that-be insisted."

He looked puzzled. "Are you on a mission? If so—"

But I interrupted and denied the suggestion vehemently enough to convince him of its truth. Heading briskly for the Cairo train, in spite of his protests, I said: "Do you mind writing to say you sent me back, or I shall get into awful trouble."

The young man almost pushed me into a troop train for the North.

I found Damascus full of the spies of different nations. As they all knew each other, they had long ago agreed to pool information. The only people who were not suspicious of me—for what business could a young, well dressed woman have in the storm center of the middle East?—were the Arabs. Among them I found friends, so much so that, after a few weeks, I was torn between two loyalties. Fortunately, I was able to warn my chief of the impending massacre at Deir-er-Zor. With that piece of information I wiped out all sense of obligation to the West, resigned my nebulous position, and threw in my lot with the Arab nationalists.

I saw the youth of a new-born country fighting for its salvation against the overwhelming odds represented by European ambition, and because of whole-hearted enthusiasm I

gained an assured influence in its councils.

The question was whether to appeal to force and attack the solitary French battalions at Beirut, or to trust to diplomacy and the American Commission's report, so tardily published. I knew what retribution would follow overt hostility, and I believe my peace appeal in the Legislative Assembly was the deciding factor against it. This speech sealed my responsibility toward the East.

I remember discussing the situation, after a dinner at Feisul's temporary palace, with an American who was doing relief work.

"I'm all for Wilson's self-determination, myself," he said, "but are you sure that's what's got you? Is it nothing to do with that handsome young King?"

I hesitated; for Damascus was a stage set for intrigue and romance, with enough underlying tragedy to tear at one's heart—and it was spring, when the seven rivers ran through thickets of flowers.

"No," I said at last; "it's the struggle the people are putting up. I believe in them." And I have never wavered from that point of view.

When I was in America two years ago, a reporter wrote: "Is Rosita more interested in herself or in the Arabs?" Had he been in Damascus in 1920 he would have known the answer; for the spirit that Washington recognized at Valley Forge I saw in Syria, fighting for her existence, back against the wall. I believe in a United States of Arabia, as her first President believed in America!

To get the most out of life, one must have one selfless ambition; and it was on behalf of the Arabs that I first ventured as a journalist and lecturer. In order to write with greater authority, I started my expeditions into the unknown.

During the winter of 1920-21 I crossed the Libyan desert disguised as a Bedouin, with the object of discovering the secrets of the Senussi, a fiercely fanatical tribe whose country had always been a blank on the North African map. This was my first exploration, and, as I succeeded in reaching Kufra, the hitherto mysterious fastness of the sect, and tabulating its probable influence on Islamic politics, fame met me on my return.

A fleet of government cars took me to Egypt. An official reception awaited me. Telegrams greeted me at every point.

"What does it feel like to be successful?" asked a general who came out to welcome me.

I stared at him blankly; for I was aching to get back to the desert, and I had never felt so desolately lonely in my life.

Of course, there was a reaction. Cairo, seen for the first time, is a city of enchantment, and I was surrounded by the glamour of my first achievement. Officialdom paid me the homage of knowledge, and the rest of the world that of curiosity.

I WAS up to my ears in work—a book to be written, a geographical treatise to compile, reports demanded by half a dozen departments, pressmen and photographers clamoring at my door.

Then I met romance. In a lifetime there should always be one memory of sheer romance. It may be of a moment's duration; it may be fruitless and more pain than pleasure. But there must be one blazing incident before life harnesses one to a career. I found mine that spring in Cairo.

Does it ever matter who the man is or what he looks like? One is lucky if, in after years, the memory of him does not spoil the memory of romance!

For a month we two did everything that all other lovers have done in the champagne stimulation of Egypt. We saw sunrise and sunset in the desert beyond the Pyramids; we danced all night above the Nile and rode on the Mocattam cliffs, which hang over the edge of the world. We ate the most expensive dinners we could find in hibiscus-scented restaurants, explored dead cities by moonlight, bought useless things in bazaars, forgot them in old shadowed palaces, quoted to each other the sort of poetry that is out of date.

Later on, because there were impediments on the man's side, so that we could not marry, we suffered a good deal and thought we suffered more.

Publishers and editors cabled from England, "Come home. Your story is getting cold." But I didn't care and, perhaps just because I minded so little, fame stayed her steps to greet me on my long-delayed arrival in London.

I GREW older in the next few months than in all the previous years. Yet, on the surface, life was kind. I was summoned to Buckingham Palace to tell my story to a sympathetic King and Queen. I sat on a sofa between them, with my only map spread across my knees. As each pulled it whenever they wanted to see more of my route, I remember I was dreadfully afraid it would be torn. I was also rather ashamed of the scarlet heels of my shoes, which I kept well hidden under the seat.

I dined with a hundred solemn old men of the Geographical Society, knowing most of them were exceedingly annoyed that a woman had succeeded where they had not attempted. I lectured on learned platforms and, as an epicure of effect, wore the sort of frocks that made me look most unscientific. I received gold medals, and was received by governors and universities. A national testimonial was presented to me, in the form of an autograph book headed by the signature of the Prince of Wales. Moreover, my books began to sell and I grew rich beyond the dreams of my very modest avarice.

The most enchanting queen in the world, Maude of Norway, told me, "You will get so bored unless, soon, you have a failure." She was right. Fortunately, I did have two most signal failures.

One was not my fault. I had arranged to attempt the crossing of a certain desert—the last great exploration left in a well mapped world—with one of the foremost travelers of our age. We were to meet at a given place. I reached it within the arranged time and waited a month on "the edge of beyond," but my fellow venturer never turned up. I learned later that the government had put down its foot, threatening him with loss of his pension if he embarked on an enterprise it considered suicidal.

The second failure was due to my own carelessness. To disguise yourself successfully as a native, you must not only learn how to talk the language and wear the clothes, but you must be certain of customs, habits, and manners. With an Egyptian passport describing "Khadija, the daughter of Abdullah Fahmi," and a servant girl who thought I really was the child of an Alexandrine bey, I joined the pilgrimage to Mecca.

I endured three days of stifling August heat in the Red Sea on a pilgrim boat, where four square feet of space was allotted to each of the Faithful. I passed the vigilant eyes of doctors, who injected dirty serums into my arms; of religious inspectors, the "Muftarijeen" between whose double row all would-be pilgrims pass, and was first suspected because I washed my feet in the wrong way before the evening prayers!

This failure—for my reported irreverence brought a Wakil of King Hussein to investigate and I was ignominiously deported—was a good lesson.

In the middle of the Ascot races, at which I wore the largest hat that had ever been seen on the course, my publisher wrote me: "I want to get the autobiography of the brigand Raisuli before Abd-el-Krim murders him."

This time I planned my campaign with meticulous care.

The Spanish Ambassador told me that for years this amazing man, prophet, warrior, and politician, had subscribed for European press cuttings. So I invited a reporter to tea. I confided to him that I was going to Morocco on a secret mission. The newspaper man swore no word should pass his lips, and the next day, of course, it was blazoned.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FOR a month we two did everything that other lovers have done in Egypt.

[SHE BROKE A LANCE WITH LIFE
Continued from Page Nine]

The trick was successful. Raisuli sent his cousin, Mulai Sadiq, to meet me at Tetuan.

"What is your object?" he asked.

"That I can reveal only to Raisuli," I returned.

And after some days of arguing, I was escorted into the mountains to see the last of the brigand chieftains. He too asked, "What is your mission?"

With my heart in my dusty riding-boots, I answered. "To write your life, my master."

The monstrous man was amused! For weeks I lived in a black-and-white tent at the edge of a forest; wrote all morning at my host's dictation; weeded, classified, and edited all evening. The result was a great book—not mine, but Raisuli's.

For the first time, the mind of the East, profound yet childish, subtle, cruel, and philosophical, was revealed to the West.

By this time I had made a good deal of life. I had won a position labeled unique, and I had learned that what is casually called success has a way of turning into a price to be paid, instead of a reward.

I had even conquered my sensitiveness! At first I used to suffer agonies when, after escaping with my life and a little new information from some fastness of desert or mountain, I would overhear a masculine suggestion that I'd invented the whole story and the feminine retort, "Her complexion is proof that she's never been in Africa!" How I hated my skin, that wouldn't burn, till I realized what fun it was to work like a navvy and look like an advertisement in a woman's magazine.

Even in 1926 there is much feeling, chiefly masculine, against a woman venturing into those spheres which for centuries have been marked "Strictly preserved; all feminine trespassers will be prosecuted." A chance conversation, overheard in a club, showed me that each human being is responsible to but one bar of judgment—his own.

Three men were talking behind me, as I sat crouched in a deep armchair. One was young and keen.

"That was a gorgeous journey of Rosita's," he said.

"Um—yes," replied another, an African governor who had been the first to congratulate me on my return to civilization. "But of course there must have been a man at the bottom of it."

The third leaned forward eagerly. "Oh, who? Who? Do you think—" And he mentioned the ruler of a native state in a different continent, some 3,000 miles from my objective!

I laughed; and the more I realized how funny it was, the more I laughed. All I could say, in answer to the men's horrified apologies, was: "Oh, do be more certain of your geography next time you attribute to me such a famous companion."

CRITICISM of one's life is negligible, but of one's work invaluable. I missed a great deal because I became well known too suddenly, and, unfortunately, a name covers a multitude of literary sins.

It was in the winter after my Moroccan adventure, 1924-25, that I first visited America professionally. I was in the States for four months. I enjoyed life enormously, gave a vast number of lectures, was thoroughly spoiled by the kindest-hearted race in the world, and got my first useful criticism.

A Middle Western editor who had ordered some travel tales told me that my facts read too much like fiction.

A moment later the editor asked: "How did you get that scar across your neck?" A Metueli bullet was responsible; but I answered, "An accident." It was, on my part—not, of course, on the marksman's!

Another editor showed me a magazine article. "The first two pages of this are wasted," he said. "Don't talk about what you're going to write—write it!"

At the time I was too rushed to take advantage of such lessons, but I did begin to realize that selling an article or a story is much like trading in anything else.

I had learned only half my job. So far, writing had been merely the chronicling of my expeditions or the expression of political beliefs. Now I saw I must begin all over again, suiting production to demand.

America did me this excellent service, but I never understood her. She remained more mysterious than the desert. I left her puzzled and quite determined to return as soon as possible to seek the clew.

Take one instance: Americans give and demand solid information. My lecture audiences, fellow guests at public dinners, strangers, railway men, factory operatives, business men and

Raisuli, the famous brigand chieftain, dictated the story of his life to Rosita Forbes in a Morocco mountain fastness.

women I met, always asked me pertinent and sound questions.

Therefore, when reporters began their interviews—"Now, Mrs. Forbes, go right ahead; we Americans are very interested in Arabia"—I used conscientiously to give a digest of Arab life and conditions.

The reporter would listen politely and, when I had finished, he would wake up, pull out a pencil, and say: "Now let's get down to sheiks."

The result would be a headline: "Rosita a Bad Girl—Says Sheiks are Bums"; or, "Sheiks as Tame as Kittens, Says Girl Explorer!"

In revolt, I wrote a paper on "The Position of the Arabs in Art and Literature" for the Royal Society of Arts, as soon as I returned to England. Lord Asquith referred to it as a monument of learning! A special writer described my "Rosita-colored" frock at length and said that I had delivered myself of "an hour's stodge which even my charming little-girl smile could not relieve." I was presented with a much coveted medal, and I felt I'd let off a lot of mental steam!

Thereafter I set about practicing my American-born resolutions. I went to a friendly editor and announced that I wanted to learn journalism.

"All right," he said, and, since I insisted on criticism, my writing showed a decrease of words and an increase of ideas.

Then, one day, I wanted to do a sketch of Abd-el-Krim, the Riffian patriot. "No good," said my editor; "but I wish to goodness you could produce one on Reza Khan—he'll be Shah before we can turn round."

"I'll go to Persia tomorrow to see him," I said.

It took me three weeks and a thousand dollars to reach Bushire, where I was lucky enough to find the dictator who had begun life as a stable boy. I cabled the interview to an amazed and amused paper.

After that I picked up a camera man and went to Abyssinia. We rode through a 3,000-year-old country, saw the ruined capital of the Queen of Sheba and the underground red rock city of Lalibela, discovered a tribe of leaden-skinned troglodytes living among hitherto unexplored mountains, scrapped with brigands, outwitted crocodiles and the local authorities, and emerged eventually, battered and in rags, with a book of adventure and 11,000 feet of film.

This time success was unpunctuated by disappointment. I had learned how much and how little it counted. I could accept the presence of kings, cabinet ministers, and ambassadors at the private view of Red Sea to Blue Nile as unemotionally as the question of a delicious American tourist whom I met later in Switzerland:

"I saw your picture and I am so anxious to know how much of it was done on location?"

I HAVE kept the story of my marriage to the end, because the love you give is the measure of what you've made of life. Fame, wealth, success are only means to an end, and that end is happiness.

I met my Irish husband at dinner at Lady Kennard's, and for five subsequent days and nights I wondered how I could meet him again. Then I gave a lecture to the Royal Geographical Society. The hall was so crowded that further admittance was refused.

I had squeezed in a large number of unauthorized friends before Colonel Arthur McGrath's six feet four inches towered over the crowd in the hall. I appealed to the secretary.

"Look here, Mrs. Forbes," he protested. "I've already admitted half a dozen of your 'mothers' and 'fathers' and heaven knows how many 'brothers.' I can't do any more!"

"It's my fiance," I whispered in desperation.

My Irishman was given a seat on the platform.

All through the lecture and the subsequent speeches I was tortured by the question, "Will he ask me to supper?" He did. Over fried eggs in a deserted restaurant I explained my ruse.

We were married in the Chapel Royal just ten years after my first disastrous experiment.

I expected marriage would be the end of my career. I wore dead black at my wedding,—knowing, of course, that it is far more becoming than anything else,—and insisted on an onyx ring: "Mourning," I said, "for the funeral of Rosita Forbes."

But Rosita Forbes did not die. She grew softer and happier and nicer.

What else is there to tell? Latterly I have worked harder than ever, for I squeeze all my traveling and writing into six lonely winter months and all my art of living into the summers at home.

I've grown house-proud and bought a row of cookery books!

I know I have at last got the most and best out of life, and I put into marriage all that I have learned in a dozen restless, fighting years and all that older, Heaven-given—or is it serpent-given?—wisdom that even the most modern woman is never quite able to lose.

(Copyright, 1926, by Rosita Forbes.)

THE END

Picture by Clayton Knight

THE funeral of an American aviator overseas.

War Birds

The Uncensored Diary of an American Flyer

(Editor's Note: The author has gone into training in Hertfordshire, twenty miles from London.)

A THRILLING revelation of the lives of combat flyers, gallant youths who gave the World War its only touch of medieval romance. Their love affairs, their heroism, and their stirring adventures, all live for you in these vivid pages.

PART FOUR

THERE'S a little captain here with the M. C. and a bar named Keller, just back from the front, who loves to stunt close to the ground. He seems to be daring the ground to come up and hit him. He took me up with him in an Avro and for thirty minutes we never got above fifty feet, and only then to clear the trees. His specialty is flying under bridges. The other day one of his friends was getting married in the center of London and he flew down in a Pup and broke up the wedding procession by diving on them. He was looping and rolling between the church spires. Some general was a guest and got excited and put in a complaint about it, so the wing sent around orders for us to stay away from London below five hundred feet.

That boy has been knocking on the golden gate for some time, and if he isn't careful as well as lucky, he's going to push too hard and get in. He and MacIntaggert chased each other all over the country for an hour at an altitude of fourteen inches. Scared me to death to watch them. Roy Garver was killed in an Avro day before yesterday.

January 29.

A girl who is a friend of Springs, in New York, wrote over to some people that live near St. Albans, and they called him up and invited him to dinner and told him to bring along a couple of others. So Cal and I went along with him to dinner last night.

They have a beautiful place about three miles north of St. Albans. Their name is Drake and they are direct descendants of Sir Francis Drake, who did something famous,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WAR BIRDS
Cont'd from Page Eleven]

either discovered the North Pole or licked the Spaniards. I've forgotten which. There were three Drake brothers there, back from the front on leave, and their wives. A fine-looking trio they were, two captains and a major, two M. C.s and one D. S. O., three years in the trenches. Another brother was killed.

Dinner was a very formal, highbrow affair. A lot of dog but very little food. They asked us the usual questions: How do you like England? Do you get enough to eat? Don't you miss the sugar? Do you ever get frightened when you are up in the air? We answered yes to all of them.

Food is getting very scarce in this country, and even the rich can't get what they need. That poor hostess didn't have enough to go around.

After dinner was over the atmosphere underwent a decided change. The ladies withdrew and our host brought out a bottle of real pre-war whisky that had the kick of Brown's mule. Then we all got to acting natural.

Later Cal got at a piano and the poor thing was nearly shocked off its legs. How that boy can play! He can make Nearer, My God, to Thee sound like Georgia Camp Meeting. The ladies wanted to learn the latest dance steps, so Springs and I tried to teach them how to do them. It's a long jump from the Boston and the hesitation to the giant swing, but we had them all fox-trotting in no time.

The party was concluded by the three Drake brothers putting on a pukka drill with some of Sir Francis' own muskets. Gosh, it was great, and those men certainly could drill! They were in blue dress uniforms and looked snappy as the devil. I wish we could strut a little.

WE had to walk all the way back — eight miles. We stopped at the Peahen in St. Albans long enough to get a warm drink and give Cal time enough to kiss his Peggy good night.

Springs went back this morning to pay his party call in a Pup. He chased the children around the yard and nearly scared them to death, running his wheels on the front driveway. I don't guess we'll be invited back again.

An Australian lieutenant was killed this morning flying a Pup.

January 31.

We put on a real circus at the Court night before last. Kelly and his instructor, Capt. Bell-Irving, came down from Harling Road for the occasion. Cal, Springs, Tommy Herbert, Capt. Morton, and myself went in from here, and Budge Weir and Atkinson, two Scots, came down from Thetford. Anderson and Jim and three Englishmen and some friends of Cal's from Chicago joined us later.

We got under a full head of steam at tea. We had the whole chorus from the Shaftesbury Theater up in the suite. Kelly and Springs got caught out one night last week in a bomb raid—the same night they dropped a bomb on the front entrance to Jim's hotel, about fifteen minutes after they had all been standing there watching the searchlights. They were walking down the street and a bomb fell about

Picture by Frank Hoffman

Picture by Clayton Knight

Cal's controls jammed, but he used his head and managed to flop down on a golf course.

THIS is the party at the Court that landed everybody on the carpet the next day. All the girls of the chorus at the Shaftesbury Theater were guests.

a block away from them and they jumped for shelter. They got in the stage entrance and went behind the scenes in the Shaftsbury Theater. The show was over, but the actors hadn't got out, and the chorus was all huddled over in one corner of the wings, scared to death. Kelly and Springs got some one to play the piano and started a dance and before long they were having a regular party. They got them after the matinee today and brought them up to the Court for tea and early dinner. The Chinless Wonder and Dora and Peggy were all there, passing nasty remarks backward and forward, and a couple of Sheilas. All the girls in London are named Peggy or Sheila.

Cal played the piano and we had a big dance later. We had four suites on the same floor, and everybody kept running from one to the other. Next morning we were too near dead to get out of bed before eleven. We had a big champagne breakfast in our suite and didn't get back to the squadron until after two.

The C. O. sent for us at once. He and Capt. Horn, our new flight commander, were all set for a big strafe because we were supposed to be back at nine.

The three of us lined up.

"WHY are you so late in getting back today?" the C. O. asked us.

"To tell you the honest truth, sir," I said, as he was looking at me, "we had such a hang-over this morning we couldn't have got out of bed before nine if our lives had depended on it."

"That's at least original," Capt. Horn remarked. "Usually it's a bomb raid or a sick aunt. Where were you last night?"

"In the Court," I told him.

"What suite?" he asked.

"Oh, 103, 111, 115, and some other odd ones," I told him.

"Well, you certainly made of lot of noise," said Capt. Horn. "I was in 104 myself."

"You weren't exactly quiet on your side of the fence," Springs chirps up. "I thought someone was making boilers in there for a while."

The C. O. got to laughing and said he guessed he'd have to pardon us this time for telling the truth. Capt. Horn says he wants to go in with us the next time we throw a party.

February 5.

Yesterday was washout day, so we all went into town again.

Springs had a big suite in the Court and was giving a private party for his girl.

They had a big dinner and were just beginning to start to argue when the Huns came over and dropped a bomb on the Court bar. Springs said he heard the bomb go whistling by his window and when it exploded, two stories below, the poor girl was scared stiff. She was so badly scared that she made Springs take her home as soon as the raid was over and he joined us in disgust later.

Picture by Clayton Knight

A sergeant major drilling Waacs had taken twenty years to acquire his vocabulary and couldn't use it.

February 9.

I got off in a Pup yesterday. Gosh, what a thrill! They are not so different, but they are so quick and sensitive that they will crash

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WAR BIRDS
Continued from Page Thirteen]

taking off or landing, before you know what they are going to do. I didn't bust anything, but I pancaked like the devil, landing. I hate to think what would have happened to De Gamo and Springs if they had been allowed to go up that day. I doubt if they would have got off the ground. If they try to take them from Curtisses to Pups back home, the undertakers will sure do some tittering.

A horrible thing happened today. We were all out on the tarmac, having our pictures taken for posterity, when somebody yelled and pointed up. Two Avros collided right over the airdrome, at about 3,000 feet. God, it was a horrible sight. We didn't know who was in either one of them. I was glad I was sitting next to Cal. They came down in a slow spin with their wings locked together and both of them in flames. Fred Stillman was in one machine and got out alive, but badly burned, and Doug Ellis was in the other one and was burned to a cinder.

As I sat there watching, I kept trying to imagine what those poor devils were thinking about as they went spinning down into hell. It made me right sick at my stomach to watch. We all went up later and felt better after a little flying.

We went into town for a party with Capt. Horn. He had a girl with him from Georgia named Halley Whatley, and it sure did my heart good to hear her talk.

We all had dinner together and went down to Murray's. When it closed we went to a dance at the Grafton Galleries. Dora and Sousa and Peggy and the L. L. L. D. were all there. I met a sweet little thing with bobbed hair named Lily, and we went to another dance at a private place for a while. She is a wonderful dancer and seems to know everybody that ever left the ground.

Hash Gile was there, and he and Springs had their weekly Princeton reunion. They drank toasts to Old Nassau in enough champagne to float a battleship. It was a right good party. Wonderful music, and I'd rather dance than eat. The British officers were either in evening dress or wearing their blue dress uniforms, and looking very smart in their snappy jackets with bright colored wings and decorations. We looked like hell in our little khaki jackets. Our army isn't worth a damn for anything but fighting, but I guess we can hold our end up when it comes to the cool of the evening. But these American women over here get away with murder. There was a girl there last night from St. Louis that sure was the belle of the ball.

I have always heard that the English were a tactless, blunt people. That's all wrong. Here is an example of what I call tact: The other evening, up in the room, one of the girls took off her ring to wash her hands and forgot about it and left it on the shelf. She called me up the next morning and told me about it and said it was a very valuable diamond solitaire and asked me please to try to find it. I called up the manager of the hotel and asked him about it. When I was in yesterday I stopped in to see him and he told me it had been found and if I could identify it, I could have it. I identified it and he gave it to me in an envelope and on the envelope was marked, "Found in Main Dining Room." That's what I call tact. Try to laugh that off!

An Englishman spun an Avro into the ground this morning and got out of it alive, but broke both legs.

February 10.

Big strafe around here. One of our bright young cadets, who is little Lord Fauntleroy in his home town, got to cussing in the bar the other night after he got a mouthful, and the barmaid objected to his language and made a complaint. This brought on real trouble. The C. O. had to report it to the U. S. Headquarters. The cadet got thirty days' confinement and this American Lieut is put in charge of us. He takes his duties very seriously and is going to have roll call morning and night.

You can cuss before any lady in England and she will probably cuss back at you, but if you let your tongue slip before a barmaid, woe unto you! They tell the world they are ladies and allow no liberties—during business hours. I always heard they were good at repartee, but all I've seen so far have acted Lady Godiva holding on to her hair in a breeze.

February 12.

I'VE done five hours on Pups and am ready for Spads as soon as they get one in commission.

This Lieut is a prime ass net. It was raining this morning and no one got up to answer his roll call. So he had us all in his room after lunch to bawl us out. He announced last week that no one could leave the squadron without permission from him. I don't know where he got the idea that it was any business of his, because there are no restrictions anywhere else. He wanted to sit at the head table with the instructors, but the Major wouldn't let him, and he hates to eat with us. Capt. Morton bawled the life out of him the other day and stood him easy. In spite of all his time on Curtisses, he's still on Avros, while Nathan, Barry, De Gamo, and Springs are all through with Pups and Spads, and they started after he did. He also thinks he should have the preference of machines, but he doesn't get it.

He told us that we were not taking the discipline seriously. He told Springs that he had been to London twice without permission from him and that he was going to punish him. Springs said he had finished his course in flying and was ready to go to the front. He said that made no difference. Springs said he thought that an aviator was supposed to fly and that what he did when the weather was unsuitable was his own business.

As a matter of fact, Springs got in all his time by flying in bad weather, when no one else wanted the planes, and has put in more hours in the air than any other cadet. And he would go without lunch to get a plane while the rest were eating. He asked what the charges against him were. The Lieut said A. W. O. L. Springs said he wanted a court-martial, be-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

HOW Fred Stillman was killed. Flying an Avro, he collided with another Avro 3,000 feet up. The other aviator died instantly.

Picture by Clayton Knight

The Survival *of the* Fittest

One of the most important allies of success is health. Guard it well, if you have your eyes fixed on the top rung of the ladder of success.

Business is a stern taskmaster. Only the fit survive in this competition.

Unless he take "An Ounce of Prevention," the man who spends most of his waking hours in an office is apt to fall victim to faulty elimination, detrimental to his health, success and happiness.

Now, thanks to a delicious cereal food, he can ward off this danger without recourse to habit-forming drug laxatives.

Post's Bran Flakes is a delicious food that supplies the intestine with the bulk it needs to prevent faulty elimination.

Eaten as a cereal with milk or cream, it brings to the body such important food essentials as phosphorus, iron, protein, carbohydrates and vitamin-B—all essential to human health.

Start now to eat Post's Bran Flakes every day as "An Ounce of Prevention" and see how much better you feel.

Send for this book. At your request we will gladly send a free trial package of Post's Bran Flakes and a booklet that has important bearing on your health and success.

Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Dept. L-1B926, Battle Creek, Michigan. Makers of Post Health Products: Post Toasties (*Double-Thick Corn Flakes*), Grape-Nuts, Post's Bran Flakes, Postum Cereal, Instant Postum and Post's Bran Chocolate. *Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front Street, E, Toronto, 2, Ontario.*

everybody—every day

© P. C. Co., 1926

eat POST'S BRAN FLAKES

as an ounce of Post Health *prevention*

"Now You'll Like Bran"

Try

COOKED FOR YOU BY HEINZ

This tempting, economical dish is all ready for you to heat and serve. Heinz goes to all the bother. Heinz does all the work. The dry spaghetti itself is made by Heinz from selected hard wheat flour. The sauce is Heinz-made from garden-fresh tomatoes grown under Heinz supervision. A special cheese is used. Then these good things are combined by Heinz according to the recipe of a famous Italian chef. You get the complete and perfected whole in every tin of Heinz Cooked Spaghetti in Tomato Sauce with Cheese. A meal in itself. Or serve it as a vegetable. • *Ask your grocer for new prices.*

The Taste is the Test • *H. J. HEINZ CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.*

NEW SALAD-MAKING RECIPE BOOKLET SENT FOR FOUR CENTS IN STAMPS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

cause he knew the Lieut didn't know how to hold one. They argued half an hour over the technicalities and Springs bluffed him out of it by quoting imaginary regulations. He tried to confine the rest of us to quarters and we all demanded courts-martial. He's postponed judgment until he can go in to London and find out just what he can do.

February 15.

FLEW a Spad today. Easy to fly, but dangerous as hell. Just like flying the famous barn door that Beachey used to talk about. And it has the gliding angle of a brick. I've always laughed at the regulars wearing spurs to fly in, but I needed a pair in this Spad. It bucked just like a bronco.

The Lieut went in to London and Dwyer told him to shut up and mind his own business and do a little flying himself. So Milnor told Cal.

Springs and Nathan and Barry are through and went to Scotland at midnight last night to the machine-gun school. Springs went hog wild yesterday afternoon. He and a little English kid named Rogers were raising hell all over the place in Spads. They were running their wheels on the ground and then pulling up just in time to try to run them on the hangar roofs. It was a great exhibition of damn foolishness. Then Springs got a Pup and began chasing a machine-gun class in and out of the firing pit. He'd dive in the pit and chase them out and then run along the ground and chase them back in. In the midst of the party he lost his pressure, and before he could pump it up, his engine conked and he pancaked in a flower garden between a windmill and a summer-house. The C. O. called him in the office and told him they needed fools like that in France and to pack and get going. Then MacIntaggert made him go over and fly the Pup out.

February 16.

De Gamo was killed today. Nobody knows how it happened. He was up in a Spad and it was found about five miles from here in a small field over near Ratlett. It wasn't crashed badly, but his neck was broken.

I've done five hours on Spads now and I feel I can fly them.

Tommy Herbert took us up to Bedford to a really nice dance with some friends of his. We had a fine time and he met a sort of vamp. Tommy asked us to go up there to dinner with him last night and we thought we were going to his nice friend's house. Imagine our surprise when we walked into the vamp's house. We all got lit and had a hell of a time. Cal took up with one Helen, who could dance. Tommy amused the vamp, and I was alone except for one Alice, who was the mistress of a general in private life. She had to go home early.

February 19.

We were getting dressed for De Gamo's funeral when the Lieut came in and bawled us out for being late. Cal looked up at him sheepishly and held out a box of candy. "Have a piece of candy," he said.

The Lieut looked like he was going to bust. "Have you no sense of propriety?" he asked.

"Maybe not, Lieutenant," I said, fixing a puttee; "but I can at least thank God for a sense of humor!"

He glared at us and slammed the door as he went out. I hear he was once an All-American football player.

February 20.

BULKLEY and Carlton have been killed. Two good men gone West. Bulkley was flying a Pup over at Hounslow and ran into an Avro. The landing skid on the Avro tore his center section out and the plane came to pieces in the air. Carlton spun an R. E. 8 into the ground at Spiddlegate.

Cal had a forced landing with a Spad today. His elevator controls jammed and he had to do some quick thinking. He was flying around the insane asylum, trying to see his nurse. He used his head and managed to flop down on a golf course. Some old duck was mad as hell when his game was interrupted. He got behind a bunker when he saw the Spad coming and Cal hit it and the Spad went over on its back. He said that when the Spad settled down, he was looking right into this fellow's face and it was awful red.

Cal and I went in to town again with Capt. Horn. Cal got mad at Peggy after dinner and she went off to a dance with a Canadian Colonel and he started back for the squadron. But there was a bomb raid on and the Huns dropped three bombs on the station, so Cal had to come back.

February 22.

Fred Stillman died after a gallant struggle. They thought he was going to pull through, but poisoning set in. A fine fellow! Also Montgomery has been killed. Montgomery was killed when the pilot fell out of the front seat in an Ak. W. in a loop. Montgomery was in the back seat and crawled up into the front cockpit and just had his hands on the controls when it crashed. Think of watching the ground coming up at you for two or three minutes while you wiggle up the fuselage. Makes my blood run cold!

March 3.

Here we are at Turnberry in Scotland. It's on the coast and is cold as hell. We go to machine-gun classes for ten hours a day for ten days. They run us to death and we freeze and starve. There's a bunch of Americans up here and a few of them have got their commissions. I wonder what's happened to ours. Tipton got his and they had to close the bar for three days afterwards.

Nichol was killed at Stamford on his first solo.

March 5.

NO time to write. They work us too hard. I'm starved. Nothing to eat here but Brussels sprouts and vegetable marrow.

We went down to Girvan for a party. The Woman's Army Auxiliary Corps has a training school there. We watched them drill. Gosh, it was funny. A Barbados sergeant major was giving them close order drill and he was absolutely speechless with rage. He was used to flaying a company with his tongue mercilessly and there was nothing he could say to this crowd. There were no words in his vocabulary he could use. He just stood there and sputtered like a wet wick. He had 150 Waacs of all sizes and contours, and he was trying to line them up and couldn't because he didn't know what part of their anatomy to line on. He had my sympathy. It had taken him twenty years to acquire his drill vocabulary and now he could not use it. But why try to drill women anyway? I don't see the idea at all. They pay them the same as Tommies and give them the same discipline. A Waac officer can't walk out with a Tommy any more than an army officer can be seen with a Waac private. There wern't enough officers to go around with us, so we took privates anyway

March 10.

Heard today that Ludwig was killed flying an S. E. He got into a spin close to the ground.

March 12.

Thank God that's over. We are now at Ayr at the school of Aerial Fighting. The pilot's pool is also here. When pilots are ready to go to the front they are sent here and then sent out when needed. We are quartered at Wellington House. Springs, Nathan, Barry, Landis, Zistell, Oliver, Capt. Morton, Hash Gile, Hammer, Winslow, Whiting, Tipton, Kissel, Mathews, Ortmeyer, Frost, Evans, Mortimer, Armstrong, and Clay are all here. Most of them have finished and are waiting for commissions before being posted overseas. We hear a lot of rumors about how we are going out. The British won't take us unless we are commissioned, and we hear that Pershing has recommended that pilots be sergeants and not officers and that flying pay be abolished. He has stopped it in the A. E. F. Springs, Oliver, and Winslow got Second Lieutenancies and refused to accept them and asked for their discharges instead. Everybody here wants to get out of the U. S. Army and join the R. F. C., where they'll get a square deal. We certainly have gotten a rotten deal from the U. S. A., and the British couldn't have treated their own Field Marshals any better. We owe the British a lot and have a lot to get even with our own army for.

MacDill and Jeff Dwyer are the only two officers that have made any effort to treat us decently. Jeff is sure our friend.

There's a big party going on here in spite of the wholesale funerals. Six American Naval pilots were sent over from France to take the course here. They thought that Camels were as easy to fly as the Hanriots they had been flying in France and they wouldn't listen to any advice from the instructors here. Three of them were washed out one week.

Then Ortmeyer, who had three hundred hours on Curtisses at home as an instructor, spun a Camel into the ground and killed himself. Dealy spun into the ground the next day and before they got him buried, two Englishmen killed themselves. All in Camels and all doing right-hand spins.

Col. Rees is in charge here and he tried to put pep in the boys by giving a stunting exhibition below five hundred feet. He certainly did fight the tree tops and he wouldn't come out of a spin above fifty feet. Then he made all the instructors go up in Camels and do the same thing. It was a wonderful exhibition and then he made us a little speech and told us there was nothing to worry about, to go to it. Several of the boys were so encouraged that they took off in Camels and tried to do the same thing. Only one was killed.

March 16.

EVERYBODY has gone crazy over eggnog. Springs and Oliver found a dairy where they got some cream and they made some eggnog. Everybody demanded more. The next day they made five gallons and it lasted ten minutes. Then we got a big dairy vat and put all the Waacs to work beating eggs. All the cooks and maids up here are Waacs. Springs' father sent him ten pounds of sugar and we had three cases of brandy. It must have made fifteen or twenty gallons.

Everybody from the Colonel down came over to drink it. By lunch time every officer in Ayr was full of eggnog.

We all went out to the airdrome after lunch and tried to fly. They are short of magnetoes, and the only way they can get more is to steal them off crashes. There were three Spads, so Capt. Foggin asked for Spad pilots. He sent Springs up in one, hoping he would crash it. He had a quart bottle of eggnog and he took it up with him to drink.

Aviators were killed off like flies at Ayr. Mad gayeties contrasted grimly with the constant procession of funerals. Read this thrilling chapter in next week's LIBERTY.

DUNLOP *unbeatable!*

Supreme on the highways of the world since 1888

Today
Every 2¼ seconds
someone buys a
DUNLOP TIRE

The figures used to compute the 2¼-second record are based on world sales of passenger car, bus, bicycle and truck tires—and on a 24-hour day—as well as all 365 days in the year.

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER CO.
BUFFALO, N.Y.

A great product of a great institution

Put Dunlops on *your* car

DUNLOP TUBES *casing-shaped* SINCE 1920

FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE INDUSTRY

Mulliner's BUCK-U-UPPO

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

The Story of a Curate Who Looked Before and After He Leaped

By

P. G. WODEHOUSE

THE village Choral Society had been giving a performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's Sorcerer in aid of the Church Organ Fund, and as we sat in the window of the Anglers' Rest, smoking our pipes, the audience came streaming past us down the little street. Snatches of song floated to our ears, and Mr. Mulliner began to croon in unison.

"'Ah me! I was a pa-ale you-oung curate then!'" chanted Mr. Mulliner in the rather snuffling voice in which the amateur singer seems to find it necessary to render the old songs.

"Remarkable," he said, resuming his natural tones, "how fashions change, even in clergymen. There are very few pale young curates nowadays. You never met my nephew Augustine, I think?"

"Never."

"The description in the song would have fitted him perfectly. You will want to hear all about my nephew Augustine."

AT the time of which I am speaking (said Mr. Mulliner), my nephew Augustine was a curate, and very young and extremely pale. As a boy he had completely outgrown his strength, and I rather think that at his theological college some of the wilder spirits must have bullied him, for when he went to Lower Briskett-in-the-Midden to assist the vicar, the Rev. Stanley Brandon, in his cure of souls, he was as meek and mild a young man as you could meet in a day's journey. He had flaxen hair, weak blue eyes, and the general demeanor of a saintly but timid codfish. Precisely, in short, the sort of young curate who seems to have been so common in the eighties, or whenever it was that Gilbert wrote The Sorcerer.

The personality of his immediate superior did little or nothing to help him to overcome his native diffidence. The Rev. Stanley Brandon was a huge and sinewy man of violent temper, whose red face and glittering eyes might well have intimidated the toughest curate. The Rev. Stanley had been a heavyweight boxer at Cambridge, and I gather from Augustine that he seemed to be always on the point of introducing into debates on parish matters the methods which had made him so successful in the roped ring. I remember Augustine telling me that once, on the occasion when he had ventured to oppose the other's views in the matter of decorating the church for the Harvest Festival, he thought for a moment that the vicar was going to drop him with a right hook to the chin. It was some quite trivial point that had come up—a question as to whether the pumpkin would look better in the apse or the clerestory, if I recollect rightly, but for several seconds it seemed as if blood was about to be shed.

Such was the Rev. Stanley Brandon. And yet it was to the daughter of this formidable man that Augustine Mulliner had permitted himself to lose his heart. Truly, Cupid makes heroes of us all.

Augustine strolled up. "Having a little trouble with the dumb friend, Bish?" he asked genially.

Jane was a very nice girl, and just as fond of Augustine as he was of her. But, as each lacked the nerve to go to the girl's father and put him abreast of the position of affairs, they were forced to meet surreptitiously. This jarred upon Augustine, who, like all the Mulliners, loved the truth and hated any form of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MULLINER'S BUCK-U-UPPO
Continued from Page Nineteen]

deception. And one evening, as they paced beside the laurels at the bottom of the vicarage garden, he rebelled.

"My dearest," said Augustine, "I can no longer brook this secrecy. I shall go into the house immediately and ask your father for your hand."

Jane paled and clung to his arm. She knew so well that it was not her hand but her father's foot her beloved Augustine would receive if he carried out this mad scheme.

"Not tonight, Augustine, I beg of you."

"Why not?"

"Because father is in a very bad temper. He has just had a letter from the Bishop, rebuking him for wearing too many orphreys on his chasuble, and it has upset him terribly. You see, he and the Bishop were at school together, and father can never forget it. He said at dinner that if old Boko Bickerton thought he was going to order him about, he would jolly well show him."

"AND the Bishop comes here tomorrow for the Confirmation services!" gasped Augustine.

"Yes. And I'm so afraid they will quarrel. It's such a pity father hasn't some other bishop over him. He always remembers that he once hit this one in the eye for pouring ink on his collar, and this lowers his respect for his spiritual authority. So you won't go in and tell him tonight, will you?"

"I will not," Augustine assured her with a slight shiver.

"And you will be sure to put your feet in hot mustard and water when you get home? The dew has made the grass so wet."

"I will, indeed, dearest."

"You are not strong, you know."

"No, I am not strong."

"You ought to take some really good tonic."

"Perhaps I ought. Good night, Jane."

"Good night, Augustine."

The lovers parted. Jane slipped back into the vicarage like a homing rabbit, and Augustine made his way to his cozy rooms in the High Street. And the first thing he noticed on entering was a parcel on the table, and beside it a letter.

He opened it listlessly, his thoughts far away.

The letter was from his Aunt Angela, the wife of my brother, Wilfred Mulliner. You may remember I once told you that my brother Wilfred was the eminent chemical researcher who had invented, among other specifics, such world-famous preparations as Mulliner's Raven Gipsy Face Cream and the Mulliner Snow of the Mountains Lotion.

"Now, now, now!" said Augustine. "Now, now, now, now, now!"

MY DEAR AUGUSTINE (wrote Angela Mulliner):

I have been thinking so much about you lately, and I cannot forget that when I saw you last you seemed very fragile and deficient in vitamins. I do hope you take care of yourself.

I have been feeling for some time that you ought to take a tonic, and by a lucky chance Wilfred has just invented one which he tells me is the finest thing he has ever done. It is called Buck-U-Uppo, and acts directly on the red corpuscles. It is not yet on the market, but I have managed to smuggle a sample bottle from Wilfred's laboratory, and I want you to try it at once. I am sure it is just what you need.

Your affectionate aunt,
ANGELA MULLINER.

P. S.—You take a tablespoonful before going to bed and another just before breakfast.

THE coincidence of this tonic's arriving so soon after Jane had told him that a tonic was what he needed affected Augustine deeply. It seemed to him the thing must have been meant. He shook the bottle, uncorked it, and, pouring out a liberal tablespoonful, shut his eyes and swallowed it.

The medicine, he was glad to find, was not unpleasant to the taste. It had a slightly pungent flavor, rather like old boot-soles beaten up in sherry. Having taken the dose, he read for awhile in a book of theological essays, and then went to bed.

And, as his feet slipped between the sheets, he was annoyed to find that Mrs. Wardle, his housekeeper, had once more forgotten his hot-water bottle.

He had told the woman over and over again that he suffered from cold feet and could not get to sleep unless the dogs were properly warmed up. He sprang out of bed and went to the head of the stairs.

"Mrs. Wardle!" he cried in a loud voice.

There was no reply.

"Mrs. Wardle!" bellowed Augustine, in a voice that displaced a flake of plaster from the ceiling. Until tonight he had always been very much afraid of his housekeeper and had both walked and talked softly in her presence. But now he was conscious of a strange new fortitude. His head was singing a little.

SHUFFLING footsteps made themselves heard.

"Well, what is it now?" asked a querulous voice.

Augustine snorted, and another flake of plaster fell from the ceiling.

"I'll tell you what it is now!" he roared. "How many times have I told you always to put a hot-water bottle in my bed? You've forgotten it again, you old cloth-head."

Mrs. Wardle peered up, astounded and militant.

"Mr. Mulliner, I am not accustomed——"

"Shut up!" thundered Augustine. "What I want from you is less back-chat and more hot-water bottles. Bring it up at once, or I leave tomorrow. Let me endeavor to get it into your concrete skull that you aren't the only person letting rooms in this village. Any more lip, and I walk straight around the corner, where I'll be appreciated. Hot-water bottle, ho! And look slippy about it."

"Yes, Mr. Mulliner. Certainly, Mr. Mulliner. In one moment, Mr. Mulliner."

"Action! Action!" boomed Augustine. "Show some speed! Put a little snap into it!"

"Yes, yes; most decidedly, Mr. Mulliner," replied the chastened voice from below.

An hour later, as he was dropping off to sleep, a thought crept into Augustine's mind. Had he not been a little brusque with Mrs. Wardle? Had there not been in his manner something a shade abrupt—almost rude? Yes, he decided regretfully, there had. He lit a candle and reached for the diary which lay on the table at his bedside.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

When Indian summer days are come — when with gay companions you saunter over the friendly fields
—have a Camel!

WHEN Indian summer days are here. And the smoky haze lies over the fields. When the merry notes of the horn, sounding after the coach and four, remind you of other days—*have a Camel!*

For life is never so complete, so joyous as when a lighted Camel sends up its fragrant smoke. On city street or country road, in any season of the year, no other cigarette was ever so rich and fragrant — so smooth and mellowy mild. When you become a Camel smoker, there's no end to your enjoyment, for they never tire the taste. All Camel days are happy days, for they never leave a cigaretty after-taste. Money doesn't enter into Camel enjoyment. No matter how much you are able or willing to pay, you'll never get choicer tobaccos, more superbly blended, than you get in Camels.

So, this perfect autumn day as your trail leads over the fields or along the turning road — as it seems that no other day or place could be so restful, so friendly—

Have a Camel!

No other cigarette in the world is like Camels. Camels contain the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. The Camel blend is the triumph of expert blenders. Even the Camel cigarette paper is the finest—made especially in France. Into this one brand of cigarettes is concentrated the experience and skill of the largest tobacco organization in the world.

Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any other cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

© 1926

Your color, your point, your size Wahl makes them all

If you know exactly the kind of fountain pen you'd like—how it should look and feel and act—go straight to the Wahl Pen counter at your dealer's. It is there for you, at the price you want to pay. Or if, like most of us, you just try this one, that one, till the right pen comes to hand, there it is for you, too. ✓ ✓ Nicely balanced, holding more ink, and made with an everlasting point of iridium and solid gold, the Wahl Pen carries writing ease and smoothness to new standards of perfection. ✓ ✓ Made in solid gold and sterling silver—gold-filled and silver-filled—black, red or mottled. ✓ ✓ Designed in Grecian, Dart, Colonial and other lovely patterns. ✓ ✓ All sizes from the big "balloon" type to the precious ladies' miniature. ✓ ✓ And Wahl nibs with precisely the flexibility or stiffness you prefer: fine, medium, stub or oblique, and Wahl standard Signature. Fashioned from cap to point with jeweler precision, Wahl Pens embody in their grace and quality the most of good design and lasting durability in any fountain pen. ✓ ✓ Remember, at Wahl Pen and Eversharp counters everywhere, and guaranteed to satisfy you always.

Your Signature is You on Paper

Whatever you write with pen and ink holds something of your character. Whether it be much or little, grave or gay, you give it a personal value that only yourself can bestow. Choose well, then, the writing instrument that performs so great a part in expressing to others what you think and feel and are.

WAHL PEN

Made by the makers of Eversharp

© 1926, The Wahl Company, Chicago
The Wahl Co..Ltd.. Toronto

Augustine had reached the Lady Bishopess, and the Lady Bishopess was even now raising her lorgnette. The Bishop shut his eyes and turned away.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

He made an entry:

> The meek shall inherit the earth. Am I sufficiently meek? I wonder. This evening, when reproaching Mrs. Wardle, my worthy housekeeper, for omitting to place a hot-water bottle in my bed, I spoke quite crossly. The provocation was severe, but still I was surely to blame for allowing my passions to run riot. Mem.: Must guard against this.

WHEN he awoke next morning, he took his ante-breakfast dose of Buck-U-Uppo, and felt most amazingly fit. Undoubtedly, in asserting that this tonic of his acted forcefully upon the red corpuscles, his Uncle Wilfred had been right. Until that moment, Augustine had never supposed that he had any red corpuscles; but now, as he sat waiting for Mrs. Wardle to bring him his fried egg, he could feel them dancing about all over him. They seemed to be forming rowdy parties and sliding down his spine. His eyes sparkled, and from sheer joy of living he sang a few bars from the hymn for those of riper years at sea.

He was still singing when Mrs. Wardle entered with a dish.

"What's this?" demanded Augustine, eying it dangerously.

"A nice fried egg, sir."

"And what, pray, do you mean by nice? It may be an amiable egg. It may be a civil, well-meaning egg. But if you think it is fit for human consumption, adjust that impression. Go back to your kitchen, woman; select another; and remember this time that you are a cook, not an incinerating machine. Between an egg that is fried and an egg that is cremated there is a wide and substantial difference. This difference, if you wish to retain me as a lodger in these far too expensive rooms, you will endeavor to appreciate."

The glowing sense of well-being with which Augustine had begun the day did not diminish with the passage of time. It seemed, indeed, to increase. So full of effervescing energy did the young man feel that departing from his usual custom of spending the morning crouched over the fire, he picked up his hat, stuck it at a rakish angle on his head, and sallied out for a healthy tramp across the fields.

On his way through the village he held his head up, nodded cheerfully at passers-by, and even—an act that he had always longed to perform, but for which he had hitherto lacked courage—caught young Tom Poffley, the local bad boy, by one of his large, red ears, and, pinching it, informed him that, if he wanted six of the best on the seat of his corduroy pants, he could insure them by absenting himself from Sunday-school again. Then, whistling, went out across the country.

It was when he was returning, flushed and rosy, that he observed a sight that is rare in the country districts of England—the spectacle of a bishop running. It is not often in a place like Lower Briskett-in-the-Midden that you see a bishop at all; and, when you do, he is either riding in a stately automobile or pacing at a dignified walk. This one was sprinting like a Derby winner.

THE Bishop was a large, burly bishop, built for endurance rather than for speed; but he was making excellent going. He flashed past Augustine in a whirl of flying gaiters; and then, proving himself thereby no mere specialist, but a versatile, all-round athlete, he suddenly dived for a tree and climbed rapidly into its branches. His motive, Augustine readily divined, was to elude a rough, hairy dog that was toiling in his wake. The dog reached the tree a moment after his quarry had climbed it, and stood there, barking.

Augustine strolled up.

"Having a little trouble with the dumb friend, Bish?" he asked genially.

The Bishop peered down from his eyrie.

"Young man," he said, "save me!"

"Right most indubitably ho!" replied Augustine. "Leave it to me."

Until today he had always been terrified of dogs, but now he did not hesitate. Almost quicker than words can tell, he picked up a stone, discharged it at the animal, and whooped cheerily as it got him with a thud. The dog, knowing when he had enough, removed himself at some forty m. p. h., and the Bishop, descending cautiously, clasped Augustine's hand in his.

"My preserver!" said the Bishop.

"DON'T give it another thought," said Augustine cheerily. "Always glad to do a pal a good turn. We clergymen must stick together."

"I thought he had me for a minute."

"Quite a nasty customer. Full of rude energy."

The Bishop nodded.

"'His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated' — Deuteronomy thirty-four-seven," he agreed. "I wonder if you can direct me to the vicarage? I fear I have come a little out of my way."

"I'll take you there."

"Thank you. Perhaps it would be as well if you did not come in. I have a serious matter to discuss with old Pieface—I mean, with the Rev. Stanley Brandon."

"I have a serious matter to discuss with his daughter. I'll just hang about the garden."

"You are a very excellent young man," said the Bishop, as they walked along. "You are a curate, eh?"

"At present. But," said Augustine, tapping his companion on the chest, "just watch my smoke. That's all I ask you to do—just watch my smoke."

"I will. You should rise to great heights—to the very top of the tree."

"As you did just now, eh? Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha!" said the Bishop. "You young rogue!" He poked Augustine in the ribs.

"Ha, ha, ha!" said Augustine. He slapped the Bishop on the back.

"But, all joking aside," said the Bishop, as they entered the vicarage grounds, "I really shall keep my eye on you and see that you

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

Courtesy HAL ROACH "OUR GANG" PATHE COMEDY

Courtesy HAL ROACH "OUR GANG" PATHE COMEDY

"OUR GANG" PICKS THE Chas. H. Ingersoll Dollar Pen

HERE they are—Farina, Jackie, Mary, Mickey and Fatty Joe—Movie Stars, so dear to the hearts of millions of young and old alike. Ready for school again—all smiles and all dressed-up with real honest-to-goodness fountain pens that cost only a DOLLAR, but have all the class and writing qualities of other pens that cost from $2.50 to $25.00!

"You'd think," said one little girl, "with all the money they earn in the movies, they'd have real expensive pens."

And that's just where a lot of grown-ups make a mistake, too. Just as Mr. Ford turns out an automobile that takes one anywhere a high-priced car will go, so Mr. Ingersoll makes a fountain pen for a DOLLAR that writes as well and lasts as long as the highest priced pens.

That's because Mr. Ingersoll puts a 14 *Karat solid gold point* with *hard iridium tip* in all his pens—the same as used in the costliest pens—and he makes them big and handsome too, with over double the usual ink capacity; new and reliable easy-to-work stem-winding self-fillers; silvery finished, unbreakable barrels and clips that make them hard to lose.

The "Perfect Pen for School", and every other use a fountain pen is put to. *Be one of the "Gang" and always carry an Ingersoll Pen.*

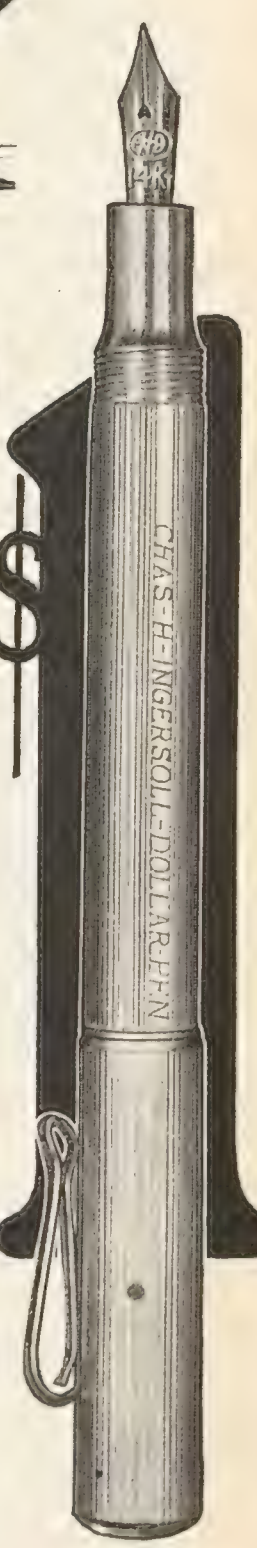
Dealers everywhere sell Ingersoll Pens. There is one near you. Look for the store with the big "Our Gang" window display at school opening time. If your dealer is not supplied we will mail pens postpaid for $1 each. Specify models wanted—*Adult's, Girl's* or *Boy's*.

Dealers: Order NOW a supply for school rush packed in display cases; price guaranteed to suit.

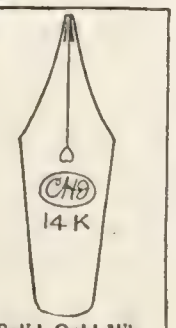
CHAS. H. INGERSOLL DOLLAR PEN CO.
175 ASTOR STREET NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

The Ingersoll Dollar Pen is *made* and *guaranteed* by Chas. H. Ingersoll, from 1880 to 1921, Half-owner, Sec'y-Treas. and Gen'l Mgr. of Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro., originator, maker and distributor of 75 million Ingersoll watches that Made the Dollar Famous.

Girl's Pen



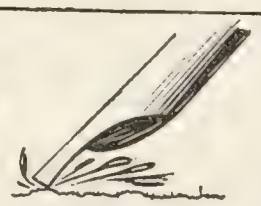
Boy's Pen



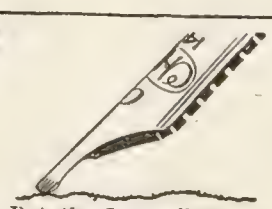
Solid Gold Nib
The Ingersoll Pen Point is made of Genuine 14 Karat Solid Gold.

The One Way to a Durable, Smooth Point

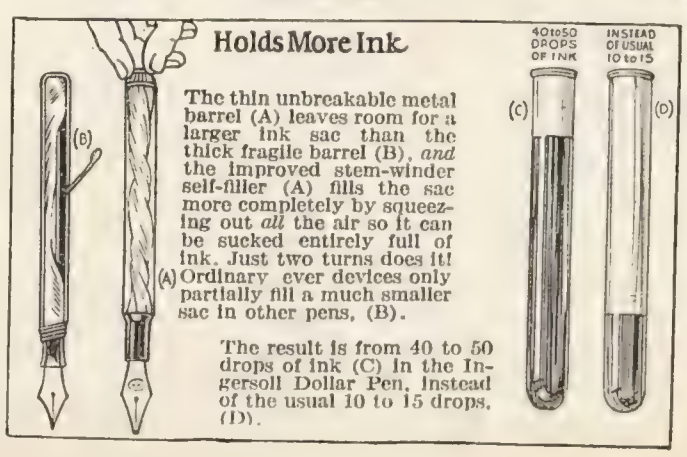
To the fly, the writing paper you think so smooth, looks like this and gives him ample "toe hold."



To the pen point, this surface is a rough, rocky road, filled with grinding abrasives which quickly flatten the ordinary soft points (used in all but a half-dozen high priced pens and the Ingersoll Dollar Pen) soon making them scratchy and useless.



But the Ingersoll Pen with its HARD Iridium Tip, costing $200 an ounce ground to a perfect ball, rides the bumps as smoothly as balloon tires. Hard Iridium is almost as hard as a diamond and makes a durable and smooth point. Never buy an unknown pen, no matter how fancy.



Holds More Ink

The thin unbreakable metal barrel (A) leaves room for a larger ink sac than the thick fragile barrel (B), *and* the improved stem-winder self-filler (A) fills the sac more completely by squeezing out *all* the air so it can be sucked entirely full of ink. Just two turns does it! Ordinary ever devices only partially fill a much smaller sac in other pens, (B).

The result is from 40 to 50 drops of ink (C) in the Ingersoll Dollar Pen, instead of the usual 10 to 15 drops, (D).

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

receive the swift preferment that your talents and character deserve. I say to you, my dear young friend, speaking seriously and weighing my words, that the way you picked that dog off with that stone was the smoothest thing I ever saw. And I am a man who always tells the strict truth."

"Great is truth and mighty above all things, O Esdras, four-forty-one," said Augustine.

AUGUSTINE turned away and strolled toward the laurel bushes, his customary meeting-place with Jane. The Bishop went on to the front door and rang the bell.

Augustine did not know that Jane had been told off by her father to entertain the Bishop's wife and show her the sights of Lower Briskett-in-the-Midden. He waited some quarter of an hour with growing impatience, and was about to leave, when suddenly from the house there came to his ears the sound of voices raised angrily.

He stopped. The voices appeared to proceed from a room on the ground floor facing the garden, the study where the Rev. Stanley Brandon was wont to compose his powerful sermons. Running lightly over the turf, Augustine paused outside the window and listened. The window was open at the bottom and he could hear quite distinctly.

The Vicar was speaking in a voice that vibrated with a strong man's anger.

"Is that so?" said the Vicar.

"Yes, it is!" said the Bishop.

"Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, to you, and see how you like it!" rejoined the Bishop with spirit.

Augustine drew a step closer and peeped in. The Vicar, his hands behind his coat tails, was striding up and down the carpet, while the Bishop, his back to the fireplace, glared defiance at him from the hearthrug.

"Whoever told you you were an authority on chasubles?" demanded the Vicar, pausing in his stride. "I don't believe you know what a chasuble is."

"Is that so?"

"Well, what is it, then?"

"It's a circular cloak hanging from the shoulders, elaborately embroidered with a pattern and with orphreys. And you can argue as much as you like, young Pieface, but you can't get away from the fact that there are too many orphreys on yours. And what I'm telling you is that you've jolly well got to switch off a few of those orphreys or you'll get it in the neck."

The Vicar's eyes glittered furiously.

"Is that so?" he said. "Well, I just won't, so there! And it's like your cheek, coming here and trying to high-hat me. You seem to have forgotten that I knew you when you were an inky-faced kid at school and that, if I liked, I could tell the world one or two things about you that would probably amuse it."

"My past is an open book."

"Is it?" The Vicar laughed malevolently. "Who put the white mouse in the French master's desk?"

The Bishop started.

"Who put jam in the dormitory prefect's bed?" he retorted.

"Who couldn't keep his collar clean?"

"Who used to wear a dickey?" The Bishop's wonderful organ-like voice, whose softest whisper could be heard throughout a vast cathedral, rang out in tones of thunder. "Who was sick at the house supper?"

The Vicar quivered from head to foot. His rubicund face turned a deeper crimson.

"You know jolly well," he said, in shaking accents, "that there was something wrong with the turkey; might have upset anyone."

"The only thing wrong with the turkey was that you ate too much of it. If you had paid as much attention to developing your soul as you did to developing your tummy, you might by now," said the Bishop, "have risen to my own eminence."

"Oh, might I?"

"No, perhaps I am wrong. You never had the brain."

The Vicar uttered another discordant laugh.

"'Brain' is good! We know all about your eminence, as you call it, and how you rose to that eminence."

"What do you mean?"

"You are a bishop. How you became one, we will not inquire."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. We will not inquire."

"Why won't you inquire?"

"Because," said the Vicar, "it is better not!"

The Bishop's self-control left him. His face contorted with fury, he took a step forward. And simultaneously Augustine sprang lightly into the room.

"Now, now, now!" said Augustine. "Now, now, now, now, now!"

The two men stood transfixed. They stared at the intruder dumbly.

"Come, come!" said Augustine.

The Vicar was the first to recover. He glowered at Augustine.

"What do you mean by jumping through my window?" he thundered. "Are you a curate or a harlequin?"

Augustine met his gaze with unfaltering eye.

"I am a curate," he replied with a dignity that well became him. "And, as a curate, I cannot stand by and see two superiors of the cloth, who are, moreover, old schoolfellows, forgetting themselves. It isn't right. Absolutely not right, my dear old superiors of the cloth."

THE Vicar bit his lip. The Bishop bowed his head.

"Listen," proceeded Augustine, placing a hand on the shoulder of each: "I hate to see you two dear, good chaps quarreling like this."

"He started it," said the Vicar sullenly.

"Never mind who started it." Augustine silenced the Bishop with a curt gesture as he made to speak. "Be sensible, my dear fellows. Respect the decencies of debate. Exercise a little good-humored give-and-take. You say," he went on, turning to the Bishop, "that our good friend here has too many orphreys on his chasuble?"

"I do. And I stick to it."

"Yes, yes, yes. But what," said Augustine soothingly, "are a few orphreys between friends? Reflect! You and our worthy Vicar here were at school together. You are bound by the sacred ties of the old Alma Mater. With him you sported on the green. With him you shared a crib and threw inked darts in the hour supposed to be devoted to the study of French. Do these things mean nothing to you? Do these memories touch no chord?"

He turned appealingly from one to the other. "Vicar! Bish!"

The Vicar had moved away and was wiping his eyes. The Bishop fumbled for a pocket handkerchief.

"Sorry, Pieface," said the Bishop in a choking voice.

"Shouldn't have spoken as I did, Boko," mumbled the Vicar.

"If you want to know what I think," said the Bishop, "you are right in attributing your indisposition at the house supper to something wrong with the turkey. I recollect saying at the time that the bird should never have been served in such a condition."

"And when you put that white mouse in the French master's desk," said the Vicar, "you performed one of the noblest services to humanity of which there is any record. They ought to have made you a bishop on the spot."

"Pieface!"

"Boko!"

The two men clasped hands.

"SPLENDID!" said Augustine. "Everything hotsy-totsy now?"

"Quite, quite," said the Vicar.

"As far as I am concerned, completely hotsy-totsy," said the Bishop. He turned to his old friend solicitously. "You will continue to wear all the orphreys you want, will you not, Pieface?"

"No, no. I see now that I was wrong. From now on, Boko, I abandon orphreys altogether."

"But, Pieface——"

"It's all right," the Vicar assured him. "I can take them or leave them alone."

"And you will be sure to put your feet in hot mustard and water when you get home? The dew has made the grass so wet."

"Splendid fellow!" The Bishop coughed to hide his emotion, and there was another silence. "I think, perhaps," he went on, after a pause, "I should be leaving you now, my dear chap, and go in search of my wife. She is with your daughter, I believe, somewhere in the village."

"They are coming up the drive now."

"Ah, yes, I see them. A charming girl, your daughter."

Augustine clapped him on the shoulder.

"Bish," he exclaimed, "you said a mouthful! She is the dearest, sweetest girl in the whole world. And I should be glad, Vicar, if you would give your consent to our immediate union. I love Jane with a good man's fervor, and I am happy to inform you that my sentiments are returned. Assure us, therefore, of your approval, and I will go at once and have the banns put up."

The Vicar leaped as though he had been stung. Like so many vicars, he had a poor opinion of curates, and he had always regarded Augustine as rather below than above the general norm or level of the despised class.

"What!" he cried.

"A most excellent idea," said the Bishop, beaming. "A very happy notion, I call it."

"My daughter!" The Vicar seemed dazed. "My daughter marry a curate!"

"You were a curate once yourself, Pieface."

"Yes, but not a curate like that."

"No!" said the Bishop. "You were not. Nor was I. Better for us both, had we been.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MULLINER'S BUCK-U-UPPO
Continued from Page Twenty-five]

This young man, I would have you know, is the most outstandingly excellent young man I have ever encountered. Are you aware that scarcely an hour ago he saved me with the most consummate address from a large shaggy dog with black spots and a kink in its tail? I was sorely pressed, Pieface, when this young man came up and, with a readiness of resource and an accuracy of aim that it would be impossible to overpraise, got that dog in the short ribs with a rock and sent him flying."

The Vicar seemed to be struggling with some powerful emotion. His eyes had widened.

"A dog with black spots?"

"Very black spots. But no blacker, I fear, than the heart they hid."

"And he really plugged him in the short ribs?"

"As far as I could see, squarely in the short ribs."

The Vicar held out his hand.

"Mulliner," he said, "I was not aware of this. In the light of the facts that have just been drawn to my attention, I have no hesitation in saying that my objections are removed. I have had it in for that dog since the second Sunday before Septuagesima, when he pinned me by the ankle as I paced beside the river, composing a sermon on Certain Alarming Manifestations of the So-Called Modern Spirit. Take Jane. I give my consent freely. And may she be as happy as any girl with such a husband ought to be."

A FEW more affecting words were exchanged, and then the Bishop and Augustine left the house. The Bishop was silent and thoughtful.

"I owe you a great deal, Mulliner," he said at length.

"Oh, I don't know," said Augustine. "Would you say that?"

"A very great deal. You saved me from a terrible disaster. Had you not leaped through the window at that precise juncture and intervened, I really believe I should have pasted my dear old friend Brandon in the eye. I was sorely exasperated!"

"Our good Vicar can be trying at times," agreed Augustine.

"My fist was already clenched, and I was just hauling off for the swing when you checked me. What the result would have been, had you not exhibited a tact and discretion beyond your years, I do not like to think. I might have been unfrocked." He shivered at the thought, though the weather was mild.

"I could never have shown my face at the Athenæum again. But, tut, tut!" went on the Bishop, patting Augustine on the shoulder, "let us not dwell on what might have been. Speak to me of yourself. The Vicar's charming daughter—you really love her?"

"I do, indeed."

The Bishop's face had grown grave.

"Think well, Mulliner," he said. "Marriage is a serious affair. Do not plunge into it without due reflection. I myself am a husband, and, though singularly blessed in the possession of a devoted helpmeet, cannot but feel sometimes that a man is better off as a bachelor. Women, Mulliner, are odd."

"True," said Augustine.

"My own dear wife is the best of women. And, as I never weary of saying, a good woman is a wondrous creature, cleaving to the right and the good under all change; lovely in youthful comeliness; lovely all her life in comeliness of heart. And yet——"

"And yet?" said Augustine.

The Bishop mused for a moment. He wriggled a little, with an expression of pain, and scratched himself between the shoulder blades.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the Bishop. "It is a warm and pleasant day today, is it not?"

"Exceptionally clement," said Augustine.

"A fair, sunny day, made gracious by a temperate westerly breeze. And yet, Mulliner, if you will credit my statement, my wife insisted on my putting on my thick winter woolies this morning. Truly," sighed the Bishop, "'as a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion.' Proverbs eleven-twenty-one."

"Twenty-two," corrected Augustine.

"I should have said twenty-two. They are made of thick flannel, and I have an exceptionally sensitive skin. Oblige me, my dear fellow, by rubbing me in the small of the back with the ferrule of your stick. I think it will ease the irritation."

"But, my poor dear old Bish," said Augustine sympathetically, "this must not be."

The Bishop shook his head ruefully.

"You would not speak so hardily, Mulliner, if you knew my wife. There is no appeal from her decrees."

"Nonsense!" cried Augustine cheerily. He looked through the trees to where the Lady Bishopess, escorted by Jane, was examining a lobelia through her lorgnette with just the right blend of cordiality and condescension. "I'll fix that for you in a second."

The Bishop clutched at his arm.

"My boy! What are you going to do?"

"I'm just going to have a word with your

wife and put the matter up to her as a reasonable woman. Thick winter woolies on a day like this! Absurd!" said Augustine. "Preposterous! I never heard such rot."

THE Bishop gazed after him with a leaden heart. Already he had come to love this young man like a son, and to see him charging so light-heartedly into the very jaws of destruction afflicted him with a deep and poignant sadness. He knew what his wife was like when even the highest in the land attempted to thwart her; and this brave lad was but a curate. In another moment she would be looking at him through her lorgnette, and England was littered with the shriveled remains of curates at whom the Lady Bishopess had looked through her lorgnette. He had seen them wilt like salted slugs at the episcopal breakfast table.

He held his breath. Augustine had reached the Lady Bishopess, and the Lady Bishopess was even now raising her lorgnette.

The Bishop shut his eyes and turned away. And then—years afterward, it seemed to him—a cheery voice hailed him, and, turning, he perceived Augustine bounding back through the trees.

"It's all right, Bish!" said Augustine.

"All—all right?" faltered the Bishop.

"Yes. She says you can go and change into the thin cashmere."

The Bishop reeled.

"But—but—but what did you say to her? What arguments did you employ?"

"Oh, I just pointed out what a warm day it was and jollied her along a bit——"

"Jollied her along a bit!"

"And she agreed in the most friendly and cordial manner. She has asked me to call at the palace one of these days."

The Bishop seized Augustine's hand.

"My boy," he said in a broken voice, "you shall do more than call at the palace. You shall come and live at the palace. Become my secretary, Mulliner, and name your own salary. If you intend to marry, you will require an increased stipend. Become my secretary, boy, and never leave my side. I have needed somebody like you for years."

IT was late in the afternoon when Augustine returned to his rooms, for he had been invited to lunch at the vicarage and had been the life and soul of the cheery little party.

"A letter for you, sir," said Mrs. Wardle obsequiously.

Augustine took the letter.

"I am sorry to say I shall be leaving you shortly, Mrs. Wardle."

"Oh, sir! If there's anything I can do——"

"Oh, it's not that. The fact is, the Bishop has made me his secretary, and I shall have to shift my toothbrush and spats to the palace, you see."

"Well, fancy that, sir! Why, you'll be a bishop yourself one of these days."

"Possibly," said Augustine. "Possibly. And now let me read this."

He opened the letter. A thoughtful frown appeared on his face as he read:

MY DEAR AUGUSTINE: I am writing in some haste to tell you that the impulsiveness of your aunt has led to a rather serious mistake.

She tells me that she dispatched to you yesterday by parcels post a sample bottle of my new Buck-U-Uppo, which she obtained without my knowledge from my laboratory. Had she mentioned what she was intending to do, I could have prevented a very unfortunate occurrence.

Mulliner's Buck-U-Uppo is of two grades or qualities—the A and the B. The A is a mild but strengthening tonic, designed for human invalids. The B, on the other hand, is purely for circulation in the animal kingdom, and was invented to fill a long-felt want throughout our Indian possessions.

As you are doubtless aware, the favorite pastime of the Indian maharajahs is the hunting of the tiger of the jungle from the backs of elephants; and it has happened frequently in the past that hunts have been spoiled by the failure of the elephant to see eye to eye with its owner in the matter of what constitutes sport.

Too often, elephants, on sighting the tiger, have turned and galloped home; and it was to correct this tendency on their part that I invented Mulliner's Buck-U-Uppo B. One teaspoonful of the Buck-U-Uppo B administered in its morning bran-mash will cause the most timid elephant to trumpet loudly and charge the fiercest tiger without a qualm.

Abstain, therefore, from taking any of the contents of the bottle you now possess.

And believe me,

Your affectionate uncle,

WILFRED MULLINER.

Augustine remained for some time in deep thought after perusing this communication. Then, rising, he whistled a few bars of the psalm appointed for the twenty-sixth of June and left the room.

Half an hour later a telegraphic message was speeding over the wires.

It ran as follows:

WILFRED MULLINER
THE GABLES
LESSER LOSSINGHAM
SALOP
LETTER RECEIVED SEND IMMEDIATELY C O D THREE CASES OF THE B BLESSED SHALL BE THY BASKET AND THY STORE DEUTERONOMY TWENTY-EIGHT-FIVE. AUGUSTINE.

THE END

The funniest story Wodehouse ever wrote will begin in LIBERTY in two weeks. It's called The Small Bachelor—a whole serial of laughs. Get ready for it!

There is a brand-new Hoover, which alone offers the new double-efficiency principle in modern home-cleaning science: "POSITIVE AGITATION"

If you want a really *clean* home, you ought to know all about this greater *Hoover!*

The HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

The Coach Now Has a New All-Steel Full-Vision Body

There also are a New Brougham and a New Sedan with many attractive enrichments of these types

As Rigid as a Steel Building and as Colorful as You Could Desire

You will find fulfilment of practically every motoring desire in this new Hudson Coach.

The full-vision, all-steel body is as rigid as a steel building. It presents new lines of beauty, greater comfort, new upholstering, fine seating arrangement, and front seats that can be easily adjusted to suit any position desired.

There have been constant refinement and improvement in the Super-Six chassis. For 11 years its patented principle has given it outstanding performance and reliability. Its smoothness is known to everyone. Through these years of development, more than 850,000 owners have learned the advantages of the Super-Six. Greater economy in fuel and oil has resulted. Smoothness has been carried to a higher degree than was thought possible in any motor not so long ago. Reliability has been developed so much that expectations of long, hard, economical service now extend way beyond the records in those particulars of earlier Hudsons that already have passed the 200,000 mile mark.

This long experience and vast production have brought about not only a much finer car in every particular, but also have resulted in economies of manufacture and distribution that give amazing price advantage.

Hudson sales for years have indicated public acceptance of its value. This New Hudson is commanding a greater attention than any preceding model, and rightly too, because it tops any previous achievement of our history. You should see and ride in the New Hudson Super-Six Coach.

HUDSON SUPER-SIX

Reviewing The BIG Parade

What Never Can Be Told About War Is Shown in a Picture

An Article by

Norman S. Hall

NEARLY six years ago I sat in a projection room in Washington, D. C., and watched thousands of feet of official War Department motion pictures taken in France and the United States during the war. Many of these scenes were actual battle "shots," made possible by the courage of some camera man who had risked his life to get the picture.

Major Dean, a temporary officer, who had had considerable motion-picture experience in private life, turned to me enthusiastically. "You're probably watching the greatest thriller you'll ever see," he said.

If Major Dean has seen the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, The Big Parade, he will, I think, amend that statement. For The Big Parade, containing not a foot of official film, is heralded as a semi-official document of the World War; has stirred international comment, smashed American entertainment records, and will, no doubt, be looked upon as "the" picture of the war long after the War Department's films are forgotten.

Renee Adoree rises to unexcelled heights as Melisande.

John Gilbert believes the role of Jim Apperson is the greatest he ever played.

No other motion picture has been seen by so many thousands during the same length of time. The financial return has been greater than that of any other film and it has been given more publicity even than The Birth of a Nation.

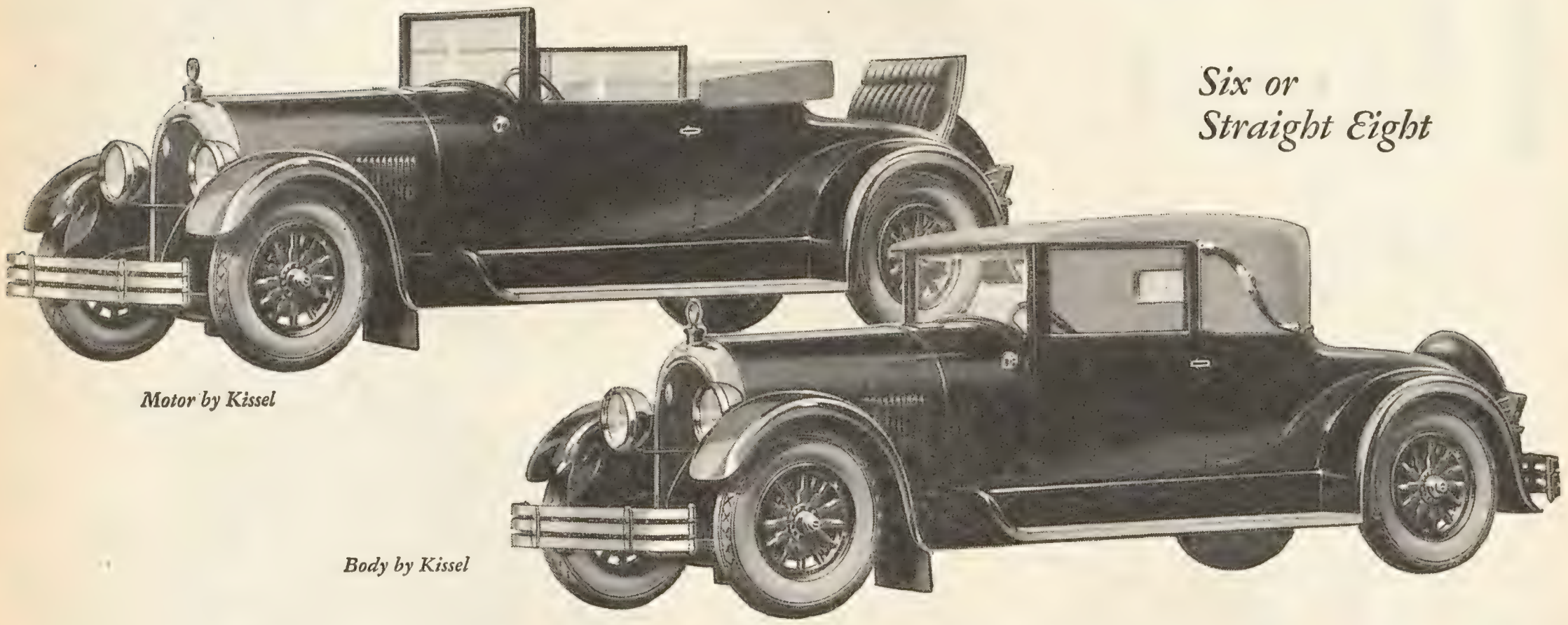
An odd phase in its remarkable history was the avalanche of criticism loosed upon it immediately following its London premiere at the Tivoli Theatre. Canada, with the exception of one Toronto paper, hailed it as a mas-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

KISSEL

CUSTOM BUILT

CUSHIONED-IN-RUBBER



Six or Straight Eight

Motor by Kissel

Body by Kissel

The New All Year Coupe Roadster

Two Cars in One

Here is the new "All Year Coupe Roadster." It is the only American built car that has all major units completely cushioned-in-rubber. All roads—side roads, detours, rough city pavements—now take on the level smoothness of boulevards. Bumps in the road disappear. Driving becomes a more exhilarating experience than ever before. Never in all your motoring life have you ever enjoyed the buoyancy, the quiet, the ease that this new Kissel affords.

Motor, chassis, springs, and all important units are "*cushioned-in-rubber.*" No more shackles, spring bolts, or working joints. No oiling of these and other places that formerly had a tendency to develop rattles and squeaks.

Other new and important improvements of the "All Year Coupe Roadster" include a still lower chassis—only 68 inches from ground to top. New Straight Line Drive gives greater smoothness of operation and eliminates power loss. The motor is now tilted so that crankshaft and drive are in a straight line. New wheelbase—the proper wheelbase has been worked out in ratio to the weight of the car. No "galloping," "bouncing," "quivering" action sometimes found in cars of improper wheelbase!

New long, straight body lines! New finish! New color design! New wide flat fenders! New corner posts which give broader sweep of vision! Chase Velmo Mohair Velvet Upholstery! Marshall Springs! Form-Fitting Seats! The 2 Passenger Standard Equipped Six $1795—Straight Eight $2195, f. o. b. factory.

The new "All Year Coupe Roadster" is really two cars in one. Drive it in winter as a coupe—in summer as a roadster. It is the car of the year for all the year.

THE KISSEL MOTOR CAR COMPANY • HARTFORD, WISCONSIN

(292)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

terpiece, a war epic, but the English critics denounced it. The London *Daily Express* declared:

"They have our money and now they want our glory. Not only are they after our glory, it might be added, but they want us to pay them for stealing it.

"Curious issues, some amusing, some annoying, but all disconcerting, are raised by this mighty and disingenuous effort in national publicity which suggests by direct inference and thinly veiled innuendo that the war began when the American troops arrived, after which further German resistance was futile."

A saner view was taken by the London *Daily News*, which editorialized:

"It is to be presumed that all the frothy nonsense written about The Big Parade is part of a stunt to belittle American films. Well, it won't do. There is no justification for it in the picture itself. The Big Parade is not meant to unfurl the flag of flapdoodle patriotism, but to interest us in the adventures of three American soldiers in the war."

The Manchester *Guardian* alone gave it unstinted praise and urged every Englishman to see it.

Reports from H. D. Hymans, manager of the Tivoli, indicate that the tirade of the critics has resulted in overflowing audiences just as unstinted praise did here.

In twenty-nine and one-half weeks 466,267 people paid $593,015.70 to see The Big Parade at the Astor Theatre in New York City. Of these 22,283 were standees. The Birth of a Nation played to approximately 400,000 during its forty-four-weeks run in New York City.

NONE of the conditions that usually affect the theatre have applied to The Big Parade. Blizzards, religious seasons, excessive heat, did not reduce the audiences from house capacity. In addition to the New York showing, there are eight films on the road, each playing to between 15,000 and 20,000 weekly.

The number of repeats is almost unbelievable. Michael Kavanaugh, manager of the Astor Theatre, informed me that literally hundreds of persons have told him of seeing the picture again and again. Henry Hull, one of New York's outstanding leading men, has seen it every Monday afternoon since its premiere. Gloria Swanson has returned six times to view it. Orville A. Welsh, of the New York *Morning World*, a war veteran, has watched it seven times, and Major "Billy" Moore, who fought with the French Foreign Legion, six. One man in Springfield, Massachusetts, has wired for a certain location on eight occasions.

They return to the picture because in it they find sweetness, a poignant sweetness that is akin to pain. They find the brutality of war, the ugliness of combat that is not without something fine and splendid.

The peasant girl of Champillon.

The picture is a triumph of simplicity, a masterpiece of detail. Laurence Stallings contributed the original idea and the title. Stallings, a New York newspaper man until his success with What Price Glory, the stage play, and The Big Parade turned him to dramatic writing, was a captain of Marines and lost a leg at Belleau Wood. He knows the soldier.

If war is real, the pictured evacuation of Champillon is real.

When King Vidor, the director, read Stallings' scenario, he sent for the young Southerner, and for months they lived together, planning, plotting. Vidor exposed more than 400,000 feet of film in making the picture and took only the best and most realistic for the finished presentation. The approximate production cost was $750,000.

All the battle scenes were filmed in Texas or on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot in California. The troops are regulars. With governmental permission Mr. Vidor enlisted the aid of General Paul B. Malone of Fort Sam Houston, Texas, who participated with 12,000 men of the Second Division, many of whom had seen combat service in France. Colonel Harry Bishop acted as Chief of Staff and gave expert advice on military subjects.

Mr. Vidor, after absorbing Captain Stallings' reminiscences, surrounded himself with a staff of former officers that included Major James Basevi, a Canadian who distinguished himself at Ypres; Lieutenant Charles B. Griffin, who was a French Legionnaire before joining the American forces, and Lieutenant James E. Ewens, who served with the Twenty-eighth Division, A. E. F.

Mr. Vidor believes The Big Parade, as a semi-historic document, will supplement the other existing records of the war. He dwelt on the opportunity afforded by the picture to present more graphically not only the physical happenings of war, but also the psychology of those thrown into it.

"I believe we have recorded for posterity something of what this struggle really meant to those engaged in it," he said. "In making it I felt my duty as director was to express these things and I sought to combine all the expressions I could gain from newspapers, books, talks with private soldiers, officers, and those who merely watched the real Big Parade."

From these sources he endeavored to blend the psychology of men caught in the maelstrom of a world struggle.

I think almost every person who has seen The Big Parade will agree with Mr. Vidor, but I doubt if even he knows how really significant it is to many. Much of its import was lost to me until I accompanied my mother to a showing of it. The episode is recorded here because I believe it is typical of many other mothers and if that is so it is probably the finest praise The Big Parade ever will receive.

As we were leaving the theatre I inquired how she had enjoyed the picture.

"What thrilled you most? The battle scenes?" I had watched the picture three times and I was curious to know what phases of it would affect a mother most.

I think the spell of the picture was still upon her as she replied: "No, not only the battle scenes. All of it. You see, son, there was a war and you went to it. You came home, a little coarser in some ways, a little finer in others, and I didn't understand it. At first I thought it was because you didn't want me to, that there were things you thought I shouldn't know, but now I know that I couldn't understand.

"Whenever I've thought of you as a soldier, it has been as I always saw you—neatly uniformed, shaved, and a little inclined to swagger.

"But tonight I saw some of you in *Jim Apperson*, some in *Bull*, and some in *Slim*. I saw you in that lieutenant *Bull* kicked, and when it showed just those feet marching up the road to battle, those were your feet I watched. I shall never think of you as a soldier again without picturing you as dirty and muddy and scared and lonesome, and—and splendid beyond words."

NOR can too much sincere praise be given the *Jim Apperson*, the *Bull O'Hara*, and the *Slim Jensen* my mother and several hundred thousand other women have wept over and worried about as they trudged through that phantom Big Parade.

Mr. Vidor combed the motion-picture colony in California for types. He selected John Gilbert for the *Jim Apperson* role; *Apperson*, the millionaire mill-owner's son, who knew hardship only as an unpleasant word in his vocabulary.

For the part of *Slim Jensen*, the tobacco-chewing riveter, he brought Karl Dane from retirement on a chicken farm. Dane, a Norwegian famed as a racing-car driver, had been a stunt man in pictures for several years, but wearied of the uncertain engagements and retired to his farm. His characterization of *Slim* should make continued retirement impossible for a long time.

Mr. Vidor again went among the retired motion-picture players for one to play *Bull O'Hara*, the Bowery bartender who forsook rye and the beer tap for the rifle and the bomb. Tom O'Brien, son of the general contractor for the old Barnum & Bailey Circus, plays the part. O'Brien, an attorney in private life, is known as a big-game hunter and served in France with railroad batteries during the war.

About these three and Renee Adoree the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

ALASKA

CORK-INSULATED REFRIGERATOR

The Cork-Wall Window

The Cork-Wall Window is an actual window placed in the upper left-hand corner of every Alaska Refrigerator. It shows you the cork inner wall which seals the cold in and the heat out.

See why your daintiest foods are safe!

You know, of course, that *good* refrigerators should be cork-insulated. But did you know that the Alaska is the *only* refrigerator with the "Cork-Wall Window"—absolutely visible proof of cork insulation?

Ask your Alaska dealer to show you the "Cork-Wall Window"—*the most important thing to look for when buying a refrigerator.* The "Cork-Wall Window" is patented. It is an exclusive Alaska feature.

Demand this visible proof of quality construction. *Know* that your foods will be kept fresh and sweet, *know* that your ice bills will be kept low, by the best method known to science—*cork insulation!*

Examine, too, the remarkably fine workmanship in Alaska Refrigerators—an excellent example of the cabinet maker's art.

Will you be satisfied with less than an Alaska when the cost is no more? There are types and sizes for every need and every purse. If you do not know an Alaska dealer in your town write to us.

THE ALASKA REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, Dept. M-9, MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN

LONDON OFFICE: 21 ROPEMAKER STREET, E. C.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]
action of The Big Parade centers.

Renee Adoree plays *Melisande,* the peasant girl of Champillon, who is as true to the spirit of France as the Tricolor itself or the indomitable courage of the bearded ones who stood with jovial Papa Joffre and did not let them pass.

E. M. Woolley, director of undergraduate dramatics at Yale University, has said:

"Renee Adoree rises to heights of unrestrained and buoyant acting that I believe have never been excelled in motion pictures. She is human; she is a woman in love. It is hard to be a little of a screen actress as well. She achieved it."

THERE could have been no better choice for the role than Miss Adoree. Born on the outskirts of Lille, she knows the peasant heart; loves her mother France. While dancing in Brussels in the early days of the war she was refugeed by the invading Germans and fled to England, thence to America.

Since playing in The Big Parade, she has won new film laurels, but, no matter what heights she attains, thousands of American veterans will always remember her as *Melisande of Champillon.* Indeed, it is almost impossible not to think of her as such, even when talking to her. In the climax of the first part of the picture she reaches superb heights.

If war is real, if anything I've ever touched with my hands is real, the pictured evacuation of Champillon is real.

Trucks grinding their way through the rutted streets to the troop rendezvous in the open fields beyond. Staff cars and side cars and reconnaissance cars. Soldiers, their packs bouncing, rifles at the trail, scuttling out from under when an artillery outfit plows through at the gallop. Men, trucks, guns, noise. Noise, guns, trucks, men. And through this seeming chaos runs *Melisande,* calling, calling, "Jimmee, Jimmee!"

Oh, they find each other. For one blessed, holy moment they find and hold each other; then a bugle somewhere up forward blats and the gears slam home. Even then *Melisande* clings to him, clings until the bouncing truck shakes her off. As she stumbles she catches a chain hanging from the tailboard and holds to it desperately.

Melisande of Champillon, pitting bruised hands against the machine of war that is moving up to that vague, vast somewhere called the Line! The spirit of every woman who ever loved a man crying out against the devastation of dreams and hopes and longings.

As that Big Parade moves on, as *Jim* and *Slim* and *Bull* near the Line, you begin to know what war is like. Here are no dandified troops on parade. These are soldiers! Tired men, the fronts of their overcoats wet with the sweat that has run from their faces. They are dust-stained, ankle weary, and have arrived at that mental state where merely to rest is a tremendous goal. But The Big Parade is on! They can rest later.

That night, while *Jim* and *Slim* and *Bull* are wallowing in a shell hole, one of them is ordered to go forward and mop up a German trench-mortar crew. *Slim* goes.

Slim Jensen was no trained trooper. His blouse was never buttoned and his leggings never met his shoes. He was just a tobacco-chewing construction man, who put down a gun operated by compressed air to take up one op-

Bull and Slim—an attorney and a retired racing driver drafted for roles in The Big Parade.

erated by smokeless powder, but there's a mighty cohort of *Slim Jensens* on eternal furlough in Romagne and Bony and Suresnes and America's other permanent garrisons in France.

Slim silences that gun, but a sniper shoots *Slim.*

Heedless of orders, resentful to the point of mutiny, *Jim* and *Bull* crawl out to get him, and find him —dead! Here is a scene of stabbing beauty, but it is remarkable that those British critics weren't guilty of one more absurdity and did not accuse John Gilbert of effeminacy because in his role of *Jim Apperson* he gave The Big Parade that supreme moment when he bent to kiss the dead face of *Slim Jensen.*

TO avenge *Slim, Bull* and *Jim* charge on. *Bull* is killed—*Bull O'Hara,* who couldn't read French, but who would walk into the vestibule of Hades in his bare feet to help a buddy! *Jim* is hit.

It is doubtful if the callousness born of war can be made more vitally evident than in the ensuing scene between *Jim* and the dying German sniper. The Boche has just killed *Bull* and wounded *Jim,* yet *Apperson* puts aside his bayonet and gives the German his last cigarette. Because the man's very presence is loathsome to him, *Jim* tries to push his face into the mire, but, finding the German is dead, he plucks the cigarette from the dead man's lips and calmly smokes it.

The Big Parade moves on again and *Jim* goes back in another procession to a field hospital. Then there is his homecoming, with a leg gone at the knee, and his return to France. Back to France and *Melisande,* plowing in the shell-ruptured fields beyond the shattered walls of Champillon.

That is not all there is to The Big Parade; merely a few episodes of the picture that eight viewings have imprinted indelibly on my memory.

John Gilbert believes the role of *Jim Apperson* is the greatest he ever has played. More, he feels that The Big Parade proves more definitely than ever that the screen director of the future is more than a mere director and will be recognized as a screen novelist.

IN this connection he said: "Just as surely as Dumas, Stevenson, and Conrad wrote novels, so did King Vidor write a story of war, using as his medium beings in celluloid instead of ink."

He said he could not compare the part of *Jim Apperson* with any other.

"It was my first opportunity to sweat and get beneath the crust of life and push it up," he declared.

"The Big Parade is greater than any actor or group of actors, and greater than any writer or any one mind."

No other picture ever filmed has had the sincere praise from critics and laymen that The Big Parade has received. Although it has been heralded as a masterpiece everywhere, I think its greatest tribute came from the least expected source.

Back stage at the Astor Theatre, Michael McDermott sits at a signal board in the wings and regulates the elaborate effects used in the battle and other scenes. "Mickey" McDermott has worked on many stages, and the life of the theater has long since ceased to be a novelty. But Mickey McDermott went out with the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth Infantry, the old "Fighting Sixty-ninth" of New York.

On one of my visits to The Big Parade I went back and sat with Mickey.

As the picture worked up to the first part climax, he turned to me and asked: "What d'ye think of it?"

"You were there yourself," I countered. "What do you think of it?"

Mickey squinted at the screen and shoved up a signal switch. The long line of trucks was just sweeping over the rise to the plain below.

"I'll tell you," he answered. "I ride up with 'em twice a day. When that fleet of trucks points over the hill, I know it's the old Sixty-ninth hittin' the road again. And I'm there some place, bumping in one of those trucks and trying to ease my pack. It's the nearest they'll ever get to it unless they have another war."

There's understanding and appreciation! Mickey McDermott of the "Fighting Sixty-ninth" living The Big Parade twice a day—and getting a kick out of it!

THE END

—and

Mennen costs *only* ⅓ cent a shave

All my life I've found that the best usually turns out actually to be the cheapest. I mean that literally —in the dollars and cents meaning of the word.

Take Mennen Shaving Cream. Aside from any other arguments, a Mennen shave costs you only ⅓ of a cent. At the rate of ¾ inch per shave—which is plenty when you use Mennen—you get *five months'* supply of daily, full-size, satisfactory latherings out of the big 50-cent tube. That is, unless "you and yours" use it for shampooing, as thousands do.

"How come?" you say, "I can't make any other kind I've tried last for five months."

The answer is right in *Dermutation*—the Mennen process of absolute beard-softening.

I can't give you the scientific formula for this famous process, because it's a secret. But I *can* tell you that it's such a remarkable concentration of pure, down-right beard-softening qualities that just a very little bit on your brush gives you the most wonderful, firm lather you ever built.

Use all the water you can—hot or cold, hard or soft—that little sliver of cream will hold plenty. Lathers up into a big, mountainous bank which *positively won't dry on your face* and which reduces the stiffest, wiriest whiskers to abject surrender in just about record time.

The other economies just follow naturally. For instance, your razor blades last longer—they only have to work half as hard. You save at least five minutes in time over an ordinary shave. You save your skin, keeping it clean and clear. And the invariable cheerful disposition that accompanies the Mennen shave is an economy priceless beyond words.

Try Mennen Shaving Cream and check up on yourself.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

And while you're about it, tell the druggist to slip you a 50-cent tube of *Mennen Skin Balm.* A rare after-shaving treat—cooling, refreshing, astringent, antiseptic. Absorbed in half a minute. Heals up little cuts and scratches. Tones up the skin. And *Talcum for Men*—25 cents for a big tin. Tinted to match your skin—doesn't show. A little flick over the shaved area absorbs moisture—protects against the weather—gives you a well-groomed appearance.

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

Quick Thinkers

Men and Women—Eat Foods Like These

Foods that delight the appetite yet are kind to the digestion

STUDY the lives of successful people and you'll find right eating an important, daily part.

But it doesn't mean, as you may think, the eating of unattractive, tasteless foods.

Modern diet starts by *tempting* the appetite. For that's been found essential to digestion.

Thus, instead of eating foods you don't care for, simply because they're "good for you," eat enticing and attractive foods which also supply the food elements you need for health.

That is why Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are almost universally becoming the cereal choice of the day.

Crisp and toasty—taste like nutmeats

Think of crispy, fresh toast. And you'll get an idea of their delights.

Taste rich nutmeats. And they'll suggest the flavor.

Consider that every food cell is broken by steam puffing under terrific pressure. And you'll know why digestion is so easy.

Only ONE food in the world enjoys that puffing process. Each grain is eight times normal size. The flavor is different from any other cereals known. Grain foods with the allure of confections; yet with the nutritive value of rich grain foods. The vitamines of the grain are contained, and with milk all three are provided.

Serve these many ways

JUST for the change, try Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice for a week. Note how the most wayward appetite will respond. Mark the freedom from mental fag that follows improper diet.

Serve with milk or cream, or with "half and half." Try with cooked or fresh fruit. A breakfast dish, a luncheon treat; a bedtime snack that leaves nights free for sleep.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

OWN YOUR HOME
A Series *that* Tells How, When, *and* Why

The FINISHED House

Ready for Decoration

Bronxville House
(*Fourth Report*)

By Henry G. Jefferson

"Then we saw the house emerge from the debris."

OUR home in Bronxville is finished; that is, if about four fellows did what they promised to do when I left the house a couple of hours ago. It is said the darkest hour is just before the dawn, and if that is true the darkest hours in a home-builder's life are the ten days before the finishing touches go on. As an architect I used to wonder why people got fussy toward the end of home-building. Now I know.

The place looked discouraging; worse than at any time, with all the heating men, plumbers, inside woodworkers, electricians, tile men, bath-fixture men, men setting doors, setting cabinets, setting windows, bathtubs, windows, doors, sash, everything piled around with outside graders, stonemasons, ditch diggers, all working at once.

It almost discouraged me—until suddenly everyone commenced to get through his job at once. Then we began to see the home emerge from the debris.

I have a confession to make to readers: I rather neglected my own home in order to pay more attention to jobs for clients. It ought to have been finished a month ago, and would have been, but when clients get in a hurry, an architect has to sacrifice his own house and satisfy them—shift work crews to speed up other places. But, now that it is all done but the touches, and we are getting ready to move in and decorate the home, I am proud of that house.

It is a good house. I put more money into it than usually goes into a house of that type, but we were building a home for ourselves and wanted everything as perfect as possible. There are no structural mistakes, and, really, considering the fact I had to do the work almost in spare time, between other jobs, there were few blunders and no serious ones. It is a pretty good house all through, both in material and workmanship. There are, of course, some small details that I would change if I built myself another house, but they are few and unimportant.

The Bronxville house, ready for the finishing touches.

There is one thing I want to say to home-builders: Don't let the figures on this house scare you out of building. I put more into it than was necessary and the financing cost more. With plenty of cash and plenty of time, such a house can be built cheaper without materially changing the plans or trimming on materials. I spent a considerable amount in luxuries. The excavation and grading were expensive.

But, now it is finished, it is worth while; a real home and an efficient and complete one. Maintenance costs will be lower, and there is little extra to be spent in the future. The decrease in operation expenses will pay big interest on the increased cost in the future.

We are especially proud of the living-room, with its rough, beamed ceilings, the simple but effective fireplace, and the arrangement of the room itself in connection with the dining-room and sun parlor. The effect is that of a much larger house. The arches of the stairway, and the entrance hall add to it greatly.

We have built a great deal of house for so small a space—and every inch of space under the roof is livable, without waste, which is not always true in this adapted English type of house.

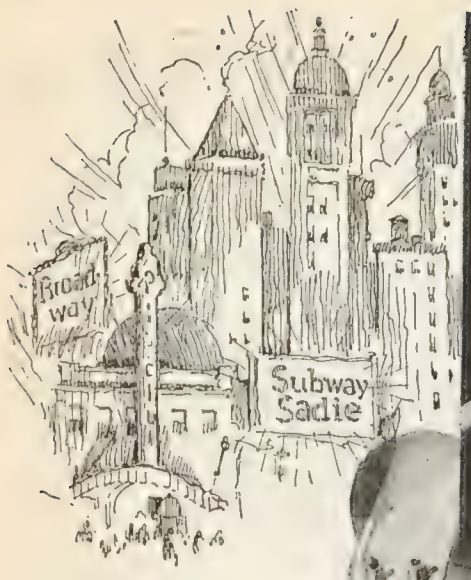
The built-in features, the doors, all are extra heavy. In fact, the doors are so solid looking, they add much to the sturdy, lasting appearance of the whole house. In another house probably I would use lighter doors, but somehow the massive solidity seemed imperative in finishing this one. The hardware, which was specially designed and made for these doors, carries out the same idea.

The final figures look big, but don't let that alarm you if you think of building. They include the fees of architect and of contractor, and, having been architect and contractor myself, those items represent my "profit" on the house; that is, if it should be sold. Then, too, we put nearly $2,000 in special equipment into the house, and splurged a bit on hardware, on built-in features, on the doors, etc., all of which increased the cost.

Had I been building for a client, we could have pared down on these items and not materially damaged the house structurally—although it would not have been as complete or as pleasant to look upon.

At the same time the figures on carpentry, etc., the largest general contract, were extremely reasonable for well done work and we used the best possible material in every detail of the job. I'm not in favor of skimping or scamping on work or material, and while I must admit our house cost more than the average house of its type would, the value is all there. The only items in the entire construction that cost more than anticipated

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]



NIGHT LIFE in New York. Here's a "Subway Sadie" scene that takes you right into Broadway's speediest, dazzlingest, $10-cover-charge night club.

"It won't be long now!"

Step lively!—You've got to when you step with Sadie!

Handsome Herbert, the grandest guard that ever flashed a 2-bell signal, tells her he's in love with her. And Sadie comes right back with "So's your old motorman!"

That's Sadie for you! A girl in a million straphangers.—Limousine longings and a subway salary.—But what clothes—what class—and what a "line"! Rush-hour Romeos watch their step when Sadie gets aboard.

Be a regular New Yorker! Speed with Sadie on the 5 o'clock Sardine Special . . . Push and tumble—shove and scramble . . . Brokers rubbing shoulders with Bronx brunettes.

Gosh what a thrill! And dozens more to come.—And laughs jammed tighter than a rush-hour mob! You'll never forgive yourself if you don't follow the Laff-Line to

"Subway Sadie"

Presented by **FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES, INC.**

An Alfred Santell Production

with **Dorothy Mackaill**

Jack Mulhall · Charles Murray

Directed by Alfred Santell

Adapted from story by Mildred Cram

PRODUCTION MANAGEMENT AL ROCKETT

First National Pictures

A First National Picture

PARIS style-show features "Subway Sadie." Sumptuous next-season's fashions draped on gorgeous girls in famous exclusive style-shops.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

were excavation, grading, and landscaping. The nature of the soil and the striking of some rock in excavating made it more costly, and the grading was hard and expensive work, especially the cutting and finishing of the driveway to the garage.

My legal fees and the expense of borrowing were larger than yours ought to be if you are building your own home. My financing arrangements slipped in a couple of spots. If you have been following the story of this house building, you will recall the fact that we were held up twice and work was delayed through my own carelessness as much as anything else.

I have made up a table showing the materials used in our house and what everything has cost. You can see it went over original estimates. I can do that in building my own house, but for a client most of those little excesses would have been saved. We have used the best and latest materials all the way through this house.

I don't want to be a pessimist. Probably every home builder feels the same way at the end of his building adventure, and I don't want to discourage anyone from engaging in the great venture of home building. There are lots of discouraging moments and lots of triumphs, but in the end the thrills and the victories are worth while (after you forget them), and when the scaffolding, the debris, the dirt are hauled away and the home is finished, all the worries fade—except perhaps the second mortgage—and even that doesn't seem so dangerous.

Following is a list of the materials used in the house, with costs, and names of concerns supplying them:

Lehigh Portland Cement Co.	$1,550
Chimney and fireplace and exterior brickwork, Common Brick Mfrs. Assn....	800
Plastering and stucco work. U. S. Gypsum Co.....	1,900
Metal lath, National Steel Fabric Co.; tile work, American Tile Co.....	700
Built-in tile fixtures, Fairfacts Co.	$ 30
Carpentry and millwork (labor and material)	5,200
Oak floors—Oak Floor Mfrs. Assn.	390
Armstrong Linoleum Co.....	140
Insulation, Celotex.....	250
Electrical wiring (G. E. Wiring devices)	270
Electrical fixtures, Riddle Liberty Fixture Co.....	400
Painting and decorating, National Lead Co. and Amer. Wall Paper Mfrs. Assn....	960
Plumbing and fixtures (fixtures by Standard Sanitary Co.); brass piping, American Brass Co.....	2,150
Heating and radiation—Hot water intensified heating plant by Richardson & Boynton Mfg. Co.....	1,400
Finish hardware, McKinney Mfg. Co.	450
Sheet metal work, Anaconda Copper Co.	275
Contractor's fee (10%)....	1,720
Architect's fee (6%).....	1,032
Grading	500
Landscaping — trees and shrubs from Aurawalk Nursery	350
Legal fees, survey, title policy, etc.	750
Value of property	3,200
Special Equipment in This House	
Weather strips, Monarch Metal Weather Strip Co...	240
Steel screens, Jamestown Steel Screen Co.....	360
Refrigerator, Grand Rapids Refg. Co.	175
Electrical refrigerator machine, Kelvinator Co.....	325
Gas range, Chambers Fireless Gas Range Co.....	235
Hot water heater, Everhot Fireless Gas Range Co...	125
Heat regulator, Minneapolis Heat Reg. Co.....	150
Total	$26,027

The materials used in this house are the best I could secure and, oddly enough, many of them are nationally advertised materials. In building I am leaning more and more to standardized products whose worth has been proved by use and that can be depended upon to run even in quality all through. Even an amateur in house building can see from the list and the prices how a contractor could cut down expense and reduce the price of the house materially by using second or third grades of the materials.

The best, I think, is none too good to put into a house of this description. The plumbing alone could have been cut at least a third, but the brass work all through the job insures against future repair bills.

I have tried, in describing the building of this house, to tell what I know about house building so the buyer of any ready-built house can understand what ought to go into a home in the way of workmanship and material. I think a builder with a dishonest trend could trim such a job three or four thousand dollars by using low grade material on work that is covered up. This one was built to stay built.

Maybe I put too much into it; and maybe I won't be able to carry the house with the overhead. I may even have to sell it, in which case the profit would be about what day wages would have brought me. But at the same time I'm proud of the house and glad to have built it. It is an addition to the town and something worth while doing at any event.

I hope my little mistakes and lessons may have helped others who are building or who are going to build homes, and that my little troubles and worries over the house won't scare others out of the notion of building.

[SEE PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

Next week LIBERTY will publish the fourth story, telling of the completion of the Ward home in Kansas City. A week later we will print the story of progress on the Davis home in Milwaukee. The chances are the Davis home will not be entirely finished, but it will be approaching the finished stage. Three weeks from today the fourth-story of the Visk home in Spokane, will be told. Then, one month from today, the first story on decorating and furnishing written by Miss Daggett, will appear.

NEXT—Interior Decoration *and* Furniture

Miss Grace Daggett,

who will describe the decorating and furnishing of LIBERTY'S four homes.

LIBERTY'S four homes are completed. Readers have demanded that we tell how these homes will be decorated and furnished. LIBERTY announces, therefore, that Miss Grace Daggett, internationally known as a decorating and furnishing expert, has joined the staff and will advise readers on problems of the home.

She will visit LIBERTY'S houses, consult with the owners, and help plan the decorating and furnishing. She will write a series of articles telling of their problems and their solutions, showing the furnished homes in words and pictures.

Miss Daggett is one of the leading authorities on home-making in America. She studied interior decorating at Cooper Union, New York, and at Columbia University. She was twice medalist in interior decorating exhibitions, and for years was associated with one of the largest firms in New York.

Scores of homes on Long Island and in Westchester County, New York's finest suburbs, show Miss Daggett's handiwork. She was, for several years, editor of the interior decorating department of one of the largest of the women's magazines.

Miss Daggett's first article will appear four weeks from today in LIBERTY, and will be followed week by week by other articles describing the home decorating and furnishing problems of the LIBERTY home-builders in Kansas City, Milwaukee, and Spokane.

Watch This Column

If my advice is worth anything to you, be on the lookout for *"The Flaming Frontier"* and *"The Midnight Sun,"* two unusual pictures which UNIVERSAL has chosen to represent it at the opening of Greater Movie Season which begins this month all over the land.

They are very high-grade productions, intensely dramatic, remarkable for their lavish settings and unusual casts. *"The Flaming Frontier"* is a reproduction of a stirring event in American history—Gen. George Custer's last battle with the Sioux Indians on the Little Big Horn River in Montana.

The extreme acts of daring and courage which made this battle a world-wide sensation at the time, are reenacted with faithfulness to detail which astonished crowds at the premier showing in New York. Noted characters of history live again in this picture—Pres. Grant, Gen. Custer, Sitting Bull, Red Cloud and others, as well as hordes of Indians and soldiers. HOOT GIBSON, DUSTIN FARNUM and ANNE CORNWALL are featured. The production was written and directed by Edward Sedgwick.

"The Midnight Sun" is a gorgeous drama laid in and around the Imperial Russian Court at the time of the Czar, and reveals the odd tangle of two men of high official position in love with a beautiful dancing girl, and using the power at their command to win her affections.

This picture is a Dimitri Buchowetzki Production and features LAURA LA PLANTE, PAT O'MALLEY, GEORGE SEIGMAN and RAYMOND KEANE, and the cast in itself is a powerful recommendation of quality. I advise you to speak to the manager of your favorite theatre and ask him to secure both of these pictures. And when you see them, please write me your opinion.

Also keep your eyes open for other UNIVERSALS which are included in its GREATER MOVIE LIST. This will be another UNIVERSAL YEAR.

Carl Laemmle
President

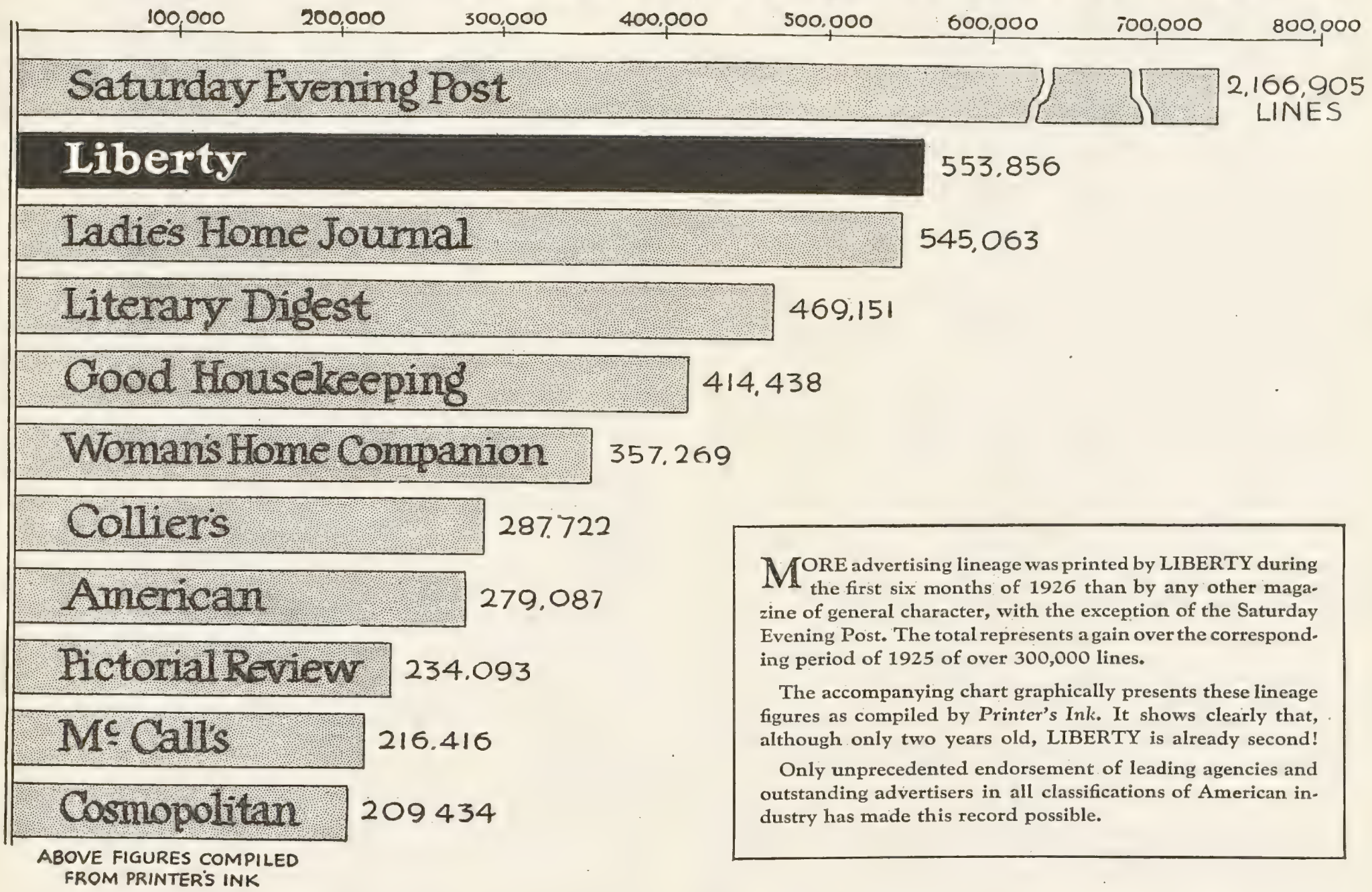
(To be continued next week)

Send 10c each for autographed photograph of Laura La Plante, Pat O'Malley and Hoot Gibson

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

Two Years Old *and* Already SECOND!



ABOVE FIGURES COMPILED FROM PRINTER'S INK

MORE advertising lineage was printed by LIBERTY during the first six months of 1926 than by any other magazine of general character, with the exception of the Saturday Evening Post. The total represents a gain over the corresponding period of 1925 of over 300,000 lines.

The accompanying chart graphically presents these lineage figures as compiled by *Printer's Ink*. It shows clearly that, although only two years old, LIBERTY is already second!

Only unprecedented endorsement of leading agencies and outstanding advertisers in all classifications of American industry has made this record possible.

LIBERTY recognizes the two steps necessary to insure that advertisements will be seen. LIBERTY'S 99% newsdealer circulation insures that every issue every week will be used. The unique make-up of each issue insures visibility to all advertisements. There are "No Buried Ads" in LIBERTY.

LIBERTY also includes within the covers of each issue the features and departments of men's, women's and general publications. This insures multiple reading by the whole family and makes advertising more effective.

In addition, LIBERTY has directed circulation—78% concentrated in the 225 counties of the United States in which all cities of 25,000 and over are located; where people make more and can spend more.

DURING the first six months of 1926, LIBERTY'S advertisers were promised a circulation of 1,100,000 copies. They got it.

Now, LIBERTY announces an average circulation for 1927 of 1,350,000—an increase of 250,000 copies. LIBERTY has never failed to keep a promise.

Up to November 1st, 1926, advertisers can contract for space through the rest of 1926 and the entire year of 1927 at the current rates based on 1,100,000.

Because LIBERTY is doing an outstanding job for manufacturers in every line, it can undoubtedly help you too. Why not find out what LIBERTY can do for your business before the rate changes on November 1st?

ON ALL NEWSSTANDS

5c **Liberty**

A Weekly for the Whole Family

EVERY MONDAY

The Hurts of Albuquerque, N. M., began with a shed.

DETAILS *in* Building *that* Save Time *and* Money

LIBERTY'S *Readers Make Worth-while Suggestions to Home-Makers*

They have a fine home now, and are still improving it.

LIBERTY wants its readers to aid one another in home-building. The story of your experience may help others who want to build homes. To encourage this, LIBERTY invites you to tell the story of your home and how it was planned and built. For each story and helpful inquiry printed, LIBERTY will pay $25. Answers to questions will be made by the Home Builders' Service Institute, Inc. Address, Liberty Home Owners' Bureau, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Small Conveniences

EDITOR, Home Page: We built a little home this spring, in consequence of which I believe we have a few ideas worth passing on.

Have a window and an electric light in your closets. This makes ventilation possible without leaving the door open, and saves your disposition when you are hunting for anything.

In a small kitchen, it will save wall space to have the radiator under the sink. Another space-saver in the kitchen is to have a board of convenient proportions hinged to the wall. This serves as a table, and can be let down, out of your way.

Have casement windows over the sink for light and ventilation.

A small clothes closet downstairs will save many steps and much picking up.

Linoleum on the kitchen and bathroom floors will be much easier to keep clean and also gives color to the room.

Have your bathroom and kitchen walls enameled halfway up from the floor, as enamel washes more satisfactorily than paint.

Plan your wall plugs carefully. Have something definite in mind for each—your toaster, cleaner, iron, floor lamps, etc. Be sure there is a convenient plug for using every electrical appliance that you have.

A tiny light in the kitchen that goes on with the basement light will act as a reminder if you forget to turn the latter off.

A small back entry is a blessing. It is a good place for the ice box, as it is cooler than the kitchen, and will save having the iceman track up your kitchen floor. It also is a good place to hang work clothes and raincoats, and to keep brooms, dustpans, and mops.

MRS. ELIZABETH LINDGREN,
St. Paul, Minn.

Lathing the Corners

EDITOR, Home Page: The time for the home-builder to be on the lookout for that common nuisance, cracked corners, is when the house is being roughed in. Often, where partitions butt against an outer wall, no two-by-four is arranged for the lath to be tacked to in the corner. Often pieces of board are nailed to a two-by-four and the lath tacked to this. The board frequently saves using two-by-fours. Usually, when the lather nails into this board, he loosens it. The backing should be nailed solid and braced with cleats. Inferior backing, weakly nailed, is the cause of corner cracks.

See that only clean, solid pine boards are used, and that these are cleated and nailed to make them immovable.

If you desire to make yourself doubly safe against cracking, you may do it yourself in a few hours and make a job proof against cracks. Cut wire lath—such as is used to stucco on—in strips four or five inches wide. Bend this down the center and press it into the corner where backing is used. Tack the edges thoroughly with staples.

R. P. LINCOLN,
Minneapolis, Minn.

To Reduce Fire Insurance

EDITOR, Home Page: As soon as I received the plan for my home, I availed myself of the service offered by an insurance company. Their expert studied the house and advised several changes that seemed unimportant, even trivial, yet reduced the fire risk. The result is I have a more secure investment and my fire-insurance premium is one-third less than it would have been without the changes advised by the expert.

L. W. BRYAN, Johnstown, Pa.

Home for Declining Years

EDITOR, Home Page: This will be the story of how an elderly couple acquired not only a home, but an income, after nearly fifty years of trailing around the country from Michigan to Arizona, settling down at last in Texas.

About 1917 it began to dawn on me that as a wage-earner I had not many years left. I was past fifty years old and it was time I was getting some sense. I was earning fairly good wages, but thought I could see, not far ahead, a time when I would be crowded out by a younger generation. My best chance was to settle down where I was beginning to get acquainted, and perhaps I could hold down a situation in a field where I was known better than I could be among strangers.

We had a little money saved, enough to make a first payment on a moderate-priced home. We found what appeared to be the best we could do with our limited finances. It was an old frame house, habitable, but not in very good repair, reasonably close to the business district of the town, and within easy walking distance of the railroad shops and the refineries. It was on a corner lot.

There was a great demand for rooms in the neighborhood, and we soon had all the roomers we could take care of and applications every day. I kept on with my work and the wife looked after the house and the roomers. We found we could easily meet the monthly payments on the house and we have some money left. The demand for rooms was greater than the supply, and we decided to build some small houses on the rear of the lot, facing the cross street. This is where the advantage of a corner lot comes in.

With some self-denial we soon had a little two-room house built, and it was rented before it was finished. With this additional rent coming in, we found we were able to build another small house, three rooms this time.

Then it was easy to finance the building of a third house. But ground room was becoming limited, so we made it a one-room affair. We furnished it for light housekeeping, so that it brings in about the same rent as do the others unfurnished.

My health has not been equal of late years to keeping up my work, and as my earning power decreases I can appreciate the comforts of a home, especially a home that brings in an income sufficient to keep the wolf from the door.

H. R. PUTNAM, Wichita Falls, Tex.

Perfection by Experience

EDITOR, Home Page: It is said you must build four homes to get a perfect one. We have built three, correcting errors made in the previous house, only to discover others. The one that annoys me most is the windows directly over my sink, which force me to work with the light directly in my eyes. When the weather is damp or chilly, I must chill or work with the windows closed. Next time I will have a long window on each side of the sink, higher than the average, so they will not get spattered with dishwater and will give better ventilation.

MRS. C. W. TILDEN,
Altadena, Calif.

Making a Basement Floor

EDITOR, Home Page: Here are some suggestions: I was in no hurry to get my basement floor laid, wishing to use the coal ashes from the furnace for filling. Wet and tamped down, they make an ideal base for cement. By running the cement only as fast as the furnace made ashes to fill with, I eliminated expense of hauling ashes away and gravel in.

In raking the garden I saved all the small stones, washed them with the hose and used them in place of crushed stone. I used a five-to-one concrete mixture three inches thick. For forms I used two by three joists, with a V-shaped strip nailed to the sides, making a groove in the finished block for the next batch. Using brick left over from building the house, I constructed a vegetable cellar in one corner of the basement, laying the brick on end instead of the usual way. For ventilation I used a small stovepipe, one end set three inches above the floor, the other outdoors, with a damper to regulate the temperature.

Piers of my veranda were stucco on metal lath. I allowed them to weather a year, filled all cracks with white-lead putty and applied two coats of special cement paint.

Don't forget to leave some means of entrance under your veranda roof.

Don't wait until your home is plastered before laying the attic floor.

Don't slight cross-bridging on floor timbers. Heat will warp timbers and strong bridging will prevent cracking.

R. A. HOWARD,
Old Town, Me.

Wet Cellar Walls

EDITOR, Home Page: Being a tinsmith I can give the best remedy for wet cellar walls and floor. They cannot be prevented by gutters, which run over in heavy showers. Dig a trench inside the cellar wall six inches deep and five wide. Place a four-inch clay tile in trench. Start at point farthest from sewer outlet and make the pitch one foot each way to the outlet. Place quarter-inch-mesh galvanized wire over tile and cement over it. This will solve the problem.

JOHN MOMSA, Rochester, N. Y.

The WHIRLWIND

A Wife Who Refuses to be Jealous Is Put to the Test

TO beautiful Clay Forrester it seemed just a part of the mad swirl of New York life when Betsy Kilgrew swallowed poison—through love for a married man. Clay helped save the girl's life, then crumpled up in a dead faint. Too many night clubs, too much jazz—boredom, exhaustion!

And the next night Tommy Hoyt appeared in her world. Tommy had spent five years in China. New York's pace made him gasp. Its night clubs, to him, were just jokes you weren't allowed to laugh at, and its gin a drink you were free to refuse.

But Clay, irresistible Clay, captured his heart. He poured out a proposal, and to Clay's own amazement she found herself accepting him.

They were married in a solemn church under the complacent eyes of Clay's mother, the ever young Lucille Gordon. On Lucille's right and left sat her husbands, past and present!

To Paris for the honeymoon—where the tawdriness of Americans in France disgusted Tommy. When Eric Pearson, a bounder, proposed himself as Clay's second husband, Tommy bought two tickets for New York.

Then his dream began to come true. He and Clay started country home-making on Long Island. But the old gang crashed into their Eden, bringing Eric Pearson and a gallon of gin. Parties in the old jazz tempo began.

Tommy, frightened, caught Clay in his arms, and each told the other they were not like the rest. Tommy believed—until he saw Clay crushed in Eric Pearson's embrace. The man had snatched and held her against her will, but Tommy would not believe her innocent.

"Trouble at the London office," was excuse enough. With a note of good-by, Tommy was off for England.

And Clay was to have a child! He hadn't known. The revolver in Tommy's desk called to her: Exit! She was clutching it tightly when she heard the words: "I wouldn't do that if I were you!"

It was Alan Cameron who spoke—Alan, whose goodness, and, later, whose protective love, enveloped her. When the baby was born it was Alan who cabled Tommy. And Tommy answered: RETURNING AT ONCE.

Part Four

CLAY did not meet Tommy at the pier. But at the house on Long Island she rose early enough to have traveled to New York and back before his boat docked. She found herself singing, as she dressed, glancing out through her windows at the sunshine on the Sound.

In the nursery she swooped down upon the baby and lifted him from his crib with such briskness that his mouth opened in a tooth-

A Serial by Phyllis Duganne

Pictures by CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"LOVE me! What do you know about love?" He laughed shortly. "Sorry, Clay, but I have very little desire simply to be your lover."

less circle of astonishment, while the nurse clucked her tongue disapprovingly.

"Do you know, Miss Amesbury, that you're always saying 'tck-tck' at me?" Clay asked her, laughing.

"*Tck!*" responded Miss Amesbury, as Clay clutched the baby to her breast and kissed the fat folds of his little neck.

"Was he going to meet his father at last?" she was demanding of him. "What you going to say to him—little wretch? Why don't you learn to talk—little rascal? Why—oh, my goodness, Miss Amesbury, *you* take him!"

The nurse took the crying baby in competent reproachfulness; Clay watched her and laughed.

"It's really excellent for his lungs!" she commented. "What's the good of having a baby, anyway, if you can't play with him once in awhile? My goodness!"

She ate her breakfast, flew about the living-room, rearranging furniture, straightening pictures. She went out into the garden and cut a great armful of flowers. She changed her dress. Combing her hair, she paused and stared at her reflection in the mirror.

Nearly a year! How much had she changed in these months that lay between her and Tommy? She didn't look so very old. Twenty-one! Alan Cameron made her feel so young always. Alan . . .

"I don't know whether it's the wisest thing or not, Clay," he had told her, "but I'm going away—up to my mother in Maine for two or three weeks. If your happiness lies with Tommy, I want you to take it. I'd only be in the way here." Dear Alan! How good he was! How patient! No one else could be so good to her, ever . . .

"But don't forget that I love you, Clay—always." He had kissed her solemnly, almost sternly. "And I'll come when you want me."

Alan . . .

THROUGH the window she saw Tommy coming up the path from the driveway. Unfamiliar clothes, an unfamiliar stick. His face was so serious, so set! He was older, too. She looked into her mirror again, without seeing. Tommy, coming up the path . . .

"Hello—Tommy!"

He stood in the open doorway uncertainly, looking up at her on the stairs.

"Hello, Clay!"

She came toward him slowly. "You—might's well kiss me," she said.

Awkwardly he bent over and touched her lips with his. He followed her into the living-room, where they sat down, looking at each other almost furtively.

"Got your bags in the car?" she asked.

He shook his head. "I—no. This baby, Clay——"

"Oh, yes—the baby." She smiled faintly. "Are you furious with me, Tommy? I—would you like to see him?"

He started, as though she had proposed some frightful, dangerous deed. "Why—yes, of course."

"I made the east guest room into a nursery—morning sun."

He looked at her silently.

They climbed the stairs without speaking.

"This is Mr. Hoyt, Miss Amesbury."

Tommy and the nurse exchanged blurred phrases of greeting, and Miss Amesbury left the room dubiously, looking as though she did not expect to find the baby alive when she returned.

He was lying, wide awake, looking vaguely at the ceiling. Tommy approached the crib and stood looking down at his son in wonder.

"He's a very good baby," said Clay. "He's fat." She leaned over and touched the bare arm. She felt suddenly, absurdly like a farmer, trying to sell a fine roasting chicken. Tender—young— She wanted to giggle.

A smile flickered across Tommy's lips. He looked up at his wife and grinned self-consciously.

"Fancy!" he said, and looked back again into the crib.

"Do you—do you like him?" asked Clay.

He laughed. "I'm afraid I'm not much of an authority. He looks all right to me." He put out a finger shyly and touched the child's cheek.

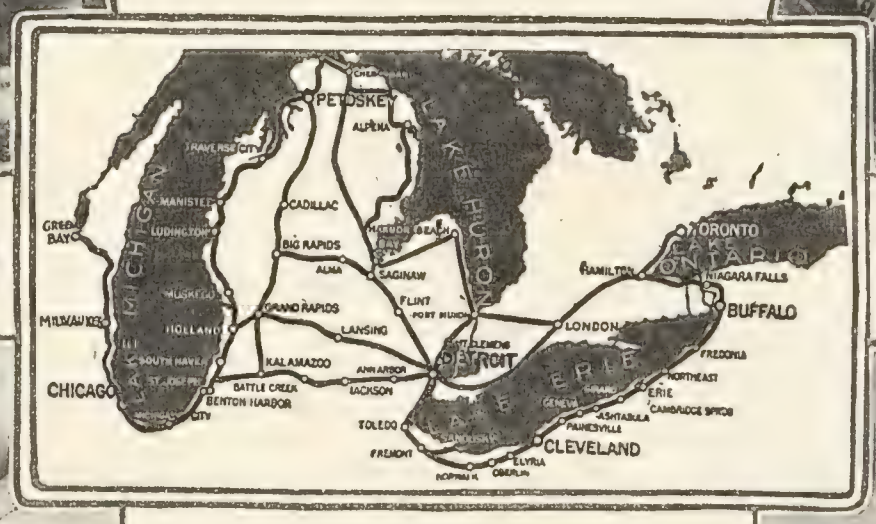
"Smooth, isn't it? I don't doubt your word, Clay, but I'm damned if I can feel any connection between this and me! Fatherhood—Do you feel like a mother, Clay?"

How dear Tommy was when he smiled!

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-THREE]

There's no better touring *than*

Wisconsin is dotted with beautiful lakes linked by good roads.



Chicago's wonderful beaches provide excellent bathing in cool Lake Michigan.

Detroit's beautiful Belle Isle is the picnic ground for thousands

Niagara Falls never fails to produce a feeling of awe and thrill.

Along The Great Lakes

MOTORING through the ever-pleasing country of the Great Lakes at this time of the year is a trip full of outdoor delights. The fine paved roads — 2,000 miles of them — from Niagara Falls or Toronto, wind around Lake Erie through a section of countless resorts near Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit, to the wonderland of Michigan woods and waters.

All enchanting spots! All less than a day's driving distance from cities where the most modern hotels provide metropolitan comforts. Whether you drive on the main roads or by-paths, it is an interesting trip made enjoyable by hundreds of attractions. LIBERTY'S Rand-McNally Road Maps, selling for only 10¢ each, are invaluable as guides to the Great Lakes country. Those for New York, Ohio, Michigan and Indiana—at a dime each — give detailed information of the roads to follow in making a tour of this part of the country the most pleasurable you've ever enjoyed. There are also LIBERTY Road Maps for all other states, at 10¢ each.

The LIBERTY Atlas [No. 46] contains maps of all the states east of the Mississippi, which you can use for a trip along the Great Lakes. It costs only 25¢, plus 5¢ extra for postage. This Atlas — as well as No. 47, containing maps of all states west of the Mississippi—gives complete information about camp sites, points of interest, and other details. Either Atlas is worth much more than is asked for it, and the LIBERTY Road Maps, at only 10¢ each, are a low-priced luxury for any motorist.

ORDER BY NUMBER

1. Alabama
2. Arizona & New Mexico
3. Arkansas
4. California & Nevada
5. Colorado
6. Florida
7. Georgia
8. Idaho
9. Illinois
10. Indiana
11. Iowa
12. Kansas
13. Kentucky & Tennessee
14. Louisiana
15. Maine
16. Maryland, Delaware, Virginia & West Virginia
17. Massachusetts, Connecticut & Rhode Island
18. Michigan
19. Minnesota
20. Mississippi
21. Missouri
22. Montana
23. Nebraska

46—Eastern Atlas 25¢

5¢ additional for postage

Liberty Road Maps Only 10 cents

AUTO DEPT., LIBERTY
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find $.....

Please send me Maps Nos.....at 10 cents each
(*Order maps by number*)

Also send.....copies of Atlas No.....at 25 cents each
(*Enclose 5 cents extra for postage when ordering Atlas*)

Name .....

Street and No......

City..... *State*.....

9-4-26

ORDER BY NUMBER

24. New Hampshire & Vermont
25. New Jersey
26. New York
27. North Carolina & South Carolina
28. North Dakota
29. Ohio
30. Oklahoma
31. Oregon
32. Pennsylvania
33. South Dakota
34. Texas
35. Utah
36. Washington
37. Wisconsin
38. Wyoming
39. United States
40. New York & Vicinity
41. Chicago & Vicinity
42. New England
43. Maritime Provinces
44. Ontario
45. Montreal & Vicinity

47—Western Atlas 25¢

5¢ additional for postage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

She'd forgotten—oh, she'd forgotten so much! She smiled back rapturously.

"I feel like a kid when the nurse takes him in to see what the doctor brought in his big, black bag!" said Tommy.

Clay didn't hear what he said. Her heart was throbbing. She trembled with excitement. "I'm so glad you're back!" she told him.

His gaze eluded her. "A father's such a ludicrously non-essential thing, after all, isn't he?" he asked reflectively. "About as important as a groom at a wedding! Do all men feel this way, I wonder? Or do some of 'em honestly feel—*feel*—'This is my son'?"

She continued to smile vaguely. Tommy here, beside the baby—his baby! Tommy, senior—and Tommy, junior!

"I've missed you," she said softly.

Again he seemed to avoid looking at her.

"Come on in my room, where we can talk," she invited. "I've so much to tell you!"

She sat at the bench before her dressing table, and Tommy dropped into the armchair by the window. How often he had sat there and held her in his arms!

"Cigarette, Clay?"

She shook her head, watching him, as he lighted his. Alan and his love seemed very remote. This was her husband, her baby's father.

"Clay!" She looked up mistily, and he winced. "Clay, you didn't think we were—going back, did you?"

Her breath caught. "I love you, Tommy. I've never loved anyone else."

"Don't make it too difficult, Clay!"

She was silent. Tommy was back again—that ought to be enough. And where else could he go, now? What did he mean?

"You're not—going back to England?"

"No."

"But—oh, Tommy, can't we somehow make things up?" She wanted him so! Her lips quivered. "Can't we try? For *his* sake?" Her nod was toward the nursery, but her eyes remained on her husband's face.

He smiled miserably. "I'm awfully fond of you, Clay. I'll always be. And I haven't any desire for a divorce, if you don't want one. But——"

"Why not, then?" she interrupted quickly. "Why can't you just stay here, Tommy, and try it? I know I hurt you terribly, a year ago. But we've both changed so, and——"

"It's no use, dear," he told her firmly. "I said I didn't want a divorce. I don't. But when it comes to love—matter of fact, I'm in love with another woman. Girl I met in London." He sat looking down at the floor, the smoke of his cigarette spiraling upward about his fingers.

CLAY began to cry, softly. Tommy—her Tommy—in love with another woman! She lifted her head and looked at him with wet eyes.

"Don't you want to marry her, Tommy?"

He shook his head. "I'm through with marriage."

He'd lived with her, then!

Clay's heart leaped. Strange, how one clutched at straws! "Tommy—won't you please—just stay here, this summer? I won't bother you. I won't expect anything." She reached forward and took his hand, pressed it against her cheek. "It isn't so much to ask, Tommy. You'd be—more comfortable here. You could play golf, and——"

"For God's sake, *don't*, Clay!" He got up and paced the room.

"There's a man," said Clay softly, "who wants to marry me."

Tommy stopped sharply and turned about, staring at her.

"I didn't know—I don't know now." She tried to think of Alan, but somehow she couldn't keep him in her mind, with Tommy here before her. He wasn't real; he wasn't flesh and blood! And she had asked him to wait. "Tommy, you've got to let me find out!" she cried. "You've got to let me see you again! I want to be happy! How can I know—unless——"

"Who is he?"

"Does it matter? You're in love with some one else, aren't you?"

"Yes." He stood, looking down at her. "Oh, my God, Clay, what did you do it for?" he demanded desperately. "We were so happy!"

As he looked, her head dropped forward to the table and he saw tears track down the cheek turned toward him.

"Don't, Clay! Little Clay!" He knelt beside her. "Don't cry so, dear! Good God!" Tears were in his own eyes. He buried his face in her lap. "Oh, what a filthy *mess* life is!"

His arm reached about her, gropingly, and suddenly, with a quick, fierce gesture, Clay's arms went about his neck, tightening, drawing him close, drawing his face to hers. Her tears smeared his face wetly, and all of a sudden her lips brushed his cheek, found his mouth, and clung there.

"Clay! Oh, my God!"

She kissed him desperately, holding him closer, closer.

"I don't care, Tommy!" she said huskily. "You can love as many women as you like! What does it matter? You're mine, and you'll always be mine! I tell you, I love you! You'll stay here, Tommy! You *will* stay! Tommy!"

He closed his eyes.

He was in love with a girl in London. He'd held her so, in his arms, time after time. In

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

He sat staring at her as though she were a stranger. "Where is Tommy?" he said.

A-C DAYTON

introduces

2nd stage Tuning

to Radio

For the man who believes his own ears

© 1926 THE A-C ELEC. MFG. CO.

COMMON Sense is father of the idea; Genius and six years of radio manufacturing have developed it to perfect form. *It is a type of radio receiver which can be tuned in two distinct stages.*

The First Stage (extreme simplicity) uses only 2 dials. A child can operate them and enjoy the best reception that one or two dial tuning will afford. The Second Stage provides reserve controls to use when ordinary tuning does not bring the best results. With these the set becomes the most sensitive instrument known to Radio—a flexible, supremely selective filter of purest musical tones.

So matchless is this Second Stage performance of the A-C DAYTON, so removed from ordinary annoyances and faults that it can literally be said: "You will never know Radio until you tune in the Second Stage."

Important A-C DAYTON Refinements:

Double Vernier Dial Control
Air Spaced Coils
Double Reading Voltmeter
Duophonic Reproduction
Completely Shielded Coils
Cushioned Tube Sockets
Selectivity Control
Compensator
Fully Graduated Volume

Note: *There is only one right way to judge Radio: HEAR IT! This advertisement can tell you a little; your own ears can tell you everything. Through exclusive A-C DAYTON dealers we have arranged for you to make that test in your own way. Let us send full information and name of authorized dealer. Write direct to*

The A-C Electrical Mfg. Co., Dept. 9-L, Dayton, Ohio

Makers of Electrical Devices for More Than 20 Years

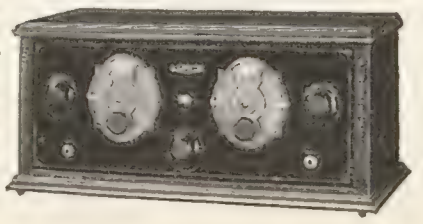
A-C DAYTON RADIO

Priced from $56 *to* $255

Six Models (5 and 6 Tube)

At right is illustrated the TYPE XL-25 STANDARD—with 2 stages of Tuning, improved 5 tube circuit, 2-Dial Control and many refinements including Air-Spaced Coils.

Price $79



[THE WHIRLWIND Continued from Page Forty-three]

two weeks she would be sailing to join him here. He remembered her tears on his face the night before he came away.

Clay's mouth was pressing upon his, insistently.

"You're so—so lovely, Clay!" he murmured at last, and let himself be dragged down into the oblivion of her kisses.

CLAY saw it in the newspaper one morning. She had been reading lazily, without any particular interest, when suddenly Tommy's name flashed out at her:

> Mr. Edward Blake of 837 West 11th Street was held on $500 bail by Magistrate Benjamin Doherty on a charge of reckless driving. Blake crashed head on into a cab driven by Leon Stein on Sixth Avenue near 43d Street. Neither Mr. Thomas Hoyt nor Miss Dorothy Hatch, passengers in Stein's cab, were injured.

Dorothy Hatch!

Clay blinked. That was Tommy's girl! It must be! She pushed the paper away from her and sat staring at the opposite wall. "Neither Mr. Thomas Hoyt nor——"

It was a little after five when Tommy's car sped up the driveway.

"Lord, it's hot in town!" he said, as he leaned over to kiss her cheek. "I'm going to take a swim—want to come?"

She looked at him curiously. "It's been cool here," she heard herself answering him. "Yes, I'll swim with you."

She was boiling with questions she wanted to ask him; a million and one things she wanted to know. But what was the use?

"I'm going to stay in town for dinner tomorrow night," he told her later that evening.

"Oh," she said dully. She looked up at him. "With—Miss Hatch, Tommy?"

Tommy flushed. "Yes." He hesitated, watching her face a little apprehensively; then he lighted a cigarette and said nothing.

Clay shrugged. What, after all, was there to say?

She knew that she should have asked someone to dine with her the next night, but she preferred to be alone. Tommy was dining with that girl, and she wanted to think.

Everyone was so glad that she and Tommy had made it up—her mother, Hilda, all the rest of them. Made it up! Clay sat, curled in the hammock, and smiled bitterly to herself. A lot they knew about it! She had got Tommy back—yes. But she had got him back against his judgment, almost against his will. She'd put off the moment of reckoning, put off writing to Alan, put off everything except the fleeting present. And now that girl, Dorothy, was here, and life was going on in almost precisely the same way. Tommy was far too comfortable, this August weather, in the cool house by the Sound, to give it up. Golf, tennis, swimming— Good God! Had she no self-respect?

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Catsup Time Is Here!

MILLIONS of bottles of this palatable, easy-to-prepare sauce are now being stored daily on countless pantry shelves, for tomatoes are plentiful and cheap.

Catsup time is the home bottler's busiest season, for grapes and other fruit arrive at the same time and no larder is properly stocked unless there are well-packed rows of delicious fruit juices and other beverages such as root beer and ginger ale made from Hires Household Extracts.

Simplify your bottling this year. Take no more chances of leakage, evaporation or fermentation. Seal your bottles in a safer, easier, more satisfactory way with crown caps and the

EVEREDY Bottle Capper

So simple a child can use it. One down stroke of handle and bottle is capped—air-tight. So effective that beverages, catsup and other sauces will keep sweet and tasty indefinitely.

New Improved Everedy Capper, Spring Handle $1.75

For your fruit juices and jellies you will need also an

EVEREDY Strainer Set

Strains and filters jellies and fruit juices in a sanitary, spotless way. Fits any size kettle or crock. Consists of Stand, Strainer Bag and Filter Bag. Can't get out of order. Folds up when not in use.
Price, complete . . $1.25

If your dealer does not handle Everedy Products, send us $1.75 for Capper; or $1.25 for Strainer Set; or $3.00 for both articles, and they will be sent to you, postpaid.

THE EVEREDY COMPANY
Frederick :: Maryland

Recipe Book Free!

We have prepared a handsome new recipe booklet, "100 Time-tested Recipes for Jellies and Beverages," which will be sent to you free of charge if you will fill out and mail the coupon below.

USE THIS COUPON

The Everedy Company
Frederick, Md.

TRADE EVEREDY MARK

Please send me your Recipe Booklet, L-94, for making jellies and beverages.

*Name*_____

*Street and No.*_____

*Town*_____ *State*_____

*Dealer's Name*_____

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

She pressed her hands over her eyes. She wanted him, even like this! But what was she going to do? What would become of her? Wouldn't it have been better if Tommy had never returned? But that meant Alan and marriage with Alan. And there was no use in marriage.

She must tell Alan that—that there wasn't any use. She wasn't being fair to him. He was waiting, waiting for word from her. She went into the house and sat down at her desk. "Dear Alan." But how could she tell him how things stood? How *did* they stand? Tears coursed down her cheeks. Wasn't she to have anything from life? Neither husband nor lover? Lover——

THE tears dried abruptly. Lover! Why shouldn't she take what she could get from life? Seize her pleasure where she could find it! Everyone else did! Life was, as Tommy had said, a filthy mess—but hers might be worse. She had a lovely house, a husband as faithful as most, and far more attractive. And she had a baby. She chuckled to herself as she remembered how she had expected the baby to link her and Tommy together. As a baby, little Tom was a fine, healthy specimen, and she was glad she had him—but as a link, as anything really affecting her life, he was certainly a total loss!

She reached for the telephone and called the telegraph office. Her heart was pounding excitedly as she waited.

Clay pressed her cheek against the hot sand and stretched her bare legs luxuriously. Such a heavenly day! Hilda and Stan were coming down for the week-end; Tommy was to stay in town, and Alan—Alan!—would be arriving almost any minute.

How absurd for people to allow themselves to be depressed by life when there was so much that was entertaining—youth and music and love!

"Clay!"

She scrambled to her feet, a slim figure in a one-piece scarlet swimming suit.

"Oh, hello, Alan!" She held out her hands, laughed, and lifted her face to him eagerly, like a child. "Gosh, it's good to see you!"

He looked down at her almost severely. How solemn men were!

"Isn't that a tan for you?" she demanded gayly, holding out her bare arms for him to inspect. "I've been out on this beach for weeks! You're brown yourself!" She laughed up into his eyes, flushing a little beneath the steadiness of his gaze. "Old solemn!" He continued to look at her so, steadily, hungrily, and she shrugged and sank back upon the sand. "Sit down and talk to me! Or do you want to come up to the house and have a drink first?"

"Clay!" He sat down and took her hand in his, still solemnly. "It's Tommy, then?" he asked in a low voice.

SHE pouted. "Oh, you're so darned serious! What's Tommy? Tommy's off somewhere with his girl friend! And we're here——"

"With—what are you talking about, Clay?"

"I wish you wouldn't act as if this was a funeral! Aren't you glad to see me, after all these ages?"

Alan Cameron's face contracted. "If you're trying to break it to me easily, Clay, I'd rather you didn't. Remember I've been waiting quite a time. Are you going on with Tommy?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"DON'T you ever blush, Clay, when you see the ashman carting away the empty bottles?"

Your Shirt
Won't "*Ride*" Up—

IF you use this wonderful new friction fabric waistband—SNUGTEX. I have it in all my trousers. Now I know what real neatness and comfort are!

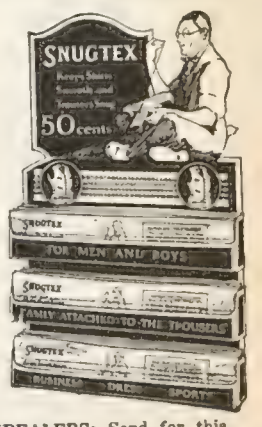
No more hitching up the trousers and tucking in a bulging shirt when SNUGTEX is on the job. It is sewed around the top of the trousers inside, in business, dress and sport clothes. Fine for boys' school clothes, too, because it "Keeps Shirts Smooth and Trousers Snug."

SNUGTEX is so soft and pliable you never know it is there, except for the greater personal comfort and neater appearance it gives.

Ask your tailor or dealer for SNUGTEX in your new clothes, and have him sew it into the trousers you already have in service. Costs little, wears long.

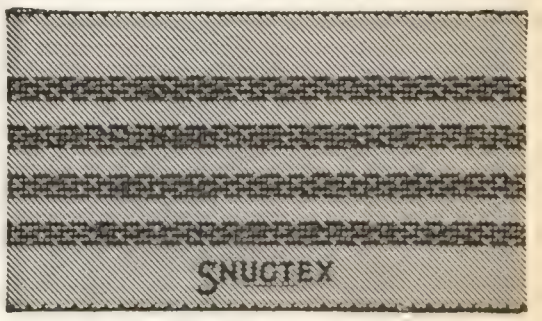
Look for this SNUGTEX display

SNUGTEX can now be obtained, also, from most Department, Haberdashery and Clothing Stores in packaged lengths sufficient for one pair of boys' or men's trousers. Anyone handy with a needle can sew it in, in a jiffy—using a simple overhand stitch. If your dealer hasn't yet stocked SNUGTEX, send the coupon and 50c for a trial package (standard 40 in. length). More if you wish.



[DEALERS: Send for this SNUGTEX carton. We will ship through your regular jobber.]

Illustration Actual Size—1¼ in. Wide



SEND THIS COUPON

EVERLASTIK, INC. 1107 Broadway New York

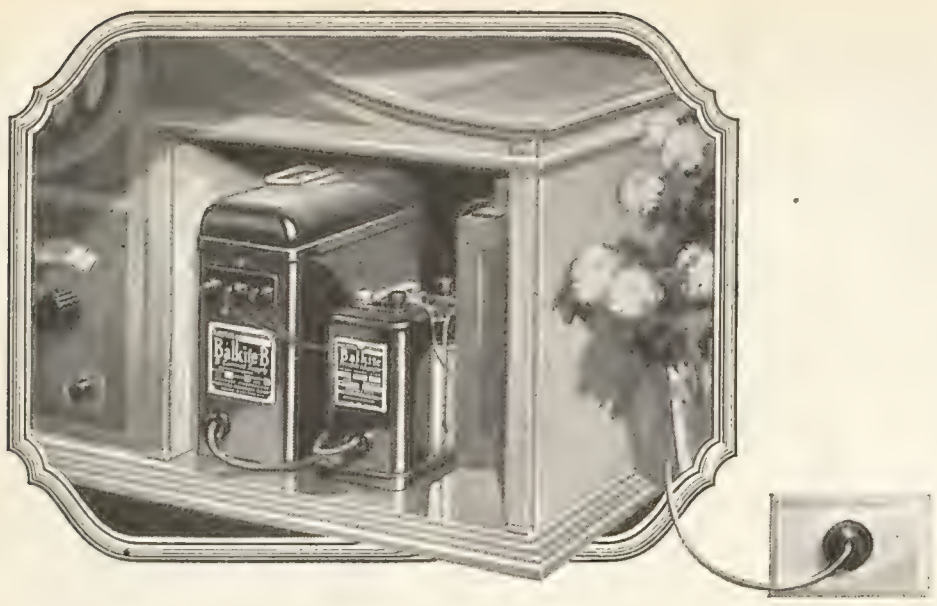
Enclosed find 50c for one package SNUGTEX L

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Dealer's Name.....



Operate your radio set from the light socket with *Balkite "B"* and a *Balkite Trickle Charger*

Your present radio set will operate from the light socket. Simply add Balkite "B" and a Balkite Trickle Charger. No other changes are necessary.

Balkite "B" replaces your "B" batteries and supplies "B" current from the light socket. The Balkite Trickle Charger, once connected to your "A" battery, may be left on continuous charge. It converts your "A" battery into a complete light socket "A" unit. If you like you may also add a switch to cut out the charger and turn on Balkite "B" during operation, making the entire installation automatic in operation.

Both Balkite "B" and the Balkite Trickle Charger are permanent pieces of equipment. They have no bulbs, nothing to wear out, adjust, replace or get out of order. Their only upkeep is the slight cost of lighting current.

Light socket radio operation means maximum convenience. It means also that your set will always operate at peak power. And full power means better reception.

Add these two permanent Balkite Radio Power Units to your set now and convert it into a light socket receiver. Balkite "B," $35. Balkite Trickle Charger, $10. Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada. Ask your dealer.

FANSTEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY, Inc.
North Chicago, Illinois

FANSTEEL
Balkite
Radio Power Units

[THE WHIRLWIND
Continued from Page Forty-five]

She shrugged again. "Going on with him? I don't know. What does that mean? And what's the difference? He isn't in love with me, and I'm not in love with him, but——"

"You're lying, Clay."

Her face crimsoned. "You're awfully polite, aren't you?"

"I didn't think we had to be polite to each other. He released her hand and sat staring at her, as though she were a stranger. "Where is Tommy?"

"Tommy," said Clay, "is off somewhere with the lady of his choice. Tommy, my dear, is a modern young man and hasn't your scruples about marrying 'em!"

ALAN closed his eyes for a moment. His brown face was lined, and his lips set into a thin, straight line.

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand, Clay," he said at last. "Are you living with Tommy?"

She picked up a handful of sand and flung it toward the water. "What does that matter? I'm married to him—what's the difference between one marriage and another, Alan? Why should I marry anyone else? They're all the same after the first couple of months!"

"You don't believe that, Clay!"

"I do believe it!" She looked at the water sulkily; then she turned toward him and smiled engagingly. "Don't be a pig, Alan. I'm—really terribly crazy about you. Too crazy about you to want to marry you and spoil it all!"

"You're bitter, Clay. You must have been terribly hurt."

"Hurt?" She shrugged. "Oh—my vanity, perhaps. But Tommy is right. I'm fond of him—we have a child. We might as well keep on with it. But that doesn't mean——" Her fingers twined about his. "I wish you wouldn't be cross with me, Alan!"

"God!" He shook off her hand and stood up, looking out at the water gloomily.

"Hilda and Stan are coming down. We'll have a glorious week-end—we four." She got up, too, and stood beside him. "Please don't be cross, Alan, dear! There's no reason for it. We—" Her eyes fell before his. What made him look at her like that? She bit her lip. "We—I'll race you back to the house!"

She flew up the path, bare legs flashing beneath the scarlet suit, and he followed her slowly, with his head bent down.

She dressed carefully—a pale green organdie that was Alan's favorite color; white slippers; sheer stockings. She sprayed perfume on her frock, touched the back of her neck, her ears, with the glass stopper.

Alan was moving moodily about the living-room.

"And I thought you'd have cocktails all ready!" she reproached him lightly. "Hilda and Stan must have had a puncture. Or maybe they're not coming!" Her lips twitched in a smile. "That would be amusing!"

"Would it? You think I'd

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Cuts so tiny the eye cannot see them . . . they must be healed quickly for a

COOL SHAVE

Even the sharpest razor leaves countless unseen nicks in your skin.

Heal them quickly with a slap of Ed. Pinaud's Lilac on your face! It brings a delightful tingling sensation—a rush of invigorating, *healing* circulation! Then—welcome, refreshing coolness! . .

Used every day—it tends actually to toughen the skin, without in the least coarsening it. Protects it from local infection, too. You'll like its clean lilac odor.

All drug and department stores have Pinaud's Lilac. Look for Pinaud's signature in red on each bottle. Pinaud, Incorporated, 90 Fifth Avenue, New York — sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.

ED. PINAUD'S LILAC
Lilas de France

RADIO REPUTATIONS

**Sought By Many—
Obtained By Few**

The unusual record achieved by Bremer-Tully in producing radio products of unsurpassed merit is your best guarantee of satisfaction,—

because — ABOVE ALL THEY MUST PROTECT THAT PRICELESS REPUTATION!

COUNTERPHASE-EIGHT

In the new COUNTERPHASE permanent models you will find every essential RADIO requirement, plus the elegance and beauty of fine furniture.

Anyone considering investing in a better Radio Reciever can hardly afford not to examine the many exclusive details of these new models.

Write today for descriptive literature and dealer's name.

Manufacturing Co.
Canal & Harrison Sts., Chicago, Ill.

Bremer Tully
"Pioneers of Better Tuning"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SIX]

stay?" He put his hands on her shoulders and held her off from him; the old familiar gesture. Lord, what a child she'd been, then! "Clay, I love you so much!"

"Well?" Her eyes were soft, laughing at him. "I don't exactly object to you, my dear——"

His fingers tightened on her shoulders.

"Clay, just what are you offering me?" He asked quietly.

She shrugged. "Do you want me to put it in writing, Alan?" she asked him, dropping her lashes over her eyes and lifting them suddenly, in studied coquetry.

He looked at her steadily. Then, with deliberation, he drew back his hand and slapped her face.

Clay pressed her hand to her stinging cheek and stared at him.

"But—I do love you, Alan," she protested, in a weak voice. "I——"

"Love me! What do you know about love?" He laughed shortly. "Sorry, Clay, but I have very little desire simply to be your lover."

Her cheeks flamed. "It's awfully kind of you—" she began, in a strangled, breathless voice, and then paused, sank down into a chair, and hid her face on her arm.

He watched her, dully, for a long time. "I'm sorry I lost my temper," he said at last. He turned, and still she did not move or speak.

"Woods will take you to the station," she said dismally, as he reached the door.

"Thanks—I think I'll walk."

She bowed her head.

An hour later, when Stan and Hilda burst into the room, she was still there, as Alan had left her. She looked up at them vaguely. Then she jumped to her feet and kissed them both.

"For God's sake, Stan, go and make a million cocktails right away!" she commanded. "I've been sitting here dying of thirst and not knowing what was the matter with me!" Her eyes shone and her cheeks glowed hotly scarlet. "I'm a wild coyote from the prairies," she announced, "and this is my night to howl!"

CLAY crossed her legs, leaned back in the chair, and laughed at her husband.

"Mother says I'm getting a reputation for giving wild parties. Mrs. Kilgrew disapproves of Betsy—Betsy, of all people!—coming out here, and now *you* tell me that I'm drinking too much!" Her grin broadened. "Honestly, Tommy, what a naughty girl I must be!"

Tommy Hoyt looked at his wife thoughtfully.

"I think you're behaving rather like a little fool," he told her. "I'm apparently old-fashioned enough to disapprove of such diligent drinking as goes on around here. Don't you ever blush, Clay, when you see the ashman carting away the empty bottles?"

"I've forgotten how," she said lightly. "And I think that I can even bear up under the ashman's disapproval!"

He studied her face. In this last year Clay had grown lovelier than he had ever imagined her. She was no longer a girl. Unhappiness had brought a tremulous, wistful expression of maturity to her mouth, had softened the tone of her shadowed brown eyes. Fatigue lent her a new grace. Clay had become a really beautiful woman.

"This may seem a little—presumptuous," he said, "but doesn't being a mother give one a certain responsibility, Clay?"

SHE smiled. "Like being a father?" she suggested.

He flushed. "*Touche!*" he admitted. "Oh, well——"

"I'll admit," Clay said, "that when people take the cutlery to present an apache dance, as Charley and Stan and Betsy did last week, I get a bit worried. I'd hate to have anyone killed here. Tommy, why won't you stay down and help me police the house this week-end? It's the last one of the season and God knows what may happen!"

"I'd like to, Clay. But I have an engagement." He looked away, his face set sternly.

She shrugged, and for a moment they were silent. Then she put out her hand and touched his timidly. "Tommy, why don't you bring her down? She's a nice girl, isn't she?"

Tommy Hoyt blushed. "Really, Clay——"

"Oh, what's the difference? There's no sense in your being so —so *coy* about it! Everyone we know is having an affair right under the noses of their wives or husbands! You're in love with this girl — well, what of it? I'm being resonable," aren't I?"

"Too damned reasonable!" he blurted.

She looked at him humorously. "Tommy, dear, what good would it do me to object? I have hardly the right. Or do you want me to play the jealous wife?"

He got up and crossed to the window.

"Oh, I don't know! Life is so beastly, Clay, and I'm so fed up with it!" He turned about quickly and stared at her. "Dorothy's a good kid, Clay! She's an unhappy little youngster—I don't think she's any more in love with me than I am with her, really. One drifts into things. She'd been in love with a man in England who turned her down for a girl with money. Estates to be kept up, and all that. It—oh, well." He laughed in sudden embarrassment.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Madam—please accept

a 7-day supply of this amazing new way of removing cleansing cream

A way that will double the effectiveness of your make-up
That will correct oily nose and skin conditions amazingly
That holds your make-up fresh for hours longer than before

The ONLY way yet discovered that removes all dirt, grime and germ-laden accumulations in gentle safety to your skin

THIS offers a test that will effect some unique results on your skin. That will make it seem shades lighter than before. That will correct oily skin and nose conditions amazingly. That will double and triple the effectiveness of your make-up.

Modern beauty science has found a new way to remove cold cream . . . a different way from any you have ever known.

It will prove that no matter how long you have used cold cream, you have never removed it, and its accumulation of dirt, entirely from your skin . . . . have never removed it in gentle safety to your skin.

Just use the coupon. A 7-day supply will be given you without charge.

What it is

The name is Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—*absorbent*—a totally new kind of material, developed in consultation with leading authorities on skin care, solely for the removal of cleansing cream.

It banishes the soiled towel method that all women detest. It contrasts the harshness of fibre and paper substitutes with a softness that you'll love.

Exquisitely dainty, immaculate and inviting; you use it, then discard it. White as snow and soft as down, it is 27 times as absorbent as an ordinary towel; 24 times as any fibre or paper makeshift!

Stops oily skins . . . . Combats skin imperfections

Virtually every prominent motion picture star before the public today employs this method. Scarcely a woman of the stage but employs it. Foremost beauty specialists everywhere are urging it as marking a new era in skin care.

A blemished skin largely indicates a germ condition of the pores. You must clean them out. Old ways—towels, etc. —won't do it.

Those remove but part of the cream and dirt, rub the rest back in. Thus your skin not only is endangered, but may seem several shades darker than it is.

In two or three days the use of Kleenex will prove itself.

You will be surprised at the difference in your skin. In its fairness, freedom from "shine," in the way your make-up holds its charm and freshness.

Send the coupon

Just detach the coupon. Use it by all means. You'll be delighted with what it brings.

Kleenex 'Kerchiefs — absorbent—come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes, to fit your dressing table drawer . . . in two sizes:

Boudoir size, sheets 6 x 7 inches . . . 35c

Professional, sheets 9 x 10 inches . . . 65c

KLEENEX
ABSORBENT
'KERCHIEFS

To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary

7-Day Supply — FREE

KLEENEX CO., LIB. 9
167 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.

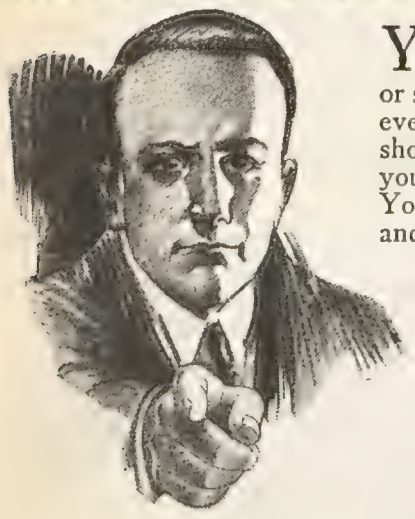
Please send without expense to me a sample packet of Kleenex 'Kerchiefs —*absorbent*—as offered.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Make $20 a Day without Experience



YOU can immediately make $50 to $60 a week, in a most interesting way. I don't care what your age, experience or schooling has been, I say you can clear from $10 to $20—even $25 a day. *And I want to prove it.* Will you let me show you how, without paying for any course of training, you can begin to make this big money the very first days? You don't have to risk a cent of capital. I need 250 men and women at once. I will offer them a high-grade, clean-cut proposition—the most amazing offer they ever listened to. If you are dissatisfied with your present work—if you must make more money—*write to me at once.* I have a wonderful opportunity for you.

You will be given identically the same offer that was accepted by Edgar Morris, Ohio, who made *$210 in his first two weeks.* Mrs. B. L. Hodges, N. Y., made *$20 in a day.* Thos. Chiasson, Mass., cleared *$33.20 in 10 hours.* Mrs. G. H. Michelson, Nebr., earned *$16 in a single afternoon.* Ralph Mosher, N. Y., made *$100 the first two weeks in spare time.* L. C. Van Allen, Ill., averages better than *$100 a week.* Mrs. B. F. Bagmell, La., says she makes *$10 to $15 a day in spare time.* C. Vaughn, Ohio, writes that his profits have reached *$125 in a week.* This very same opportunity to make big money is just waiting for you. If you want it, write to me immediately. And besides making big money, you can also get a new Hudson Super-Six Coach FREE.

Here's My Amazing Money-Making Plan

We are the originators and manufacturers of ZANOL Household Products. You have heard of these products before. They have been advertised in the Saturday Evening Post, Ladies' Home Journal, Woman's Home Companion, McCall's and other leading magazines. The American Products Company is one of the largest businesses of its kind in the country. We have hundreds of thousands of customers, located in every city, county and community in the United States.

In each community we appoint a reliable man or woman to represent us and take care of our local business. If you become the ZANOL Representative, you will be given an *exclusive territory* and a *generous profit* on all the business that comes from your territory. You may devote either full time or spare time. We will tell you in detail exactly what to do. We will help you in every way to make big money. Everything is so clear and simple that you can make $10 to $20 the very first day.

You'll be given the same opportunity that has enabled Frank Brown, N. D., to make *$27 in one day;* Eugene Ducat, Ill., to make *$45 the first two days;* Mrs. K. R. Roof, S. C., to clear *$50 the first week in her spare hours.* I will give you every chance to duplicate this big money—perhaps you can make more.

No Capital or Experience Needed

ZANOL business has grown by leaps and bounds. *It has doubled in two years.* You won't believe what a remarkable opportunity this is, nor what big money you can readily make, until the profits begin to roll in. You positively don't need any experience to be a big success. You won't be obliged to risk a cent of capital. We will furnish you with the necessary equipment free.

All we ask you to do is to introduce yourself as the ZANOL Representative in your locality. The work is interesting, healthful and exceptionally profitable. You will be amazed to find how quickly you can make $50 to $60 a week. It is so simple to get started that you will be astonished. *Send no money.* Just fill out and return the coupon below and I will send you full details of this amazing opportunity. Let me show you how you can make $50 to $60 a week—or $5 to $8 a day in spare time. You don't have to agree to pay anything or do anything. I will quickly show you how you can have a pleasant, permanent, honorable and fascinating business that should bring you bigger earnings than you ever thought possible.

Send Coupon for Details of This Remarkable Offer

This is your big chance to get ahead. It is the one opportunity you have been waiting for. It should mean thousands of dollars to you. And you are not called upon to risk a penny. *You have everything to gain and nothing to lose.* So send the coupon immediately. Don't wait until someone else gets in ahead of you. Make up your mind now that you are going to get your share of the two million dollars which ZANOL Representatives are sure to make this year. Don't hesitate. Don't delay. Fill out and return the coupon NOW.

THE AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.
Albert Mills
President and General Manager
5507 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Mail This NOW

Albert Mills, Pres.,
American Products Co.
5507 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

I want to know how I can make $50 to $60 a week as the ZANOL Representative in my locality. Send me all the facts about your money-making proposition, without cost or obligation.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

© A. P. C. (Please Print or Write Plainly)

HUDSON Coach

HUDSON Super-Six Coach FREE

We want you to make big money and we help you in every way to do so. We also offer to provide a new Hudson Super-Six Coach without any expense to you whatever. The car is given to you free of all restrictions and becomes your personal, permanent property. Just mail the coupons for complete details of our new plan, showing how you can make $50 to $60 a week and also how you can get this handsome closed car FREE.

[THE WHIRLWIND
Continued from Page Forty-seven]

Clay's face was tender. "How old is she, Tommy?"

"Nineteen."

"Oh, Lord!" She sighed. "Bring her down, Tommy."

He grunted. "God, but we're modern, aren't we?"

"What else is there to be?"

SHE looked down at her hands thoughtfully. The last week-end! It would make it complete, add a touch of piquancy, even, to have Dorothy Hatch among the guests. Soon she would be closing the house and moving to the city. What the winter would bring was a thing she shrank from contemplating. Months without the release that summer sports brought for her energy; months without the peace of the beach, the quiet of long walks across the meadows.

"Bring her, Tommy!"

He hesitated. "I don't know that she'd come."

Clay smiled. "I think she'll come." She looked at him indulgently. "You're not ashamed of her, Tommy?"

He swore softly. "I'm ashamed of myself! And of you! Of everything!"

"Tommy, dear——"

"Oh, what's the difference? I'll bring her down. But God help us all!"

Clay's eyes were very wide. He was going to bring her! And then—what? Her breath caught.

"God help us all!" she repeated, in a whisper.

The crisis that Clay brings on by asking to see this girl throws a startling searchlight on the modern fast set. You'll find it in the last and most moving installment, in next week's issue.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

English I

Bobby, who is in the first grade, hurried to school one day to tell his teacher about a bear he had seen in the Zoo.

"I seen a bear up at St. Joe——" began Bobby.

"'I saw,'" corrected his teacher.

"I seen a bear up at St. Joe——" repeated Bobby.

"'I saw a bear,'" again corrected the teacher.

"I seen a bear——"

"Bobby, 'I saw a bear,'" said the teacher.

"Oh, well," said Bobby, "if you saw it, there is no use of me telling you about it."—HENRIETTA MITCHELL, 610 Frazier Ave., Valley Falls, Kansas.

* * *

Dorothy's Own First Aid

In Dorothy's physiology test appeared the question: How would you treat a person who had fainted? For answer, she wrote: "I would treat him very kindly."—C. W., Collins Center, N. Y.

Pay Nothing

Until November 1st

Then Only $10 a month

We will send you a Bulldog Pipeless Furnace for **free inspection.** If you want it, pay nothing till November 1st. Then pay only $10 a month at our amazingly low price. Don't consider buying any furnace until you find out about the Bulldog. Write **today.**

Comes Completely Erected!
Fits any Height of Basement!
You Install It Yourself!

BULLDOG PIPELESS FURNACE

2½ Tons Heats 5 Rooms!

"There is no heater to compare with the Bulldog. I burned 2½ tons of coal last winter and heated five rooms and bath."—Walter Geary, Gloucester, Mass.

That's what the Bulldog does with coal! Here's what it does with about the lowest grade fuel you can think of!

"I can run my Bulldog Furnace steady for fourteen days in normal weather conditions **on the actual cost of fifty cents."** So writes F. R. Redetzke, of Cleveland, North Dakota, and he adds: "Hard to believe, is it? That's what some of my neighbors thought until I showed them! We have an unlimited amount of grain screenings in this country. That's the fuel I am using."

3 Tons Heats 8 Rooms

"My furnace has been in use for 3 years and our eight room house is always warm, including floors. I used 3 tons of hard coal last winter to heat our eight room house."

Lester F. Coons, Ellenville, N. Y.

Fuel Saved Pays for Furnace

"This is the second winter I have used the Bulldog and the savings in my coal bills have paid for my furnace!"—Milton E. Spain, Casey, Ia.

Write! If you are even thinking of a pipeless furnace, or any furnace, write for our free book and our "Pay Nothing Now" offer—also get the wonderful record of Bulldog Success. **Factory connections in both East and West. We ship from nearest point.** Get ready for winter NOW! Mail this coupon TODAY!

... Bulldog Furnace Co. ...

Babson Bros., *Sole Distributors*
19th and California Ave., Dept. 17-66 Chicago

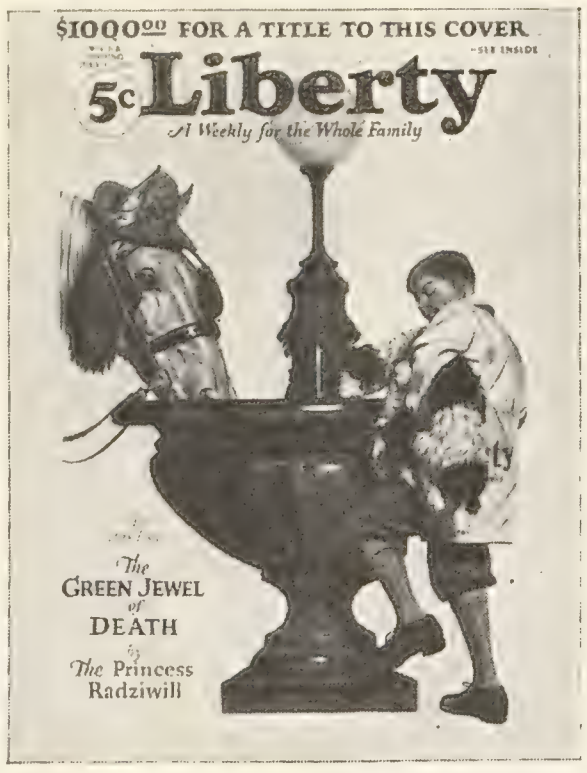
Without obligating me in any way please send me your free catalog and special offer on the Bulldog Pipeless Furnace.

(Print name and address plainly)

Name _____

Address _____

Prize Awards No. 7



Prize Cover No. 7

THESE TITLES WON $1,000

First Prize, $500

Room for two with running water

The Winner

Mrs. Wilma Mayer Seligman, 40½ Washington Avenue, Evansville, Indiana.

Mrs. Seligman is twenty-seven years old, and says looking after her husband and small daughter keeps her very busy. But she hopes some day to become a writer of fairy stories for children and is sure that her winning of LIBERTY'S cover contest makes the best plot she knows of.

Second Prize, $250

Watering preferred stock on the curb

The winner: Hayne Jones, Main Street, Walhalla, South Carolina.

Third Prize, $100

Up in arms against a wet proposition

The winner: Bryan A. Bonner, 940 Seventeenth Street, Denver, Colorado.

Fourth Prize, $50

Helping a buddy over the top

The winner: Louis A. Morgan, Safety Harbor, Florida.

Fifth Prize, $25

A holdup at a drinking party

The winner: John Skelton, 422 Roncesvalles Avenue, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

Sixth Prize, $25

A summer watering place

The winner: H. H. Noyes, 31 Virginia Road, Maplewood, New Jersey.

Seventh Prize, $25

"Driven to drink" an' "Takin' to drink"

The winner: James M. Reagan, Battle Mountain Sanatorium, Hot Springs, South Dakota.

Eighth Prize, $25

Helping out a pal who's a little short

The winner: Harry Ward, 518, the Arcade, Cleveland, Ohio.

$1,000 a Week *for* Titles *to* Liberty Covers

AN EASY GAME WITH EIGHT BIG PRIZES

LOOK at those eight winners on the left-hand side of this page. For writing those eight titles, they collect $1,000.

Those titles are the best of the many thousands received—and they're mighty good. But you are probably saying to yourself: "I thought of a better title than any of those!" Perhaps you did. What was the trouble? YOU DIDN'T SEND YOURS IN!

Well, see what you missed! Make up your mind to quit cheating yourself. Read the story of this week's cover printed below, glance over the rules, write your title on the coupon, and SEND IT IN!

For the Love o' Lil!

CHAPTER XII *of the* FAMOUS COVER CONTINUITY

By LESLIE THRASHER

SANDY almost died of loneliness while Lil was away at Aunt Em's. So he made a date with her to go to the beach the first day she was home.

"Just you an' me the two of us all alone," pleaded Sandy.

Lil was in a melting mood after not seeing Sandy for two whole weeks, so she consented.

Sandy went home whistling and set the alarm clock so he'd be sure to get up in time. By noon they were at the beach in their bathing suits, Lil stretched out luxuriously in a steamer chair and Sandy seated blissfully at her feet. It looked like the beginning of a perfect day. Then——

"Gee, kid, where you been all this time?"

It was that big dub of a life guard. He was standing behind Lil's chair, acting as if he owned her, and completely ignored Sandy.

"Le's go out and do some diving," the life guard suggested.

Sandy was ready to burst.

(To be continued next week)

RULES

1 On the front cover of LIBERTY this week is a picture without a title. This picture is a part of LIBERTY'S new cover serial—For the Love o' Lil—telling the picture-story of an American family. The public is invited to suggest a title for this picture.

2 Eight cash prizes will be paid each week as follows:

1st Prize	$500
2d Prize	250
3d Prize	100
4th Prize	50
5th to 8th prizes ($25 each)	100
Total	$1,000

3 This contest is open to every man, woman, boy, and girl, except employees of LIBERTY and their families.

4 Each entry must contain the following:
a. A title suggestion in ten words or less.
b. A letter of not more than 50 words telling whether or not you like the cover—and why.

5 Contestants may submit as many answers as they wish. The accompanying coupon may be used or separate sheets of paper. If separate sheets are used, the coupon number should be written on each one.

6 All entries for this week's contest must be sent to "Covers," care of LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City, and must be in this office by midnight, September 11, 1926. No entries will be returned. The winners will be announced in LIBERTY as soon thereafter as possible.

7 Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

8 Originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, neatness and form will count. Entries will be judged first by the title suggestion submitted, and second by the reason for liking or disliking the cover picture.

9 The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of LIBERTY and their decision will be final. If two or more contestants submit the same prize-winning title suggestion and reasons for liking or disliking the cover, and if such entries are submitted in an equally clear, concise, and neat form, a duplicate award will be paid to each such tying contestants.

CLIP THIS OUT

"Covers"—LIBERTY
247 Park Avenue, New York City

No. 12

My title for the LIBERTY cover for September 4 is:

.....

Write title here and send with it a letter of not more than 50 words telling whether or not you like the cover—and why.

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

Mothers—

The Future of Your Child Depends on You

New food-drink puts roses into pale cheeks

Helps fight malnutrition

DOCTORS are agreed that the health of the average adult is determined in the early days of childhood. Healthy children usually retain their vigor through life. Sickly, ailing children seldom overcome the handicap.

Malnutrition is the great evil. Most foods that are eaten by adults do not supply the necessary elements children need for strength and growth in the right proportion. Tiny stomachs can digest only a small percentage of the nourishment most foods contain.

Children require a food that contains in the correct proportion all the elements needed for making rich red blood, firm flesh, brain and muscle—*and in a form that is almost instantly digested.* Such a food is TODDY—the new food-drink.

Children Love Toddy

Children crave TODDY when they won't eat other foods. Every glass they drink, gives them more food value in calories than a big eight-ounce serving of oatmeal and cream or beef stew.

Mothers recognize milk as the perfect food for children. But many children won't drink milk—or drink enough of it.

More nourishing than milk

TODDY provides practically twice as much nourishment as milk—*and is easier to digest.* It makes milk a delicious drink and actually improves it. Add TODDY to milk, and you more than triple the carbohydrates; increase the proteins (tissue builder) 60%—add 70% more calories—provide 65% more mineral matter needed for nerve, bone and blood, and increase the vitamines. TODDY also makes milk more easily digested because it softens the milk curd.

Not only does TODDY provide essentials other foods lack, but it also whets the appetite for all other foods by changing starchy foods so that they are easily absorbed. Probably two-thirds of your food is starchy. Thus, TODDY has the power not only of converting itself but other foods into healthy red blood.

By clearing the digestive tract, TODDY empties stomachs; brings on natural hunger.

For Pep and Energy

"Our daughter is not three years old, yet wears five year old clothes. TODDY and regular habits did it."
E. G. Richard,
New Orleans, La.

"Gained ten pounds and nine ounces the first nine days I drank TODDY."
Mrs. G. R. Owen,
Mt. Vernon, Ohio

Induces refreshing sleep

A cup of hot TODDY before retiring, quickly nourishes tired nerves; brings restful sleep. While you sleep, TODDY continues its restorative work. You awaken refreshed; eager to tackle your daily duties. *Everything TODDY does for children it does for grown-ups, too.*

Doctors recognize Barley Malt Extract, the base of TODDY, as one of the best body-building foods. It is very rapidly absorbed, feeding nerves and muscles quickly. TODDY brings it to you in a delicious drink that thousands prefer to tea or coffee, which have no food value and contain an alkaloid that affects the nerves.

TODDY is not a medicine, but a delicious and healthful food-drink for everybody every day. Serve TODDY, hot or cold, at meals, parties, or between meals. Have a "TODDY" whenever you feel tired or nervous.

Mail the coupon for generous Free Sample.

Grocers and druggists sell TODDY

TODDY
"A Meal in a Glass"

Maltop, Inc., 1207 Broadway, Buffalo, N. Y.
Please send me sample of TODDY—free:

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....State.....

Grocer's Name.....

Address.....

Eileen Bourne's BEAUTY Question Box

HAVE you a question on beauty or personal hygiene upon which you need advice? Miss Bourne will help you. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply and address your question to Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City

Cure for Callous

I suffer misery from a callous that grows in the groove of the nail of my big toe. Do you know anything that will give me relief? B. S., Chillicothe, Ohio.

Saturate a bit of cotton in a solution of peroxide of hydrogen and pack this wet pledget into the groove. After it has been permitted to remain undisturbed for about three minutes, remove it and scrape the groove with an orange stick until the callous is removed. No sharp instrument should be used to remove this hard substance.

Steaming the Face

Is face steaming harmful? I have done it a few times lately to help get rid of blackheads, but I am told it will wrinkle the skin if I continue.
PAULA K., Buffalo, N. Y.

Face steaming is beneficial occasionally for just the purpose you describe. But it should not be indulged in too often nor for long at a time. Using the steaming process in connection with the removal of blackheads, cleanse the face first; then smear cream over it; then apply your towels, wrung out in hot water. Under the action of the heat the cream works its way in and softens the hardened matter which forms the blackhead. After the steaming, always apply a towel dipped in cold water. Repeat the cold application several times. With this method the steaming does not dry the skin.

After a Long Illness

I have had a long illness and now my cheeks sag and are full of little lines, and when I lift them with my fingers it makes a world of difference. Would tying my face up with a band help? I am only twenty-seven, but look forty.
Mrs. W. C., Cleveland, Ohio.

With complete recovery of your health you will find that your skin trouble has disappeared. When a person who has been plump becomes very thin, there is always a tendency to sagginess. The cushion of fat just beneath the skin that fills out the cheeks disappears, and until you build that up again there is really little else that can be done.

LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty, by Eileen Bourne, has 48 pages of practical advice for every woman interested in looking her best. Use the coupon to order one today. It costs only 10c.

Liberty's Beauty Book,
247 Park Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

4

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

City.....State.....

The Last —but Important Touch for Beauty

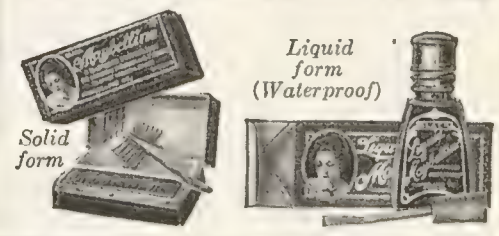
It is amazing, the difference a minute and a touch of

Maybelline

will make in your attractiveness. Try this. Closely study yourself before your mirror. Now—apply a brush stroke of Solid Maybelline or a drop of the new, waterproof Liquid form. How gorgeously different you look, now that your eyes have been shaded with lashes that appear naturally long, dark and luxuriant. Maybelline is the last, but most important touch—for Beauty. Both forms are perfectly harmless.

Either Solid or Liquid. Black or Brown. 75c at all Toilet Goods Counters.

Maybelline Co., 4750-10 Sheridan Rd., Chicago



Be Slender

No effort is required

Don't you realize that countless people have found an easy way to fight fat?

Look about you. Note how slenderness reigns today. Excess fat is not one-tenth as common as it was. Millions of people have learned how to fight that blight to beauty and to health.

Some still rely on abnormal exercise and diet. But more and more employ the easy, pleasant, scientific way—Marmola Prescription Tablets.

Marmola has been used for 19 years. Users have told others the results, until people last year used over a million boxes. That is the great reason why slenderness so prevails.

You should learn what Marmola means to you. Learn how it harmlessly and promptly reduces excess fat, up to a pound a day. You will be always glad that you found it.

All drug stores sell Marmola at $1 a box. Or mailed in plain wrapper by Marmola Co., 1807 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

Paris

Gives new modes for old

By BETTINA BEDWELL

I WAS talking this morning with Lucien Lelong, who is head over heels in work on his new collection of autumn styles. I asked him to tell me something of what is coming. He summed up unborn styles very neatly by saying that the job of the Paris style creator is to preserve the present simplicity of dress and still to make a collection, every single dress, coat, and ensemble of which can be easily distinguished from the same thing of the past season. In other words, to make what you wore and I wore this summer definitely out of date without altering materially the silhouette, the waistline, the hemline, the hipline, or the neckline. Paris dressmakers have come to the realization that in order to be chic, artistic, and altogether desirable and new, fashions do not have to present drastic changes.

Lelong says, and all the others bear him out in their new creations, that the cut of the new models is becoming more and more subtle—intricate—while the effect is just as simple and exquisite. Embroideries, too, are going to be cast for an important role on clothes for afternoon and evening. Furs take on unheard-of tones, and gowns are often cut, like the lover of gentle Alice Brown, into pieces particularly small.

The result will not startle you, nor outrage your sense of what you yourself could wear for the occasions of every-day and every-night life. But there will be plenty of novelty in spite of the absence of such incongruities as formerly made Paris style news snappy.

One important item of the changing mode of Paris is the color combinations you see. Parisiennes have discarded the matching idea, and have gone in for harmonizing instead, just as the artist does it. Imagine, if you can, a painting done in beige and brown only! Frenchwomen don't restrict themselves, either, in their combinations of colors. They get a charming variety of tone without a lot of discordant colors, hung together in one toilette.

THEY do not, for instance, match the tint of their chiffon hosiery with that of the fur that trims their newest ensemble, nor do they wear gray hose with gray or silver slippers. A Parisienne's choice would be, with gray, a gray beige—or greige as it is called here—stocking, and, for evening, pale pink or mauve. Hats are more frequently chosen to match the chief color of the dress or ensemble, or to show a ribbon in the same tone. There is always something on each smart hat that "ties" it to the costume with which it is supposed to be worn. Jewelry, gloves, and other accessories show also a variation in shade, but always one that is related to the predominating note of the costume.

The chief and most beautiful method of getting a variation of the color scheme on afternoon and evening costumes is by embroidery and fur. Our sketches today deal with this particular phase which Paris is adopting for the late summer and early autumn season. They are examples, more eloquent than words, of the trend of Paris styles.

MOIRE is particularly effective in this ensemble, combined with pink mole and a pink satin blouse.

THE newest dance frock, with a foundation of pink crepe satin, is made magnificent by gold, pearl, and paillette embroidery.

A WHITE chiffon frock embroidered in rhinestones and silver, and a cape of mauve satin incrusted with gold, orange, and silver beads.

Our first model shows how the Parisienne comes out for any kind of formal afternoon affair. I mean anything more formal than a before-dinner cocktail on the naughty side of the Ritz. It was created by Madame Vallet, who *is* Martial et Armand, and who, herself a young and charming woman, knows very well how we want to look when we "step out." The coat and what the world can see of the skirt are made of navy blue moire—an extremely supple moire that has as much body as kasha or any woolen fabric without the heating properties. The coat is rather straight in line, with a skirt portion set on well below the hips, and rippling a tiny, tiny bit toward the hemline.

This coat is trimmed with rose pink mole. Natural mole is old fashioned in Paris, but mole in any of the spectrum colors is smart. This fur forms the standing cravat collar, the sleeve bands, and the just-over-the-hemline band.

A personality item is the big bow tie that fastens the coat under the chin. Made of moire, of course. The better half of the ensemble, the dress, is composed of a skirt that has two circular dipping panels on the sides, and a long hip blouse of pink crepe satin.

So far, this ensemble has used two shades only; but wait a minute. The satin blouse is trimmed with motifs and pockets of steel and Nattier blue beads, and the hat—which is an essential part—is a high-peaked Alpine cap of blue velvet. With this ensemble the Parisienne would wear gray-beige hose and the simplest of black slippers, satin or patent leather.

Our second offering is the kind of evening gown that the up-to-the-minute Parisian demoiselle wears when she goes out Charlestoning. The skeleton of this gown is pink crepe satin, overlaid with pink georgette. That again is incrusted with embroidery composed of three things—pearls, gold beads, and iridescent paillettes, or spangles.

The figures on the bodice are done in pearls and gold beads. The scroll that makes a suggested vest is done in paillettes, and so are the two tabs that hang loose from the low waistline down the skirt front. The center tab is of pearl and gold.

Martial et Armand, whose creation this is, have added for the side skirt full circular pieces of pink georgette, which descend in points.

OUR last sketch shows a gown and a cape that are sartorial twins. Doucet is to be credited for these creations. The gown seems to be one of those straight-line slips, but it is not what it seems. There are more seams than seemingly in this frock, with its odd but distinctive hemline edged with crystal fringe, its V neck, and its heavy rhinestone girdle that holds fast the Egyptian drapery of the skirt front.

The ivory chiffon is covered by embroidery done in rhinestones and silver thread, and the fringed hemline is made of tabs of chiffon embroidered in the same manner. The cape is made of heavy mauve satin, with a very wide scarf laid around the shoulders and embroidered on the ends in orange, gold, and silver beads. On top of this is a big collar of purple fox. The interior of the cape is a solid silver lamé, which effectively harmonizes the wrap with the gown.

What an American Countess Wore at the Ball

By Mary Brush Williams

5150
16
18
20

A GIRLISH frock of ivory lace and plaited rose mousseline de soie. The dress is supple and fluttering, and is charming for a tea dance or an informal dinner.

FIRST figure from left (in panel) pictures an evening coat of cream lace over satin of the same color.

THE black satin evening dress at center shows the use of the very deep V neckline. This is edged with green crepe, from which the flaring side pieces and the bottom of the skirt also are made.

HOW to wear a very deep scarf reaching to the bottom of the skirt, and made of silver net, is illustrated in the third figure.

A BIG ball at Southampton! Society assembled in full force in the rambling country club, around which a wide landscape slept in the moonlight. The drive was packed with the world's smartest motors.

In the dining-room, surveying their tables with knowing care, Miss Constance Fox, the sub-deb daughter of Littleton Fox and granddaughter of Morgan J. O'Brien, shared hostess-ship with her sister for a party of twenty-seven. Mrs. P. A. Valentine upheld the older society, just arriving, with a table for twenty-four.

A pink chiffon evening dress with a long skirt, a fitted bodice, and a deep cape collar of silver, over which a long pearl necklace dangled down the back instead of the front. A black velvet costume incrusted in silver and for jewels a dog collar of sparkling gems. Such were the costumes of these two extremes in hostesses.

The dining-room was filling and it was like a panorama of the fall styles. There were black lace and white chiffon and rosy mousseline. There were baby pink and dull blue and silver. There were metal brocade and velvet and the juxtaposition of things startlingly contrasting.

Longer skirts and elaborateness seemed to me to be the keynote of the autumn modes. A striking model was of black lace with the entire front of the bodice in gold lamé.

Everybody was there except the one we all awaited. The Countess Salm! She did not come until the dinner was over. Her father and a large party were with her. She sat, like an Old World hostess, with a great deal of distinction back of her, in tense conversation with a young Englishman of the diplomatic service.

The Countess wore a sophisticated dress of black with gold incrustations; a fitted bodice, with shoulder straps holding the deep V in place.

One noticed the elaborateness of that dress and the grande dame manner in contrast with that very young face.

On her wrists were a score of sparkling bracelets and in her ears round, black earrings with gems in the circle. But her fashion message for the evening was that long-skirted dress of lamé with the deep V bodice.

To make that V look even deeper, another young guest had all the top part of her bodice filled in with some flimsy stuff exactly the color of the skin. The shoulder straps were also of this same almost invisible material. The black of it looked very startling indeed at so low a line. The skirt was ankle long.

We seem to be pretty well broken of our old habit of wearing long coats with fine raiment. Only one woman at the elaborate Long Island dance did that. There is a trick of making an elaborate tea or even an informal dinner dress with a dark colored coat with long, light strips down the inside of the fronts that turn back like elongated reveres. Also, they will turn and fasten over in the other direction, concealing the light material and making the whole costume look as if it were strictly for the street.

SPECIAL PATTERNS

by May Manton

Order Mary Brush Williams' Designs by marking a circle, on picture, around the number, and another circle around the size, of each pattern wanted

Tear out and inclose entire picture with 25 cents for each number.

Send with your full address to: LIBERTY MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, P. O. Box 418, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

3-in-One

Prevents Rust - OILS - *Cleans and Polishes*

1894
32 Years of
Continuous Service
1926

Lubricates—3-in-One gives smooth action to every light mechanism, kills squeaks, lessens friction, saves repair bills. Ideal for phonograph, sewing machine, clocks, washing machine and vacuum cleaner motor, locks, hinges, bolts, lawn mower, auto springs, starter, generator, horn, etc., typewriters, time locks, revolving chairs, fans—all office mechanisms.

An oil compound of highest quality. Flows freely into deepest bearings, "washes out" grease and dirt, stays on the job—never gums or dries out like straight mineral oil.

Cleans and Polishes — 3-in-One is used by millions of housewives to brighten up veneered and varnished furniture, woodwork, floors, linoleum and oilcloth. *Removes* all dirt and grime, doesn't *cover* it. Never grows sticky. Pleasing odor.

The quick, easy way to clean and polish furniture with 3-in-One is explained in illustrated Dictionary of Uses wrapped around every bottle. Dictionary also tells how to wash windows in a jiffy, how to make a cheap but practical Polish Mop, also a fine Dustless Dust Cloth.

Prevents Rust — Rust and tarnish cannot attack metal protected with 3-in-One. The oil actually penetrates the pores of metal and sheds moisture like a duck's back.

Rust-proof your firearms with 3-in-One—the oil recommended by gun manufacturers. Use on golf clubs, razor blades, tools, all metal parts of automobile.

Save lining of gas stove oven. Keep bathroom fixtures free from tarnish. Preserve appearance of all black iron equipment.

Sold everywhere in 1-oz., 3-oz. and ½-pint bottles, and in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans, most convenient for lubricating. For household use, the ½-pint bottle is most economical.

Avoid imitations. Look for the Big Red "One" on the label.

FREE SAMPLE AND DICTIONARY

Three-in-One Oil Company,
132LE. William St., New York, N. Y.

Please send sample of 3-in-One and Dictionary of Uses to

Name_____

Street Address
or R. R._____

City_____ State_____

K61

The Right "Gang" to Join

FINE, manly fellows, these chaps who play in the band! They like fun, and get a lot more of it than most others. They go places and see things, as few others can. For the band is in the spotlight wherever big things are happening.

Parents, to insure your boy's future, let him join a band. Big men in American business, statecraft and professions played in the band in their youth. Many earned their education with their talent. They know the fun, and the value of it. In any career, music helps the young man to success.

You fellows, who are out to make something of yourselves, start now with a Conn instrument. You'll learn to play it quickly. **Easy-playing** qualities, exclusive features, speed your progress; practice is real fun. Famous professionals prefer Conns. You can have the same instruments at no greater cost.

Conn will help organize a band in any school, legion post, lodge, scout organization or community. Write for full details now, no obligation is involved.

Free Trial, Easy Payments on any Conn instrument. In over 50 years' experience building high grade instruments Conn has won highest honors at world expositions. Send the coupon now for free literature and details of free trial offer.

C. G. CONN, LTD., 998 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.
Please send literature checked and details of free trial offer on

_____
(Instrument)

Name_____

St. or R. F. D._____

City_____

State, County_____

☐ "Success in Music and How to Win It"
☐ "An Easier Way to Earn a College Education."
☐ Am interested in organizing a band or ☐ orchestra

CONN
BAND
INSTRUMENTS
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS

CULTIVATE YOUR MUSICAL ''BUMP'' WITH A CONN INSTRUMENT

Factory Branch Stores

New York, Strand Theater Bldg., 47th at Broadway
Detroit, . . 1431 Broadway Ave.
New Orleans, 125 Carondolet St.
Conn National School of Music 62 E. Van Buren St., Chicago
Chicago, . 62 E. Van Buren St.
Seattle, . . . 1613 Third Ave.
Portland, . 11th & Alder Sts.
Atlanta, . . . 62 N. Broad St.
Mobile, . . . 5 St. Emanuel St.
Boston, . . . 488 Boylston St.
San Francisco, . 47 Kearney St.
Oakland, ... 531 16th St.
Kansas City, . 1011 McGee St.
Baltimore, . 406 N. Howard St.
Tacoma, . . . 1155 Broadway
Vancouver, B. C. 324 Hastings St., W.

You Never Know Women

A Movie Review by FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

THERE are two important social cliques in Hollywood. One of them is presided over by the merry Marion Davies. Florence Vidor is leader of the other. Her dinner table is a sort of social goal, to achieve which is to be recognized as of Hollywood's ultra-conservatives.

It was only recently that Miss Vidor blossomed forth as a social matron. For years King and Florence reconciled a public career with a private one. They advanced in silver-screen salaries. They had a baby.

All this time Florence Vidor was a shy, reserved young woman, aloof from the whirling eddies of the film capital. Suddenly the two separated, and Florence Vidor stepped from her cold reserve, accomplishing an amazing personality shift.

Having made The Big Parade, King Vidor is today rated the best of our directors. Florence Vidor is now a popular Famous Players star. Their baby, Suzanne, is seven. They have their own households and their own interests. Since their divorce it has been rumored that Florence Vidor would marry George Fitzmaurice, and that King would wed Eleanor Boardman.

Vera is the first starring role for Florence Vidor.

Yet some fifteen years ago the two were starting from Houston, Texas, in a Ford upon a voyage of adventure.

Florence and King had been making little two-reel pictures in Houston without much success. Florence was pretty. King, fresh from military school in Maryland, wanted to be a film director. The two fell in love, married, and, after the two-reel venture, decided to seek the now crowded trail to Hollywood.

They arrived finally in Los Angeles. The dusty old Ford was sold, King got a job in the scenario department of the Vitagraph Company. Things looked bad for the two romantic kids from Texas.

Fame came to Florence first. She was given a small role in The Tale of Two Cities, starring William Farnum. There was one short scene of the tumbrel on its way to the guillotine with Sidney Carton. In the tumbrel was a pretty, condemned royalist. In thirty poignant feet of celluloid she turned tremblingly to Carton and whispered, "Won't you hold my hand?"

Miss Vidor's name wasn't on the screen, but the moment was so effective that thousands of motion-picture fans wrote to ask her identity. So Florence Vidor became famous overnight.

King launched his own company. He had dreams of better pictures, and his father, a wealthy Texas lumberman, staked his fortune on the venture. Vidor lost, because there was no real chance for a lone dreamer struggling independently in the big business of picture-making. But, during his fight for existence, Vidor made two fine films, The Jack Knife Man and The Turn in the Road. He was showing the qualities that were later to evolve The Big Parade.

Florence Vidor appeared in his pictures; but, when his company collapsed, the two had to adventure singly again. Florence worked her way upward, King began making pictures for others.

The dictates of fiction would say that the smashing of this boy-and-girl romance brought the two helpmates to an artistic standstill. But things do not work out by sentimental rule.

Above — a close-up of Miss Vidor as the Russian Revue star loved by two men, and, at left, Clive Brook, one of the lovers.

King took immediate steps ahead. His style developed new force. He did Wild Oranges. The Big Parade was now just around the corner.

FLORENCE began playing roles with a tinge of sophistication. She was no longer just a sweet and reserved matron. Los Angeles began to see her dancing in the evenings. She did such adroit shadow things as The Marriage Circle, Grounds for Divorce, Are Parents People? and The Grand Duchess and the Waiter.

Her fan mail leaped in size. Famous Players began to plan her stardom.

You Never Know Women is her first starring vehicle. An original story written for the screen by the Hungarian, Ernest Vajda, it revolves around *Vera*, member of a Russian Chauve Souris. *Vera* is torn between two loves, that of the leader of her vaudevillians and an American man-about-town.

Lowell Sherman makes the American suave and worldly. Clive Brook plays the Russian Balieff, here strangely resembling Houdini. Brook plays with considerable romantic charm.

Miss Vidor is delightful and sympathetic as *Vera*. Why tell you who wins her?

We will say, however, that a former variety performer, one Ed Brendel, fairly runs away with the film as a minor member of the Russian troupe. Watch Brendel as *Toberchik*, owner of the highly cultured trained goose. On the strength of this hit, Famous Players has signed up Mr. Brendel for five years of future films.

The direction shows the German influence, to say the least.

When Florence Vidor was made a star, the powers that be wanted to advertise her as the orchid lady. Miss Vidor had the good sense to protest. Let's hope the ambitious press man forgets the phrase. Miss Vidor is not a hothouse star. She is sane and calm thinking, a really intelligent player. Her performance of *Vera* hasn't the flavor of the steppes, but it is effective and well conceived.

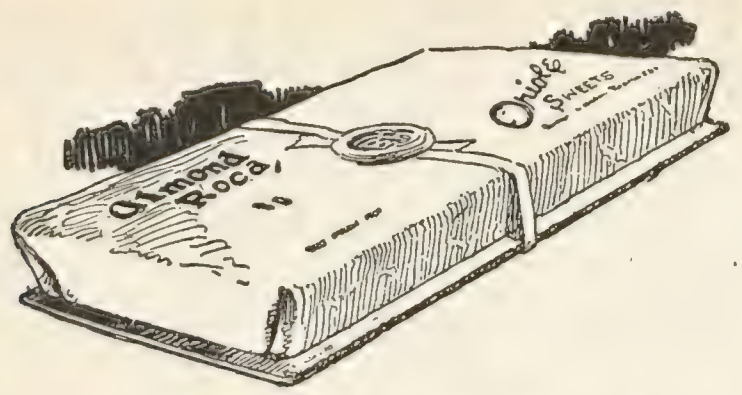
Miss Vidor is going to be an interesting star. Fifteen years ago she was riding across Texas with her boy husband. The two longed for places in the new land of pictures. Fame, however, is as freakish as lightning.

Florence Vidor is now a Hollywood tradition. King Vidor is the leader of our directors, the maker of the biggest picture since The Birth of a Nation. The fine romantic adventure that carried the boy and the girl from Texas to California is forgotten. Years have softened its hungry glamour, success being a mathematical matter of give and take.

Do you know that—

Greta Garbo signs new Metro-Goldwyn contract? . . . Norman Kerry is playing opposite Lillian Gish in Annie Laurie, directed by John Robertson? . . . The profane Marine chatter in What Price Glory appears only in pantomime in the film version and there will be nothing stronger than "darn" in the subtitles? . . . Florence Vidor's next picture is to be The Popular Sin, with Malcolm St. Clair directing? . . . Emil Jannings is now scheduled to come to America in November? . . . Our own Will Rogers gets leading role opposite Dorothy Gish in Tiptoes, being filmed in London by British National Pictures, Ltd.? . . . Hurry Up Yost, the famous gridiron coach, was called in to aid the making of Richard Dix's new football picture?

To be reviewed next week—Nell Gwyn, starring Dorothy Gish.



Not sold by *all* dealers—

Never will be!

OUR salesmen are instructed *not* to talk about Almond Roca—simply open their cases and offer the dealer a sample. If he goes into ecstasies over it, then—and then only—may they discuss our agency proposition with him. If he is not sufficiently acquainted with the worth-while things in this world to appreciate the product, their instructions are: Waste no effort—proceed on your way. *Not* every dealer handles Almond Roca—every dealer will *never* handle it. The package price is a dollar and a half; money back if you know another confection its equal.

If no near-at-hand dealer happens to have Almond Roca, we will ship direct—prepaid. * * * BROWN & HALEY, *Confectioners to the Elect, Tacoma, Washington.*

Almond Roca

America's Finest Confection

"That's The One for Me"

FEEN-A-MINT is the most agreeable way of overcoming constipation.

The best proof of its reliability is the fact that it is today America's most popular laxative.

Chew It Like Gum—No Taste But The Mint

Demand the genuine and original. At all druggists, 25c and $1.00. Samples on request.

HEALTH PRODUCTS CORPORATION
113 L North 13th Street Newark, N. J.

Feen-a-mint

The Chewing LAXATIVE

VOX POP

She Doesn't Mind Cussing

EDITOR, LIBERTY: After reading the stately wail of W. B. French in the July 31 issue, the only remark the girls in our office could make was "Poor fellow! He must be deaf."

If "cussing" will take manliness out of a man and "knock the props from under the throne of pure American womanhood," I must say I'm not as proud of being an American as I was—spineless beings, to let a few words ruin them!—*Grace B. Braggans, Chicago.*

Hitting the Big Fellow

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I was very much surprised, amazed, and disgusted when I found that LIBERTY had as a leading article "The Big Fellow"—meaning Jim Jeffries. I think this article is a rank disgrace and an insult to your vast army of readers and admirers. I hope your once high-toned magazine will never again have in it another story of brutal prize fighters.—*Samuel Bailey, M. D., Mount Ayr, Ia.*

Take That! And That!

EDITOR, LIBERTY: If a magazine of the type of LIBERTY expects to carry an appeal to the American household, it should discontinue the publication of articles of the type of "The Machine-Gunning of McSwiggin." * * *

"The War of the Sexes!" So we are passing through a period of decay—the feminine spirit prevails! If Vail Lane could take a trip through our western country, he might pitch his tune in a lower key. Poor fellow! If he lives in a locality where conditions are such as he describes, I believe he should consider a change of climate. Why not try the West?—*R. D. Jones, Portales, New Mexico.*

More Golf, Please

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I want to tell you how much I enjoyed your golf story, The Twelfth Green, in the last issue and also Francis Ouimet's articles.

Do you realize how golfers just eat that stuff up? Why not have more of it?—*Frederick R. Hopkins, Chicago.*

Bad as All That?

EDITOR, LIBERTY: Of course M. S. Manning's low opinion of us comes from his British envy of our tremendous growth along many lines, but shouldn't we seriously ponder the charge by many foreigners that we are about the most corrupt nation in the world, what with our corrupt politics, government officials, courts, society, religions, schools, sports, movies, etc., etc.?

The man or woman who is not wilfully corrupt is an exception, and we all know it.—*John See, Springfield, Mo.*

Dwight Stranahan is one of our bright Ohio boys, making money in spare time and getting free prizes.

More Boys Wanted

to earn money in spare time and get prizes

free!

Boys, you can't beat this wonderful chance to make money and get free prizes. There are thousands of chaps all over the United States and Canada selling Liberty Magazines in their spare time. All of them now have a steady income every week, and many have received free prizes besides, such as bicycles, radios, football equipment and other sporting goods, musical instruments, etc. Why don't you join the great Liberty Boy Organization? It's easy, clean work, right in your own neighborhood. No money, no experience needed. Work as you please, after school, full time or part time. No interference with school or play. Let us send you our booklet, "Liberty Boy Salesman," and our catalog of Free Prizes. See what other boys are doing—let us show you how to make money, too, the very first week.

----------Mail Today----------

LIBERTY MAGAZINE
Boy Sales Division,
247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how to join your organization of boy salesmen and make money.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

More Prize-Winners in Liberty's $25,000 Patriotic Game of States

Young Pittsburgh Architect Captures $1,000 Second Award

ALFRED D. REID, 504 Neville Street, Pittsburgh, Pa., has been awarded the second prize of $1,000 in LIBERTY'S Patriotic Game of States. He is a rising young architect, the son of Judge Ambrose B, Reid, of the Common Pleas Court of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania. He served as a second lieutenant of field artillery during the war, was graduated from Georgetown University in 1921, from Carnegie Tech in 1924, and spent a year at the University of Pennsylvania.

Last year he toured Europe, third class, "as any poor fellow ought," to study the architecture of the older countries. This is his second attempt to land a LIBERTY prize. He entered the Patriotic Game of Presidents and finished two hundred and fiftieth. He refused to be beaten, and tried again, finishing second.

ALFRED D. REID
Pittsburgh
Second-prize winner

Ten Teachers Win $250 Each; THEIR PRIZE PUPILS $25 EACH

Miss Mary Pratt, Shortridge High School, Indianapolis, Ind.
Pupil—Jeannette LeSaulnier.

Sister Agnetta, 6039 Coliseum St., New Orleans, La.
Pupil—Helen Lear

Clarice Densford, Dewey School, Flint, Mich.
Pupil—James Williamson.

Morris Rissler, Gallatin High School, Gallatin, Mo.
Pupil—Ivan Caraway.

Miss Jennie Rush, Central School, Lexington, Mo.
Pupil—Joe C. Graddy, Jr.

Sister Mary Peter, St. Joseph's Academy, Albany, N. Y.
Pupil—Corinne Keefe.

Miss Laura Hodge, McClosky Cottage, Liberty, N. Y.
Pupil—Jane E. O'Brien.

Dora Brennstuhl, Central School, Newark, Ohio
Pupil—Harper J. Ferguson.

Mrs. E. B. Spence, Humes High School, Memphis, Tenn.
Pupil—Dorothy Sturm.

Miss Ethel Childress, St. Catherine's School, Richmond, Va.
Pupil—Caroline H. Allen.

$10 Prize-Winners

NEW YORK

City of New York

Manhattan—Ralph S. Burkhart, Mrs. Annie Beveridge MacPhedran, J. Nathan Cahan, Noreen D. Rains, Charles Franklin Huff, William V. Arold, Irene A. Perry, Dorothy H. Stevens, Charlotte M. Scheel, Mrs. Isabella W. Robertson, Mrs. Gwen Warren, Mrs. Marie Gerheim, Elmer P. Ross, Mabel Phillips, Charles Thornton, Agnes M. Guilmette, Grace Mildred Smith, Carl Cohan, Carl K. Elias, Helen E. Doran, Edward Goedeck, Mrs. Helen Shenitz, Clifford W. Wojan, Carl Parish Hofmann, Sam Samuels, Mrs. Bertha Gladstone, Mrs. Blanche K. Thomas, Elizabeth Von Beidel, Bernard M. Gery, John H. Cameron, Louis Pronay, Daniel J. O'Sullivan, Alfred Beck, Jr., Florence C. Welsh, George B. Lockhart, Mrs. Sarah C. Pendleton, Mrs. Sallie Todman, Norbert J. Scheuring, Nonie Flanigan, Rodney Hickok, Christine A. Castro, Eugene Bealas, D. Y. Namkoong, Ralph L. Coryell, Wm. M. Kushner, Thomas W. Wylie, Madaleine Meneval, Ellen G. Youngblood, Maud Magner, Agnes V. Bourke, Kathleen Weldon, S. Kay, Geo. B. Cornell, Margaret D. Coffman, R. W. Reynolds, Willis A. Williams, Olive M. Morgan, William D. Crawford, James P. Moonan, Andre Jandot, Mrs. F. Obermayer, F. Sabatino.

Bronx—Jeanette Palmer, Chas. Dunlevy, J. R. Nevin, Elsa M. Oetjen, Thos. Meadowcroft, Mrs. L. Fraiman, Susie M. White, Jack Solomon, Joseph Fox, Erminie Martin, Edward D. Lynch, Mrs. W. H. Shape, Harold J. Brown.

Queens—Rose E. Babor, Elmhurst; Ruth M. Weisse, Flushing; J. Pelka, Hicksville; Mrs. Caroline Lindgrove, Rockaway Point; Odelinda Agnes Oyarbide, Long Island City; Josephine S. Hoelder, Richmond Hill; John J. Costello, Long Island City; Henry B. Wilson, Fort Slocum; Estelle E. Bennett, Jamaica; Helen Schlotterbeck, Jamaica; Mrs. Agatha Vogler, Bellport; Francis P. Wilbur, Jamaica; Margaret Louise Muir, Astoria; Mrs. Margaret Cammeyer, Maspeth; B. C. Gade, Long Island City; Mary Lennartz, Throggs Neck; Florence A. Wilson, Elmhurst; Mrs. Gertrude A. Noble, Jamaica; D. G. Hathaway, Elmhurst; Mary Leahy Hansen, Flushing; James J. Dauenhauer, Manhasset; Mrs. Marion C. Terry, Ozone Park; Alice M. Rassman, Carle Place; Harry Wolfe, Long Island City; Mary A. Sullivan, Bellaire; Rudolph Simacek, Astoria; Henry J. Lee, Merrick.

Brooklyn—David Einhorn, Amelia E. Reese, Warren M. Wright, Alice E. Brophy, Harry Schwartz, Miriam Lilla Wilkinson, Mildred A. Thomas, Leo V. Joyce, William J. Jones, David Littell, Charles Schwartz, Mrs. Anna C. Calvert, Mrs. Edith Valentine, John Malcolm Young, Jr., Edwin A. Leibman, Nora Howarth Johnson, Margaret R. Martone, William Walter Myers, Davis Duffy, Vivian Lida Fritz, Marshall E. Schaeffer, Thos. A. Kenny, Elizabeth C. Mac Naughton, Irene Kennedy, Charles A. Thompson, Mrs. Blanche Cannon, A. E. Lihme, Amelia Grau, Bertram Ellis, James C. Henderson, Mildred Greene, Addie Hansen, William Bayer, Clarence Dalton, Frank Grisslinger, Beth Y. Oppenheim, Bernard Callegari, Frank Novotny, Cornelia Palm, Ben Trupin, Adelaide Cook, F. Bernstein, Rudolph Loudil, Mrs. Dorothy Kowitt, G. A. Jackson, John P. Carroll.

Richmond—Charles R. Harson, Fort Wadsworth; Mary F. Burke, West Brighton.

Rest of State

Frances Kaufman, Albany; Mary G. Foster, Albany.

William F. Pinkel, Mrs. Bertha Kerr, J. Blankheit, Jr., Arthur F. Wilhelm, Andrew L. Galles, F. H. Dervoe, Mrs. J. J. Rogers, Henrietta Merkle, Hildegarde Hoffman, Kathleen F. Sherlock, Agnes H. McLean, Laurance L. Hurd, Alfred W. Van Vleck, J. J. Rogers—All of Buffalo.

Gladys Chapman, J. Edw. Stroyer, Minard L. Jones, Edward W. Holmes, Mrs. Henry Robins, Bertha I. Kern—All of Rochester.

Peter J. M. Clute, Schenectady; Mrs. Ella S. Swanfeldt, Schenectady; W. J. Marlette, Schenectady; George E. Bennett, Syracuse; F. N. Brown, Syracuse; John W. Rice, Jr.; Syracuse; Henry E. Muchmore, Syracuse; Fred A. Pickett, Troy; Mary G. Cichy, Troy; Benj. J. Armstrong, Utica; Louise H. Williams, Ithaca; Edgar W. Hall, Catskill; Mrs. Daniel White, Perry; A. G. Rogers, Tonawanda; George Warren Heath, Amsterdam; Betty Morrison, Yonkers; William A. Finch, Schenevus; Agnes P. Lansing, Watertown; M. C. Lockwood, Briarcliff Manor; R. Townsend, New Rochelle; Maxsie M. Greene, Norwich; Susan E. Greiner, Herkimer; Madeleine Herzog, Rye; Charlotte D. Jackson, Hornell; John G. Wirth, Penn Yan; Sam H. Higgason, Watervliet; Elliott H. Wendell, Mt. Vernon; Wiliam T. Fernald, Mount Vernon; Joseph Devito, Saranac Lake; Elizabeth A. Cronauer, Wellsville; Elmer M. Hill, Kenmore; Truman Philipp Forbes, Yonkers; Louis Des Ruisseau, Troy; Rev. Joseph W. Hakes, Woodhaven; Martin W. Bozak, Fort Hamilton; Ella R. Shoane, Fort Montgomery; Mrs. Edna Robinson, Johnstown; Edythe Sheridan, Larchmont.

OREGON

Edna G. Lane, Rose D. Welch, D. H. Cheney, G. S. Wilson, Faye Beaver, Beulah H. White, Mae Bearns, Sarah E. Reese—All of Portland.

Dorothy E. Dutch, North Bend; Chas. B. Foley, Burns; Frances W. Hayden, Eugene; Mrs. Lavina Whittaker, Pendleton.

MINNESOTA

Marie C. Dahl, Mrs. C. M. Larson, Catherine Reilly, Edward J. Ovshak, Fay E. Simpson, John Brytowski, Richard E. Thomas, John R. Ekholm, Anna M. Streech, John Chovan, Olive Boe, Vernon R. Norman, Mrs. J. H. Fortier, Emma Durheim, Mildred Morse Rockwell, H. D. Gilbert, Mrs. W. M. Hollom, Harvard S. Rockwell, William H. Miller, Audrey M. Stone—All of Minneapolis.

Maude MacCarthy, Harold J. Cummings, Jane Sharpe, Dorothy Palmer, Helen Abell, C. R. Barnes, Lucy B. Knapp, Mrs. Barbara E. Fandrey, Mrs. Betty Schroers, D. De Long, Marguerite E. Austin, P. F. Smith—All of St. Paul.

Gertrude Glennon, Stillwater; Cora Olson, Rochester; A. C. Engstrom, Two Harbors; Mrs. Wm. Isermann, Stillwater; Mary L. Libert, St. Cloud; Mrs. John Thielvoldt, Jordan; Eleanor Thienell, Winona; William Johnson, Duluth; Eleanor Kmiecik, Duluth; G. C. Anderson, Mankato; Barbara Mary Townsend, Fort Snelling; Vena B. Lewer, Waldorf.

FLORIDA

Mary Hornaday, Lake Worth; T. C. Kirkman, St. Augustine; Eva De Etta Vorce, West Palm Beach; Ruth O. Byers, Miami; H. W. Blakeney, West Palm Beach; Frank E. Harrison, Jr., Tallahassee; E. M. Ronchey, Miami; Mrs. Evelyn W. Cavanaugh, Jacksonville; Irby J. Koon, Tampa; Mrs. Earl O. Lazenby, Little River; A. W. Bender, Miami; Edward Paul Mac Oonough, Jacksonville.

DELAWARE

Preston W. Rutter, Wilmington.

LOUISIANA

Felice F. Marks, Florence Dark, M. Bentley, Henrietta Kopp, Lolita S. Rivet, Leah Crowley—All of New Orleans.

Ema Etheredge, Shreveport; A. G. Cook, Baton Rouge; Minnie Tomlinson, Shreveport; P. C. Lang, Alexandria; Mrs. Joseph A. Redding, Shreveport.

NORTH CAROLINA

Mrs. A. B. Barker, Raleigh; Albert R. Corinth, Rocky Mount; Van Wyck Kimball, Raleigh; Gladys Merrill, Asheville; Edith M. Jerman, Raleigh.

OKLAHOMA

S. N. Vilm, Enid; William A. Hubbard, Oklahoma City; Margaret Williams, Hartshorne; Glen W. McKemie, Oklahoma City; W. H. Barrett, Tulsa; Bertha O. Wilson, Tulsa; Frances G. Risser, Ardmore; Laurence V. Longhway, Muskogee; Marie McWhorter, Tulsa; R. C. Chatham, Enid.

CONNECTICUT

Jack Brassil, New Haven; Noah A. Weiner, New Haven; Theodore H. Willis, Noroton; Esther M. Lundberg, Winsted; Illiam H. Laslett, Whitneyville; William J. Sternberg, Meriden; Margaret McAuliffe, Hartford; Ruth M. Jordan, Hartford; Minnie G. Clarke, East Hartford; Edna M. Nelson, Hartford; Georgiana M. Melvin, Stratford; George L. Platt, Waterville; Mrs. R. P. Knapp, South Manchester; Frances Stanley, Willimantic; Dorothy W. Reid, Fairfield; Grace Driscoll, West Hartford; Ernest M. Parrish, Bridgeport; Francis A. Ryan, Bridgeport.

MARYLAND

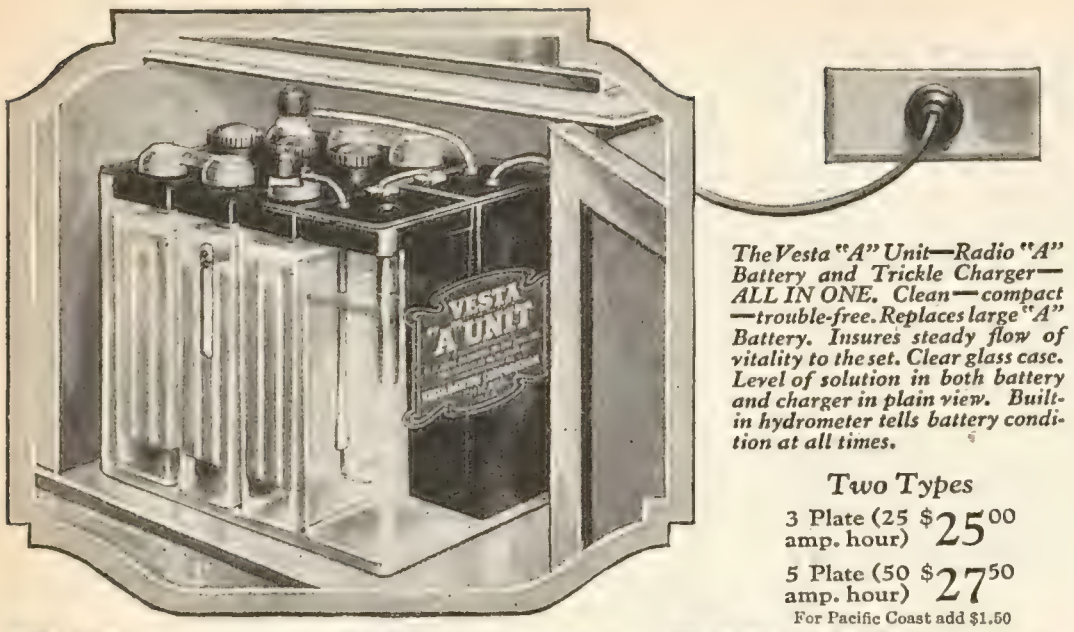
L. D. McNeil, Lorena Kreisel, Walter M. Weilepp, A. H. Mandelberg, Carl Hamilton, Howard P. Knighton, V. L. Kearney, Ruth L. Malambre, William F. Groell, John F. Schunck, Charles O. Palmer, C. R. Hanson, George J. B. Pugh, Bessie R. Medinger, Mrs. Anna Eline Johnson—All of Baltimore.

James H. Bowers, Hagerstown.

WASHINGTON

Everett M. Taylor, Seattle; Mrs. L. Z. Hollensby, Chehalis; Mrs. Elva M. Murray, Seattle; Capt. James D. Brown, Fort Casey; Charles Alexander, Kelso; Eve H. Mires, Ellensburg; Mrs. H. Milton Taylor, Seattle; Hilda M. Brown, Coupeville; Ralph B. Ortel, Spokane; Mrs. Ella A. Hutchison, Pullman; Venus Johnson, Seattle; M. S. Alexander, Seattle; W. B. Hargrave, Colfax.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



The Vesta "A" Unit—Radio "A" Battery and Trickle Charger—ALL IN ONE. Clean—compact—trouble-free. Replaces large "A" Battery. Insures steady flow of vitality to the set. Clear glass case. Level of solution in both battery and charger in plain view. Built-in hydrometer tells battery condition at all times.

Two Types

3 Plate (25 amp. hour) $25.00

5 Plate (50 amp. hour) $27.50

For Pacific Coast add $1.50

VESTA RADIO "A" UNIT

Now you can always tell the condition of your radio power at a glance. No more dripping hydrometers. No more disconnecting your battery and lifting it out into the light to find the liquid level. No more neglectful damage to your battery because of the inconvenience of testing it.

All the attention the Vesta "A" Unit ever needs is a little water or solution added occasionally. No muss. No fuss. Prolongs Battery life and insures full charge radio power at all times.

The same quality, built into Vesta Isolator Automobile battery and other Vesta Products for 29 years, is built into Vesta Radio Products. The name "Vesta" is your assurance of complete satisfaction.

Ask your radio dealer to show you Vesta "A" Unit and other Vesta products. Mail the coupon for Vesta Radio Products folders.

VESTA BATTERY CORPORATION
2100 Indiana Avenue Chicago, U. S. A.

VESTA

AUTO-RADIO PRODUCTS

Vesta for Vitality

Radio Products

Radio "A" Unit
Trickle Charger
Radio Tubes
Radio "A" Battery
Radio "B" Battery

Auto Products

The famous Isolator Battery—for highest quality.
The VACO—standard construction—for low price.

Vesta Battery Corporation
2100 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your folders on Vesta Radio Products, particularly the one about

---

Name ----------

Address ----------

City ----------

Lib. 9-4

Double Pleasure!

Double Measure!

100% Perfect Blades to the Package

WE don't do things by halves! We're not satisfied just to make Gem Double Life Blades double-keen! We make them double-thick to hold their keenness! We double-reinforce them so they're double-rigid! Then we double-seal and double-protect them so they're double-perfect when you get them! They're backed by a double-satisfaction guarantee. Buy a double supply today. Sold everywhere.

P.S.—You'll get double-satisfaction with a Gem de Luxe Razor. It's the finest razor money can buy. If your old Gem isn't right up to perfection, our service department will be glad to replace it! Send it to the

GEM SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
Brooklyn, N. Y.

GEM *Double Life* **BLADES**

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

OHIO

Paul M. A. Brodbeck, Sidney Halpern, Lucille L. Cragg, Rhoda T. Witham, E. M. Duhme, Grace D. Williams, Peter A. Gebhard, John C. Neupert, Mrs. F. C. Schlueter, Mrs. H. W. Little, Rolo S. Crandall, Daniel H. Gusweiler, John J. Tobin, Pauline Faulkner—All of Cincinnati.

Herbert Willit, Ann Lutschka, George T. Roberts, John Alfred Fry, Newel J. McConoughey, Thomas J. Malloy, Mrs. H. E. Thorpe, Elizabeth E. Campbell, P. R. Cartey, Harry J. Fein, T. W. Johnson, Fred Rennette, D. C. Carter, S. J. Horton, Myra J. Griffith, Leah M. Galehouse, Maude Powell, Jack Sydney Walters, Roland J. Wolcott, Edith J. Warwick, Herbert L. Leibling, Helen Patterson, Jacqueline Borget, Bess Barr, Rose A. Conners—All of Cleveland.

Ralph E. Voll, Mary A. Hitchcock, Helen Dundon Bergin, Frances B. Seeds, Eva Lietz, Mary A. Fallon, Mrs. R. A. Stanton, Norma E. Turner—All of Columbus.

Mrs. Paul E. Greene, James J. Dillon, Gerald Haschke, Margaret Keil, Mrs. Edith Warner, Delcenia Wells—All of Dayton.

Mrs. W. S. Stackhouse, Springfield; John W. Potter, Springfield; Helen K. Smith, Toledo; Mrs. George F. Friauf, Toledo; Martha Lois Parker, Youngstown; R. L. Drury, Youngstown; C. O. Hostettler, Kent; Lucille Crouse, Mansfield; Eleanor M. Wertz, Middletown; John Edward Pierce, Martins Ferry; Fern Runkle, New London; L. E. Routson, Lima; Mrs. C. M. Warner, Middletown; Robert W. Funk, Reynoldsburg; Myrtle Comstock, Sidney; William F. Driscoll, Conneaut; O. H. Maffet, Ashland; Wm. L. Gottlieb, Lakewood; Helen V. Ross, Westerville; Myrtle Fisher, Steubenville; Marie Ellen Laut, New Bremen; John W. Baxter, Sandusky; C. J. Easton, Hartwell; Edna J. Mullin, Lockand; Everett L. Oakes, Lakewood; Mattie Hossler, Chardon; Mrs. J. W. Strother, Sandusky; W. H. Schwab, Findlay; L. Milton Ronsheim, Cadiz; Florence Connor, Norwood; Mrs. W. A. Grayless, Lima; Buel Brookbank, Green Co.; John F. Stark, Lakewood; Chester Nicolay, Norwood.

IOWA

Mary Eno, Jenny Wren, F. M. Webster, Florence M. Gilbert, Betty F. Geer—All of Des Moines.

Rebecca Kliffer, Cedar Rapids; Mrs. Harley Sawyer, Cedar Rapids; William A. Matyk, Cedar Rapids; Mayme Sporman, Cedar Rapids; Edith Heers, Story City; Sam W. Gaynor, Sioux City; G. A. Brattebo, Story City; Carmen Moore, Sioux City; Mardis Thompson, Sioux City; Jane T. Irish, Iowa City; Remo I. Robb, Wyman; Roma Wyckoff Stevenson, Centerville; Helene G. Schindler, Iowa City; E. E. Cole, Iowa City; Emory Wilson, Bettendorf; Peter Wallin, Cleghorn; Robert L. Thompson, Muscatine; G. B. Chapman, Ottumwa; Beaulah M. Bowles, Keokuk; Vera Sykes, Mason City; Merle H. Clemmensen, Ames; G. Mesley, Lamoni; Janet Huhn, Creston; Betty Barker, Ames; Mrs. Herbert L. Pesch, Guttenberg; Marie B. Ryan, Mt. Pleasant; Dick C. Van Zante, Pella.

CALIFORNIA

Bessie L. Apple, W. A. Banta, John W. Brooks, L. Caloia, O. Crimman, Edward H. Estill, Grace E. Hawtin, Jack Homowitz, Mrs. L. Howe, Mrs. Cora Jensen, Harry Johnson, Charles S. Matson, R. A. Mitchell, Lee Arthur Myers, Mildred L. Rankin, Harold E. Roy, Artemio Sitzar, Jessie C. Skewes—All of Los Angeles.

Laurence S. Adams, Jr., Emma M. Bontz, Grant M. Harris, Alice E. Jehl, E. C. Johnston, Mrs. E. C. Kellogg, Elise Long, Elizabeth Nowell, Dora Palmer, Lillian A. Plath—All of San Francisco.

Lillie P. Anthony, Belle Archibald, Harriet M. Eccleston, Herbert H. Piper, E. B. Richards, Mrs. Harold F. Wilson—All of Oakland.

P. M. Mongan, San Diego; Mrs. Leta M. Simpson, San Diego; Ben Quinn, San Diego; Wm. E. Baird, Berkeley; Mary A. Navarro, Berkeley; Elin Anderson, Ocean Park; Glenn Foglesong, Sacramento; Mrs. Virginia C. Gable, Lindsay; Thos. F. Gavigan, Alameda; George T. Hanley, Sacramento; H. Kenealey, Petaluma; Traver C. Norton, Pacific Grove; Louis A. Trempe, Oroville; Mable A. Vance, North Sacramento; Mrs. Robin R. Walker, Santa Ana; Margarette Coates, Huntington Park.

ALASKA

Madge Arrowsmith, Nome.

FRANCE

Elspeth MacKay, Paris.

IRELAND

Aileen Mary O'Keeffe, Rostellan.

HOLLAND

Th. Schoonen, Roosendaal.

DENMARK

Mrs. Martin Andrea, Frederiksberg.

The names of the third, fourth, and fifth special prize-winners and another group of $10 winners will be published in next week's issue of LIBERTY.

After Sun, Wind and Dust—*Murine*

When EYES become blood-shot from the irritating effects of wind and dust, use *Murine*. It quickly relieves this unattractive condition, as well as eye-strain caused by the glare of the sun. *Murine* is particularly soothing and refreshing after motoring or outdoor sports.

If used night and morning, *Murine* will soon promote a clear, bright, healthy condition of the EYES. Contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

Our illustrated books on "Eye Care" or "Eye Beauty" are FREE on request

The Murine Company
Dept. 86, Chicago

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Adventure!

BE A NEWSPAPER WRITER

Learn at Home Through Practical Copy Desk Method. Our Experts Test Your Writing Ability Free.

NEWSPAPER WRITING! Here's the ideal field for every ambitious man and woman who is looking forward to the enjoyment of a comfortable, permanent and ever-increasing income in a profession that holds and grips with an incomparable fascination.

Big Demand for Properly Trained Writers

And now, at last, you can quickly and easily learn—in your own home—newspaper writing in the New York manner that will qualify you for a staff position. Your study is under the supervision of our experts. Experienced, successful writers earn from $3,000 to $15,000 a year and more. Many earn while learning.

Free Test!

Send for our Free Writing-Ability Test. Our experts report on your ability free of charge. Send coupon below today for your Free Test.

Write For Profit In Your Spare Time

Newspaper writing is the basis of all good writing. With the training our course will give you, you can write stories and articles for magazines. You can realize on your Spare Time, adding to your regular income. Be a correspondent for newspapers near you; turn your story ideas into saleable manuscripts. We show you the market.

Send for Free Test today. Use coupon below.

Newspaper Institute of America, Dept. 84
25 West 45th St., New York

Please send me your Free Writing-Ability Test and further information on Newspaper Writing and General Writing for Profit.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss ----------

Address ----------

The Big Fellow

The Story of James J. Jeffries, the Fighting Giant

Sharkey, Corbett, and Ruhlin Put on the Gloves with the Boilermaker

By ROBERT EDGREN

Pictures by ROBERT EDGREN

JEFFRIES in his prime, as he looked in 1900.

WHEN Jim Jeffries was champion, the purses were small fractions of what they are today, when second-raters get more money than he, Fitz, and Corbett received for beating each other almost to death. Nevertheless, the heavyweight crown was a prize to shoot at.

Jeff feared no man, black or white, and gave everyone a chance. Heredity and training made him not only strong and courageous, but imbued him with an honesty unique in the fighting game.

PART SIX

WHEN he arrived in America from Europe the first thing Jeffries did was to sign a contract for a world's championship fight with Tom Sharkey. He'd promised Tom a return match and was giving it to him now, November 3, 1899, less than five months after winning the world's championship.

This is worth a mention. It isn't done any more. A championship isn't a ring honor—it's a financial asset to be held as long and risked as seldom as possible.

Sharkey was dangerous. Jeffries still says that the doughty sailor gave him more trouble than any other fighter he ever met. He never knocked Sharkey out.

This second Sharkey fight was at the Coney Island Athletic Club. Jeffries trained at his old quarters and Sharkey at New Dorp, Staten Island.

Jeffries had Tommy Ryan as chief trainer again, but he was just working to get into condition. Jeff was still feeling the effect of too much entertainment and easy living in England and France—and too much French wine. It took a lot of road-work to trim Jim's legs down to suit him. He knew the sailor was fast on his feet.

The night of the fight, Sharkey slipped over a little trick on Jeffries. He went into the ring first and took the "lucky" southwest corner that Jeffries had when he fought Fitzsimmons. Jim sat down across the way, stolid and unconcerned. He wasn't superstitious.

The moving-picture people had just discovered that pictures could be taken by artificial light. The photographing lights used today hadn't been invented. Instead, over the ring was a blazing square of hundreds of arc lights. When the fight began they were turned on, and immediately the ring and the area around it became an oven. Beside an intense glare, the lights threw down a withering heat. Long before the fight was over spectators were collapsing all around the ring.

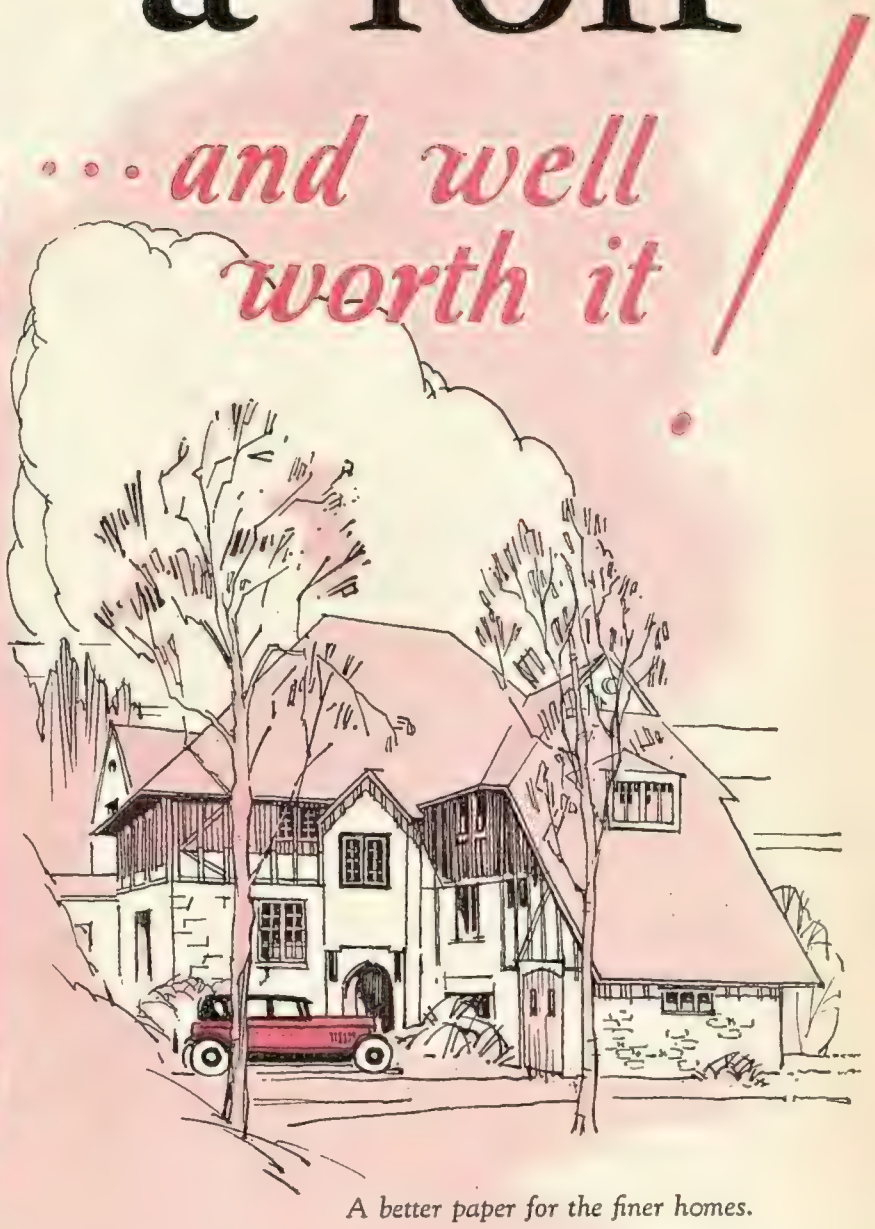
The fight started with a wild rush by Sharkey, who swung both hands in a furious effort to knock Jeffries out in the first round. Jeffries, crouching, was deliberate and cautious.

At the beginning of the first round the crowd began roaring in excitement, and that sound never died down, round after round, as the furious sailor hurled himself on the giant and was beaten back. In the second round Jeffries hit Tom a terrific right-hand blow on the ribs, knocking him halfway across the ring to fall sprawling in a corner. Sharkey took an eight-second count, leaped from the floor in another wild rush, missed Jeffries, fell to his knees, jumped up

[CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE FOLLOWING]

50 cents a roll—

. . . and well worth it



A better paper for the finer homes.

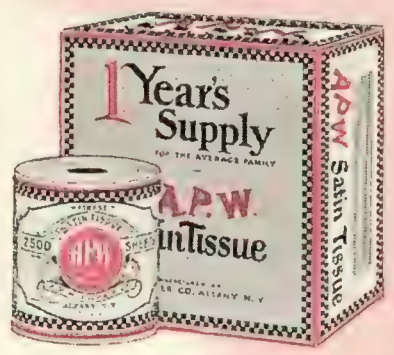
FOR this fine 50¢ roll of toilet paper to have won its present great volume of sales, is a compliment to the discrimination of American women.

They have learned that compact, easy lathering soaps are not only more satisfactory but actually cost less than cheap, soft varieties. They have learned the economy of buying higher priced but longer wearing textiles.

And so they have discovered that this tightly wound roll, containing 2500 large sheets measuring 5 x 5¾ inches not only provides a more satisfactory paper but is actually cheaper by the square inch or by the year than the ordinary 15¢ or 20¢ loosely-wound rolls containing only 1000 sheets, averaging 4½ x 5 inches in size.

The A. P. W. Satin Tissue roll actually contains between three and four times as many square inches of paper as these cheaper rolls. Three months' supply for the average family is tightly wound into each roll. A four roll carton will last about a year.

And in addition to its economy, the paper itself is so clean—so fine, velvety and even in texture—so perfectly perforated—that once you have used it, you would continue to buy it even though it cost twice as much as the ordinary kinds. Yet it doesn't. It costs no more either by the square inch or by the year than the cheap, doubtful kinds.



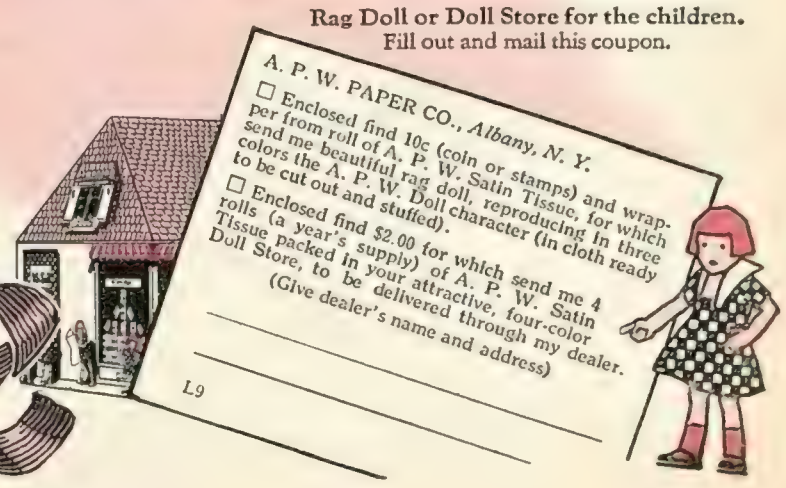
Buy it by the carton

A four roll carton—10,000 sheets for $2.00 from your dealer—a year's supply for the average family.

A. P. W. Satin Tissue is also supplied in smaller 25¢ rolls to fit recess fixtures—in flat packages—and in the famous ONLIWON style.

A-P-W- Satin Tissue

Rag Doll or Doll Store for the children.
Fill out and mail this coupon.



A. P. W. PAPER CO., *Albany, N. Y.*

☐ Enclosed find 10c (coin or stamps) and wrapper from roll of A. P. W. Satin Tissue, for which send me beautiful rag doll, reproducing in three colors the A. P. W. Doll character (in cloth ready to be cut out and stuffed).

☐ Enclosed find $2.00 for which send me 4 rolls (a year's supply) of A. P. W. Satin Tissue packed in your attractive, four-color Doll Store, to be delivered through my dealer.

(Give dealer's name and address)

L9

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

instantly, and swung a blow into Jeff's body that knocked the breath out of him for a moment.

As the fight went along, Sharkey's courage and endurance astonished Jeffries. He never stepped back and never stopped leaping in to attack. He fought with such fury that often he didn't hear the bell, and kept on fighting until Referee George Siler rushed in to stop him.

Sharkey bent Jeffries double with a smash in the body, and jumped in to hit as fast as he could, fists flailing about Jeff's ears in a vain attempt to hammer him to the floor before he could straighten up again. The champion was driven to a cautious defense, crouched with heavy left arm extended to hold off the leaping Sailor.

Jim had given up all idea of knocking "me b'y Tom" out in a hurry. He was tiring. The fierce heat from the overhead lights made him dizzy. The sweat poured down into his eyes and half blinded him. Still Sharkey showed no sign of distress.

In the eighth round Jeffries hit Sharkey and opened a cut over his right eye. Sharkey winked at Jeffries with that eye, through the streaming blood, and rushed back into a body blow that nearly threw him through the ropes.

This was a twenty-five-round fight. In the latter half Jeffries settled down to meeting Sharkey's wild attack by letting him come in and driving a piston-like right fist against his ribs, over the heart. Time and again, as this blow landed, Sharkey's mouth flew open, but he never stopped.

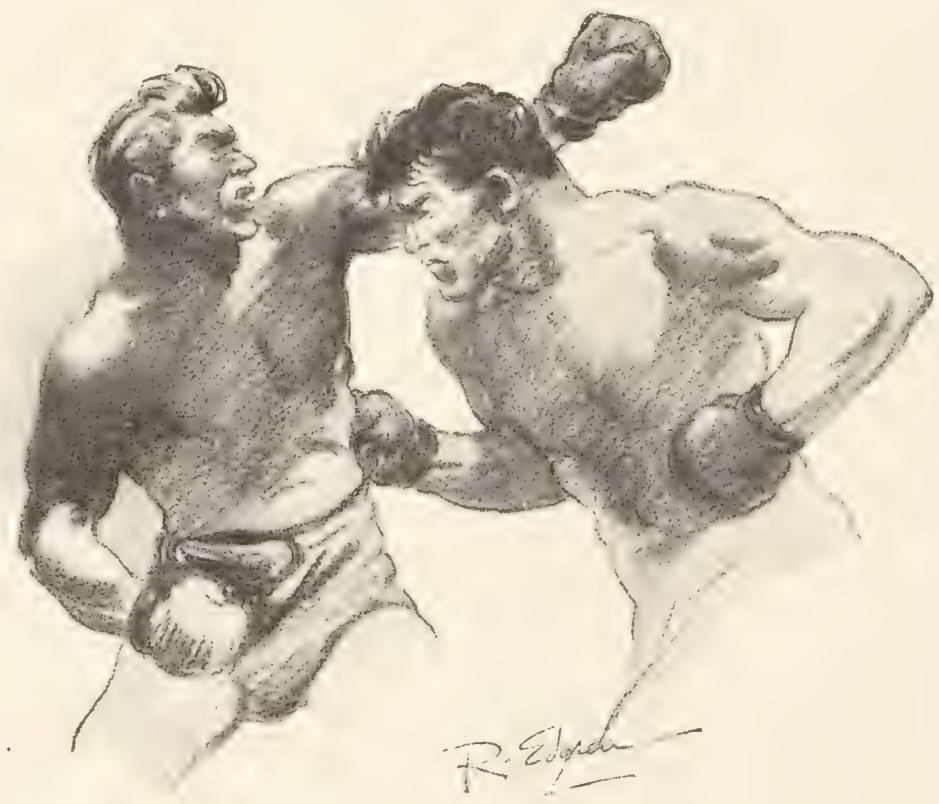
WHEN Jeffries stopped sweating, even under the terrific heat and the exertion, his seconds began to give him sips of ice-cold champagne between rounds. Brady was frantic over the possibility of Jeff's losing the decision if there was no knockout, for the fight was close and Siler played no favorites.

Jeffries redoubled the force of his hard-driven right. He staggered Sharkey with blows on the head, grinning when Sharkey's hardest swings caught him flush on the chin. In the twenty-fourth round he sent Tom tottering with a crashing right-hander on the chin, and for the first time Sharkey began to clinch and stall.

In the last round Sharkey and Jeffries shook hands, stepped back, and Sharkey leaped in as eagerly as ever to attack. Jeffries struck him a terrific blow over the heart. Sharkey gasped, mouth wide open, and Jeffries hit him hard on the chin. Dazed, the Sailor clung a moment, and backed away. Jeffries plunged forward, hitting furiously to finish him.

Knocked against the ropes, Sharkey reeled back and caught at Jim's left arm. Jeff knocked him down with the free right hand, and in the fall Sharkey dragged Jim's left glove off. Tom jumped up instantly. Siler ran in and picked up the glove, but couldn't untie the laces. Jeff stood waiting. Sharkey ran around Siler and struck at Jeff, yelling, "Fight, fight, fight!"

Jeffries tried to push Tom away, and, getting a resounding whack on the chin, jabbed at Tom with his "meat hand" to hold him off. By this time Siler had cut the knotted laces. He pulled the glove on Jeffries' fist, and the fight went on. But in a moment the last bell rang.



Jeffries broke three of Sharkey's ribs.

Siler gave Jeffries the decision. Sharkey, looking as if he'd been bludgeoned by misfortune, went heavily to his corner.

While Jeffries appeared on the streets next day with a few bruises and small cuts, physically sound as ever, Sharkey was completely ruined as a fighter. The terrible body battering broke him down so that he never recovered his marvelous ability to assimilate punishment. He was knocked out by Fitzsimmons and Ruhlin, and never "came back" to fight Jeffries again.

After the fight, Tom kept out of sight for several days. When next I saw him he was a picture of gloom.

"I licked Jeffries," he said. "I was robbed. Siler should have given me the decision. I can lick Jeffries every day in the week. I'd like nothing better than a contract to fight him once a week for a year. If there isn't another man in the wide world I can lick, I can lick him." Here Sharkey began to grin as his Irish sense of humor rose.

"But not this week," he said. "I have three busted ribs."

I met Sharkey last winter, and he talked about having visited Jeffries on his ranch a few weeks before and of Jeffries' friendship and hospitality.

"You know, I always thought I licked Jim at Coney Island," said Tom. "Now that I'm older and cooled off a little and have more sense, I'm not so sure of it. But I did give him the divil of a fight."

Meanwhile, in New York, Jim Corbett went into hard training, quite secretly, the day after he saw Jeffries knock out Fitzsimmons. What Corbett saw in that fight was a former sparring partner winning the championship of the world. It seemed a simple proposition to get the world's championship back again.

The fight was at Coney Island, on May 11, 1900. Corbett trained for nearly a year. The last ten weeks he had taken Gus Ruhlin into his camp to have a big man like Jeffries to work against, and he and Ruhlin had gone through a real fighting workout every day. Long and strict training had put Corbett into magnificent condition.

Jeffries trained at Lakeside, and again he had Tommy Ryan and brother Jack, with Ed Dunkhorst, known as the Human Freight Car. Dunkhorst, weighing 300 and slow, never had been knocked down. A few days before Jeffries was to fight Corbett, the Freight Car collided with Bob Fitzsimmons in Brooklyn, Fitz being busy piling up a new knockout record to back his claim for a return match with Jeffries. The night of the Fitz-Dunkhorst fight, Jeffries and his trainers went out for a walk. As they were crossing a bridge an explosion somewhere along the shore shook the timbers under them.

"There goes Dunkhorst," said Jeffries jokingly. "Fitz has dropped him."

JUST about that moment Fitzsimmons did knock big Ed out in the second round. As he came to, Bob went over to him and said:

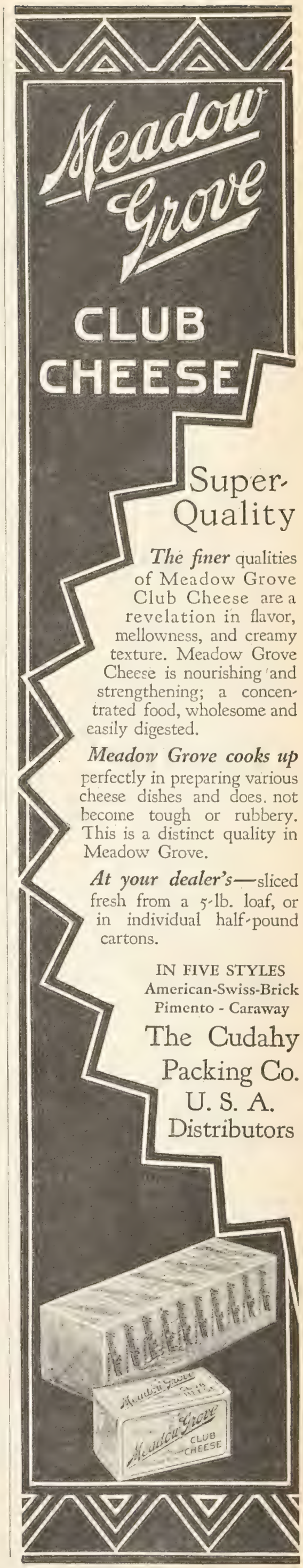
"Old top, go and tell Jeffries about that punch. Tell 'im I 'ave another just like it, only 'arder, saved up for 'im."

At last the fight day came. Corbett and Jeffries climbed into the ring. There was a large crowd for those days—some 8,000 people. Imagine such a fight today, comparing it with the Dempsey-Carpentier match that drew 92,000!

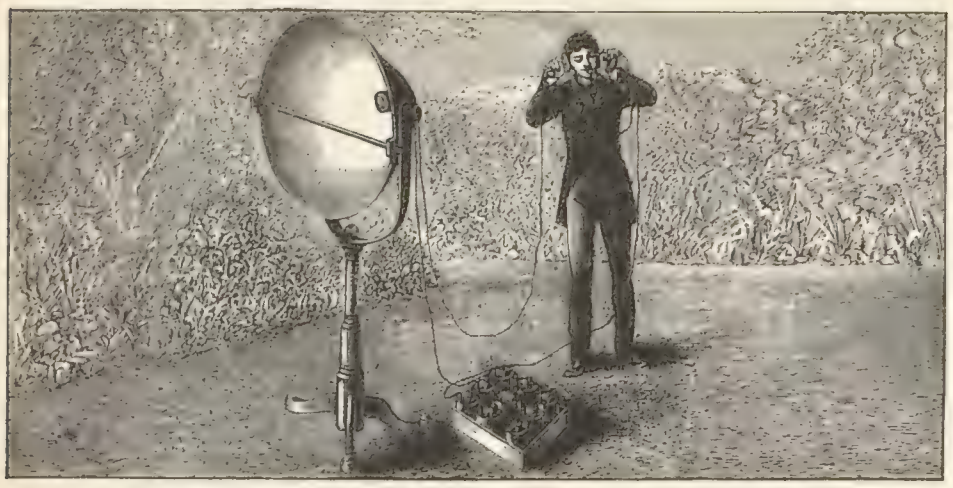
Corbett, fast as light, cunning and crafty and clever, danced through round after round, smiling at Jeff to avoid arousing the giant's fighting temper, jabbing and jumping away, keeping safely out of danger and piling up points.

Round after round Jeffries lunged at Corbett, and Corbett laughed and dodged and ducked and ran, hesitating only long enough to jab now and then. All

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Telephoning over a ray of light



Building on the Telephone Principle

Fifty years ago Alexander Graham Bell discovered the principle of the telephone. His first telephone employed wire as the connecting path over which words passed. Four years later he used a beam of light instead of wire to carry speech between telephone instruments.

Today, both wire and wireless telephony are employed on every hand in the service of the nation. Wire telephony, with its thousands of central offices, its complex switchboards and millions of miles of wire, envelops the country, carrying for the American people 70,000,000 conversations every day. Wireless telephony is broadcasting entertainment and carrying important information to the remotest regions.

But new applications of the telephone principle are still being found. In the loud speaker, in the deaf set, the electrical stethoscope, the improved phonograph, the telephone principle has been adapted by the Bell Telephone Laboratories to the uses of the physician, the public speaker and the musician. The scientific research and engineering skill, which enable America to lead the world in telephone service, are also bringing forth from the telephone principle other devices of great usefulness.

American Telephone and Telegraph Company
and Associated Companies

BELL SYSTEM

IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

Ten Dollars a Day
Commissions Paid Daily
Part time representatives can easily increase their income $30.00 weekly in spare time. Full time people can earn
$250.00 Monthly $500.00
Johnson Earned $90 in a Day
Selling America's most fairly priced and widely known line of "Made-to-Order" Personal and Business Christmas Greeting Cards, in universal demand among Banks, Business, Society and Professional people. For full details and exclusive territory
ADDRESS DEPT. B
The Process Engraving Co., Inc.,
Troy at 21st. St., Chicago

5¢ ELEPHANT Salted Peanuts
TASTY - MEATY - CRISP
Always Fresh and Flavory
At all Candy Stores and Counters
Superior Peanut Co., Cleveland, O.

"DON'T SHOUT

"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. How? With THE MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in myself, only that I hear all right."
THE MORLEY PHONE for the
DEAF
is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it. Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.
THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 752, 10 S. 18th St., Phila.

AXEL CHRISTENSEN
(Famous Vaudeville and Radio Star)
Will Teach You
JAZZ PIANO PLAYING IN 20 LESSONS
His wonderful system has made thousands of successful pianists since 1903.
There is a "Christensen School" in nearly every city—see your phone book for local address—or lessons given by mail.
SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET
GET AXEL'S COMPLETE JAZZ INSTRUCTION BOOK, showing how to "Jazz Up" any tune, with new breaks, fills, bass and chord work, from your local teacher or sent postpaid for $2.
PIANO TEACHERS: If there is no "Christensen School" in your town, this is your golden opportunity—write quick for lucrative proposition.
CHRISTENSEN SCHOOLS OF POPULAR MUSIC
Suite 425 20 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago

[THE BIG FELLOW Continued from Page Sixty-one]

the time Corbett smiled and joked, and had Big Jeff laughing when Jeff lunged and missed.

Few of the champion's blows reached their mark, and none landed squarely and heavily on the fleeting target. At times Jeffries stood still and pivoted to face Corbett, who danced around him in circles, just out of range, with an occasional quick step in and a flick of his hand at Jeff's face.

Although not dangerous, the jabs were sharp and bruising. Jeffries' left eye was swollen and half shut, his nose was bleeding, before the fight had gone halfway.

Tommy Ryan told him in his corner:

"Go just as you're going. You're outboxing him."

Corbett's speed and endurance were amazing. Going much faster than Jeffries, he showed no sign of weakening until the eighteenth round. One of Jim's blows glanced from Corbett's guarding forearm and, striking Corbett's chin, shook him badly.

After that Corbett stalled and seemed leg weary, and once, in ducking under a blow, tripped and fell to his knees.

The crowd was yelling: "Corbett, Corbett, Corbett!"

The unexpected comeback of the former champion against the gigantic boilermaker had caught its fancy.

Brady, managing the club, but having a greater interest in his heavyweight champion, peered below the ropes to watch the referee's face. Charlie White wore an expression as blank as that of the Sphinx. Brady's heart fluttered as he realized that Corbett might be champion in fifteen minutes more, and Jeffries only a boilermaker again!

At this moment Tom O'Rourke, manager of Tom Sharkey and a noted sporting man, pushed his way to Brady's side and, with deep earnestness, said vehemently:

"Put Ryan out of Jeff's corner and let me in there. Jeff is losing the fight. The tip's all around the ring that the decision's going to Corbett. Put me in there and I'll send him out to run Corbett down and knock him out. I've got fifteen hundred on Jeffries. I tell you, if he doesn't stop trying to box Corbett and go in and knock Corbett out, he's beaten!"

James J. Corbett

Brady leaped to the edge of the ring. He ordered Ryan out. Ryan threatened to kick Brady away from the corner and refused to budge. Brady called two policemen and said to Ryan: "Get out or I'll have these cops club you and throw you out. This is my club and I'm running this fight."

Ryan climbed down. Brady took his place, saying to Jeff:

"Jim, White's going to give the decision against you if you don't knock Corbett out. Finish it!"

Jeffries leaped up for the twentieth round and started after Corbett as fast as he could go, hands down, no guard, no time to waste in guarding. Corbett saw him coming and he knew the time to smile had gone by.

From that time on it was a foot race. Corbett doubled, twisted, dodged, ran. Jeffries kept after him relentlessly. A blow hit Corbett on the shoulder and knocked him down. A left hook bent in his ribs and robbed his nimble legs of half their speed. Corbett's smile was gone.

The twenty-third round came. Time going fast and Corbett still safe. As the bell rang, Brady whispered to Jeff:

"Jim, you're beaten! Get him now or the championship is gone!"

With a leap, Jim left his chair and started straight across the ring. He went at Corbett in a straight line, running like a sprinter. Corbett jabbed lightly and tried to float aside as he had a hundred times before, but Jeffries whirled with him and drove him back against the ropes. A terrific left hook doubled Corbett up and threw him backward, and instantly Jeffries pulled his left hand back and whipped it upward to Corbett's jaw.

Corbett fell like a log, his fall half broken by the lower rope of the ring, then slipped down to the floor limp and senseless.

Charlie White began to count.

Jeffries saw George Considine, chief second for Corbett, edging around the ring with a bucket of water to throw over Corbett in an effort to revive him. Unexcited, Jim deliberately thrust a long, muscular leg between the ropes and kicked the water bucket out of Considine's hands. Corbett was counted out and carried to his corner.

A month after Jeffries disposed of Corbett he had a bit of good luck. Just when it seemed he'd have to retire for a while for lack of opponents, the Akron Giant, Gus Ruhlin, knocked out Tom Sharkey in fifteen rounds. As Sharkey had twice weathered Jeffries' punches, fight fans began clamoring for a Jeffries-Ruhlin bout.

Gus was as tall as Jeffries, weighed more than 200 pounds, had three inches more reach than Jeff, and had been an ironworker. Also, Gus was no battle-worn veteran. In ring experience he was as young as Jeffries. It looked like a good match. An offer came from San Francisco, and Jeffries and Ruhlin both signed on the dotted line.

Jim went home and began training in the old barn. Crowds came to see him and the local sports begged him to fight just once more in his home town, where he'd

hardly been seen since winning the championship. Old Hank Griffin, Jim's first opponent, was in town and willing to go four rounds with the champion; but he ran, kneeled, or clinched continually, and the bout was a farce.

After that Jeffries went to Oakland and boxed Joe Kennedy, a clever heavyweight, in the gymnasium of the Reliance Club. A modern champion would expect at least $100,000 for such a match. Jeffries took it and fought for practically nothing as a favor to the club, which had once invited him to use its gymnasium as training quarters when he was a novice. Jeffries never forgets a favor or a friend. He knocked Kennedy out in the second round, then hired him as a sparring partner.

When time came to fight Ruhlin, November 15, 1901, the Mechanics Pavilion was packed to the doors and a crowd filled the street outside. The fighters were to get 65 per cent of the gate receipts, this purse being split 75 per cent to the winner and 25 per cent to the loser. Jack Dempsey's notion of a reasonable guarantee is $750,000, with a flat $1,000,000 preferred.

Charlie White, referee.

Gus Ruhlin weighed 202 pounds in this second fight, and Jeff 220, which he had found to be his normal weight.

Ignoring Ruhlin's blows, Jeffries sent such terrific left hooks into the Akron Giant's body that at the end of the fifth round Ruhlin collapsed and was dragged to his corner. He couldn't rise from his chair for the next round, and Billy Madden sadly tossed in the sponge. The crowd thought Ruhlin had quit, and booed and made a fuss over it. The fact was, Ruhlin's legs were temporarily paralyzed by the blows around the solar plexus.

All this time Fitzsimmons had been working for a return match with the champion. Bob never gave up hope of winning back the title.

On August 10, 1900, Fitzsimmons knocked out Gus Ruhlin in six rounds. This was a fierce fight. Ruhlin battered Fitzsimmons all over the ring, and when Fitz reeled to his corner at the end of the fifth round, gamblers around the ringside offered ten to one he wouldn't go another round.

JUST two weeks later Fitzsimmons fought Tom Sharkey, who was also busy piling up a list of knockouts in hope of getting another match with Jeffries. Sharkey fared worse than Ruhlin, for Bob went out to finish the Sailor in the second round, and hit him such a terrible blow under the heart and such a crusher on the jaw that Sharkey came near not waking up at all.

It was a year later that Fitzsimmons had his championship chance at last. I feel rather intimately associated with ring history at this point, for I spent most of my spare time boxing with Sharkey, Fitzsimmons, and Ruhlin.

In February Fitz began training for the Jeffries match, later scheduled for July 25 in Frisco. It was the most determined effort of his life. He rented a small dance hall near his home as training quarters, and retained Gus Ruhlin.

The first day Fitz started by boxing three rounds with Ruhlin. I looked on, and was astonished by the ease with which big Ruhlin jabbed old Fitz and avoided Bob's apparently clumsy blows. After the third round Fitz jumped around shadow boxing, and Ruhlin sat down beside me.

"Gus," I said, "you can put it all over Fitz. I don't see how he ever beat you."

Gus grinned.

"Sure, I can put it all over him in the gymnasium," he said, "but when he wants to fight he can knock me out any time. I had him nearly out last time, and he half killed me. For two weeks I thought I was going to die from that punch under the heart. I wouldn't fight him again for any money."

A MOMENT later Bob called me up to box. As we began, he left openings, grinned when I hit him, and forced me steadily backward without striking a blow. Suddenly, as I stepped back from a feint, Fitz hooked a wicked left to my chin. My right foot flew out from under me and down I went.

Fitz had noticed a puddle of water coming in under the door, had maneuvered me around until I stepped into it, and had cracked me on the chin at the same instant. That was his little joke. Laughing, he reached down and pulled me to my feet, and I found my right ankle so badly sprained that I couldn't stand on it.

Fitzsimmons' greatest trouble was with his hands, which were beginning to break up because of his terrific hitting.

"I'll knock 'im out if I don't break my 'ands," Bob said one day. "I know 'ow to do it. But if I break my 'ands on 'im and 'e knocks me out, I'm going to Jim after the fight and offer to teach 'im everything I know about boxing, for I'll be through. There never was another man like Jeffries. 'E's the strongest man in the world, and if 'e knew what I know 'e would be champion till 'e's eighty years old. Nobody could ever beat 'im."

Fitz again! The grand old warrior in a desperate effort to regain the crown that Jeff had taken away from him. Then Jeff's last fight, a valiant comeback against Jack Johnson. A great surprise awaits you next week in the closing chapter of Jeff's fighting career.

Dear Fred:

Tomorrow is our eighth wedding anniversary — haven't the years flown by! How carefree we were, how hopefully we started out just eight years ago! You were going to work so hard and get ahead so fast, remember?

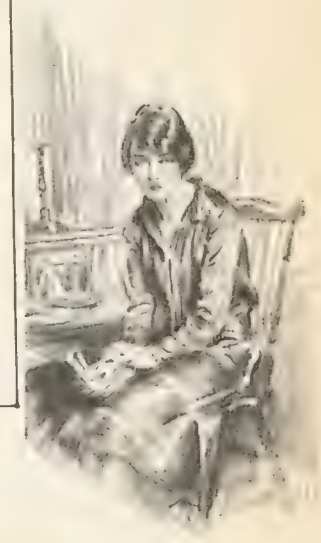
You have worked hard. I've seen the tired, worried lines in your face that prove it. And I've worked hard too, since the children came — worked to make the same old salary enough for the four of us, worked to make one dollar carry the burden of two.

Understand, dear, I'm not complaining. I'm not thinking about me — I'm thinking about you. Often I've wondered, lying awake at night, why some of the men we know have gone ahead while you haven't — men who haven't any more brains and aren't half as nice as you. Remember that first disappointment when Joe Edwards was made assistant to the president? You wanted that promotion, and you were ahead of Joe. But they told you that he had the all-round training you lacked.

Dearest, it's gone on a long time now. You come home tired at night, and there are bills to pay, and we have a scene, and you say you "simply must make more money" — and then you never seem to do anything about it. Can't something be done? I want to help you succeed while we are still young. Isn't there a way?

Your loving wife,

Helen



Letters wives don't write to their unsuccessful husbands

ON your desk, or in your heart, is the picture of your real employer—the woman for whom you work. She is your partner, but she is also your judge. She knows better than anyone else whether you have lived up to your real possibilities.

Whether you are rich or poor, you will never get a letter from *your* wife like the letter above. That is the wonderful thing about women. They take quietly and cheerfully the things we men would get hot under the collar about.

She will not *write* you this letter, but *is she thinking it?* It's not just a matter of how much money you are making. That is only one measure of success. The important thing is the look in your wife's eyes, and the feeling deep down inside yourself.

Are you going to disappoint the faith that some one has in you? You owe it to her to give one evening's serious thought to the Alexander Hamilton Institute. You know in a general way of the Institute's work; how it has trained many thousands of men like you for bigger success, how it has proved its power time and time again in their business lives. But have you ever found out what part the Institute can play in *your* life?

The Institute will do just this for you: thru its Modern Business Course and Service it will give you a thoro understanding of all phases and departments of business; it will train you for increased responsibilities, prepare you for more important work, make you worth more money to your business and to yourself.

No matter what your position or income, you ought to read the famous little book called "Forging Ahead in Business." It is yours for the asking. You ought to read it; not merely for your own sake, not even *principally* for your own sake—but for the sake of the woman, and the children, who are the real judge and jury upon your career.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE

640 Astor Place New York City

Send me at once the booklet, "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without charge.

Signature.....

Please write plainly

Business Address.....

.....

Business Position.....

The Robin's Nest

Adventures of Benny, Nicky, and Greg

The Sixth of a Series of Children's Stories

By ALINE KILMER

Pictures by ROBERT A. GRAEF

NICKY did a good deal of sweeping. He was the best helper we had.

THE STORY SO FAR

Nicholas, Gregory, and Ben with their family are spending the summer at Buttonwood. Buttonwood is a big country place, with a farm, orchards, a corncrib, a barn, a boat, a boathouse, a raft, and a river. The first thing they did was to try to get drowned in the river.

CHAPTER XIV

EMMY and Tony should have been with us by now, but Emmy had caught chicken pox, and Tony had to wait until she was well enough to travel. Almost every day the boys wrote to her on the typewriter. Here are two of their letters. You will see that they have more trouble spelling easy words than hard ones.

DEAR EMMY

I like your letter very much and that letter I wrote to you before I hadn't got your letter that morning but I got that night, and I said I hadn't heard from you since Christmas because I hadn't.

The vegatables are coming up fine. We have something that is eating up the beans. We think a Woodchock.

Nicky Greg and I picked a whole lot of Daisys and I guess there were more than 895 Daisys all put to geather.

The Westport River is in the back of our House. The River is something like small.

Love from
BEN.

DEAR EMMY. How are you felling? Penquin brock his nek and I cryde. but it was mended by Grain. And I thainked her. I am in a fight with Ben and I am winning it. I am felling very well. We are always catching toads and frogs. I did not catch anny snakes. I did not catch amy turtles. Do you mind if I dont write to you much? You will have to work when you get here but you will have fun. so long

GREGORY.

Nicky simply sent her a letter from Teddy-Bah that said nothing but "Woof woof."

I will have to explain what Greg meant by telling Emmy she would have to work. The three boys promised me they would help all they could with the work.

Gran and I did the cooking and Uncle Bunkle carried wood and made the fires. Ben got the milk every morning. Greg was supposed to empty the ashes and take out the empty cans and the garbage to the pails in the woodshed. Nicky helped with the dishes and did a good deal of sweeping.

Nicky was the best helper we had. Ben was next. Greg was perfectly worthless. He hated any work except helping make beds. We hoped that when Emmy and Tony came, things would be easier.

BEN got the milk every morning. Greg was supposed to take out the empty cans.

CHAPTER XV

I WAS worried about the trip that Emmy and Tony would have to take. Tony was a big boy now, of course He is rather tall, with brown eyes, a brown skin, dark hair, and a large mouth that smiles very often. I have never seen Tony sulky or bad.

Emmy looks as if she could take care of herself and Tony, too. But she can't really take care of anything. She is very easily frightened when things go wrong. When she is frightened it makes her sick. This mustn't make you think of Emmy as a girly girl. She was anything but that.

A telegram came to tell me they had started. They had to travel all night and all day.

CHAPTER XVI

MR. AND MRS. HORNET met them and brought them out. Tony had forgotten to check his trunk across Boston, of course, but Mr. Hornet said he would see to it. I remembered that I had almost left all our trunks in New York, so I couldn't say anything.

Emmy looked very thin and white. Partly from the trip and partly from chicken pox. In a few days she would be looking like herself.

The first thing to be done was to show Emmy the robin's nest. So while Gran and Uncle Bunkle and I talked with the Hornets, the boys dragged Tony and Emmy away to the woodshed.

The robin's nest was under the eaves of the woodshed.

But now the mother robin was away. They watched all morning for her to return, but she did not come. Then Emmy began to worry. The eggs might grow cold.

The Hornets drove away. We had lunch. Still the mother robin stayed away. Emmy climbed up and put her hand into the nest.

The three little blue eggs were cold!

The Grig went off into a corner of the woodshed and made mooing noises, like a cow that has lost her calf. That is the way he cries, you know. Nicky and Ben got red around the eyes and Emmy wiped away a tear while she considered what was to be done. Then she came to me hopefully.

"Mother," pleaded Emmy, "Cousin Edith told me that when she was little her mother hatched a bird's egg by carrying it in her buthom." Emmy still lisps unless she is careful. "Won't you please, please, *please* hatch these eggs for us?"

Read what a commotion the robin's eggs caused. In next week's issue.

THE boys dragged Tony and Emmy away to the woodshed to see the robin's nest under the eaves.

His *first* pencil

THE BOY— "My Dad told me to get a 'Ti-con-der-oga' pencil. He writes with one in his office and says it's the best pencil he ever had."

THE MERCHANT— "Well, there you are, sonny— a genuine 'Ti-con-der-oga.'"

DIXON

"TI-CON-DER-OGA"

An extraordinary five cent pencil

Made in the U. S. A. by JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.,
Pencil Dept. 10-J, Jersey City, New Jersey

Look for this unique dozen box or for Fort Ticonderoga display containers at your dealer's

5¢ each
60¢ a dozen

Higher on the Pacific Coast and in Canada

This easel backed display, No. 1398, contains an assortment of very soft, soft, firm and medium "Ticonderoga" pencils

HELP YOURSELF TO HEALTH — W. K. Kellogg

PEP

Takes *pep* to score a touchdown on the kick-off!

FLASHING, feinting—down the field! Zigzag. Sidestep. Pivot. Shift! You've got to be good to take a kick and run for touchdown! You've got to have pep! Rousing, fighting pep!

PEP is the peppiest food you know! A new ready-to-eat cereal. With a taste-teasing flavor. Every bowlful makes you want another!

PEP supplies pep! Fills you with vim and spirit! It's generously stored with nature's own elements of health! Brings energy, zip and zest!

PEP contains healthful bran. Is mildly laxative. Helps check constipation.

PEP's ideal for children. And they love it! Regulates habits as nature intended. Makes kiddies happy and playful!

PEP is a family health-policy. Serve it tomorrow. Your grocer has PEP!

the peppy bran food

Kellogg's PEP

Solving the School-Lunch Problem

By ETHEL SOMERS

EXPERIENCE is a wise and prudent teacher. Experience has taught the modern workman to relish his noon-hour bottle of cold milk. But the school child, no less needful in bodily demands, is easily satisfied with a bakery or candy-store luncheon, if only it be sweet enough. What chance has a wholesome sandwich with a mustard-smeared "hot dog," a steaming cup of cocoa with a stinging bottle of pop, or a rosy red apple with a chocolate-coated doughnut?

Too frequently the busy mother, in ignorance or mistaken kindness, cramps the entire future life of her offspring by lightly kissing him off to school in the morning, well provided with money for the school lunch, but not schooled or cautioned as to its expenditure.

A box lunch, even though it is not a necessity, is often a wise precaution, particularly if it is accompanied by one hot dish, either packed in the lunch or prescribed by the mother and purchased by the child. The child's needs for body-building materials, strenuous energy requirements for healthful play, and "factors of safety" all must be included.

Choosing lunch foods according to the groupings catalogued herein will greatly facilitate a prudent selection.

Unfortunately, the school child is satisfied with a bakery lunch.

Study These Groupings in Planning the Box Lunch

(Choose some food from each group)

Necessary Parts to Lunch	Served
Milk—the body and bone builder, protective food, and growth promoter.	As is, from a well iced bottle; in a beverage, as cocoa; in cream soups; in puddings.
Fillers for the main part of the lunch—to serve as body builders and energy promoters.	Sandwiches; foods rich in eggs; nuts; baked beans; cheese dishes; sliced meat.
Protective foods or so-called "factors of safety"; namely fruits and vegetables.	Raw fruits; fruit sauce from fresh or dried fruit; fruit juice; stuffed dried fruits; tomato; celery; lettuce; fruit or vegetable salads.
Natural or simple sweets to satisfy child's craving and to furnish energy.	Dried fruits; custards (all varieties); tapioca, cream or fruited; cornstarch puddings; bread puddings; rice puddings; cereal puddings; sponge cake; oatmeal cookies; nut cookies; date, fig, or prune cookies; gingerbread; fruit.

Milk Dishes (in Puddings)

Rice Pudding (Plain)

3 tablespoons rice
2 to 4 tablespoons sugar
1 quart milk
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon nutmeg

WASH the rice thoroughly by rubbing under cold water until the water no longer turns milky. Add the other ingredients to the rice. Cook over water from forty-five to sixty minutes; or, for the best flavored pudding, bake in a slow oven (250° F.) for two or three hours, stirring in the crust that forms on top about every fifteen minutes.

Fruited Rice Pudding may be made by adding one-fourth cup of washed raisins, soaked prunes, soaked apricots, pitted dates, or chopped figs to the rice, milk, and seasonings before baking.

Experience has taught the modern workman to relish his noon-hour bottle of milk.

Butterscotch Rice Pudding may be made by substituting brown sugar for white in the plain rice pudding recipe. Coconut or chopped figs or dates make pleasant additions, using one-fourth cup of either or a combination to make one-fourth cup. Add to the rice, milk, and seasonings before baking.

Caramel Rice Pudding may be made by caramelizing the sugar. This is done by cooking the sugar over a *low* flame and stirring continuously until the sugar melts and turns a light brown color. Coconut, dates, or figs make a pleasant addition. Add each, alone or in combination, in amounts up to one-fourth cup.

Savory Rice Pudding may be made by omitting the nutmeg and adding one-fourth cup of raisins and two tablespoons of lemon juice before baking.

Bean Soup

1 cup left-over baked beans
1 onion, chopped fine
3 stalks celery
1½ cups tomatoes, left over, stewed
2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon flour

COOK all the vegetables together in water to cover for one hour. Melt the butter, remove from the fire, blend in the flour, and gradually stir in the hot vegetable mixture. Add seasonings if necessary. Cook and stir from ten to fifteen minutes. More water may be added if this prolonged cooking boils the soup down too thick, but under no circumstances should the cooking period be shortened.

Fillers. Sandwiches make the best portable filling.

White, oatmeal, graham, raisin, whole wheat, prune, date, nut or Boston brown bread may be used.

Fruit Sandwiches

6 chopped dates, 2 teaspoons butter, few drops lemon or orange juice
6 cooked prunes, 2 tablespoons raisins, one tablespoon corn syrup, 1 tablespoon peanut butter, a few drops of lemon juice
12 chopped dates, 2 tablespoons orange juice heated and rubbed to a smooth paste. Then add shredded coconut, a few chopped nuts, and lemon or orange juice, enough to bind the mixture
½ cup pulped cooked apricots, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ cup chopped nuts, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ cup shredded coconut, ½ teaspoon grated orange rind

Cottage Cheese or Cream Cheese Sandwiches

½ cup well seasoned cottage or cream cheese plus one pimento shredded
½ cup well seasoned cottage or cream cheese plus 1 tablespoon chopped sweet or sour pickle or piccalilli
½ cup cheese plus 2 to 4 tablespoons chopped walnut or pecan meats, ½ cup cheese, plus 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, plus 2 tablespoons salad dressing

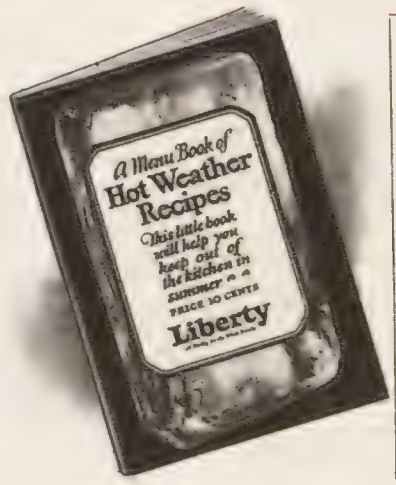
Vegetable Sandwiches

Lettuce, tomato, and mayonnaise
Lettuce, tomato, cucumber, and mayonnaise
Chopped celery, apples, nuts, salad dressing
Mashed baked beans, tomato sauce

Egg Sandwiches

2 hard-cooked eggs chopped, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise
2 hard-cooked eggs chopped, 2 tablespoons mixed chopped pickle
2 hard-cooked eggs chopped, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, 1 shredded pimento
2 hard-cooked eggs, 2 tablespoons butter creamed with them
2 hard-cooked eggs sliced on lettuce, mayonnaise added

Two Cook Books *for* Liberty Readers



LIBERTY COOK BOOK
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of ☐ A Menu Book of Hot-Weather Recipes—10c; ☐ One Hundred Standard Recipes—10c. (Check the one you want. Check both if you want both.) I inclose ..... cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

NAME .....

STREET NO. .....

CITY ..... STATE.....

9-4-26

The GIRL Men Don't

A Bride-to-Be-Tomorrow Makes a Twenty Thousand Dollar Mistake

"*BUT I must make this train," said Doris. "Maybe you must, but you ain't. Come along!"*

"LOOK out, you poor idiot!"

The exclamation came from Doris Kaye. Stretched on a float with the Atlantic Ocean under her, she had all but been run down by a catboat.

A man in a bathing suit leaned outboard. "Sorry!" he gasped. "Didn't see you."

Doris was smiling as the catboat skimmed away. She liked the look of that man. She rose, dived, and swam ashore.

Doris Kaye was twenty-nine—an instructress in athletics in a girls' school, and at the moment a guest in the lovely Magnolia cottage of a friend, Mary Rodney. There was a time when she might have married Sam Rodney, Mary's husband, if she had liked. She might have married any of a dozen men, but she was faithful to a particular dream that had never come true. Now her choice was narrowed down to Arthur Fox.

After her swim ashore she found a telegram from Arthur, the dull, the patient, and the rich. He announced that he was sailing for Europe the next day and asked: "Will you marry me? Now or never!"

Instantly she decided. It would be *now*—and took the train to Boston en route for New York.

Flipping the pages of a magazine, her eye was caught by heavy type:

FIGHTING THE DOPE SMUGGLERS

By Keith Lancefield

It was the name she had tried to forget! In her wild teens, in the Balkans with her improvident father, Doris had been in mortal danger from brigands. Keith Lancefield had saved her life. She had loved him. And he—well, he never managed to induce his wife to divorce him. Doris threw away the magazine as the train pulled in at Boston.

At the South Station a man in gray stared at her—even tried to talk to her. It was the man of the catboat! With an unreasonable fury, perhaps because he was too late, Doris cut him off.

Her ticket bought, she lugged her suitcase to a bench and dropped down on it. At least she would have sworn it was her suitcase—not that of the frightened-faced girl who had stood next her at the ticket window—till a man put a square-toed foot on the case and cried: "Well! We missed Harry, but we got you!"

PART TWO

"MUCH good may I do you," said Doris amiably. "What are you, a white slaver? Or is this Tag Day? Give me my suitcase."

Her eyes turned to it—and stared, widening. It was of brass-fitted black leather, like her own; but the brass was tarnished, the leather worn.

"Why," she gasped, "I must have picked up the wrong one!"

"Oh, you must, eh?" His foot jabbed the suitcase and Doris saw a figure 4 chalked on one end. "I don't know you, but likely they will at headquarters."

"Headquarters of what?" asked Doris, coming out of her bewilderment. But, even before she saw his nickel-plated badge, she knew.

"Don't be absurd," she said scornfully. "Another girl with a black suitcase was behind me at the ticket window. I must have taken hers—I didn't look——"

"Would she let you get away with hers when it was full of snow?"

"Snow?" said Doris blankly. "Oh! I see—but that's preposterous!"

"Oh, it is?"

Already the loungers were crowding around them. A uniformed patrolman had appeared from somewhere and was pushing them back.

"Let's see."

He opened the suitcase—a man's clothes, with a woman's nightgown on top of them—green silk and tawdry lace. He lifted up a false bottom and exposed a row of neat little packages.

"But, I tell you, I didn't look," said Doris

Forget *A Serial by* Elmer Davis

Pictures by
LESTER RALPH

desperately. You don't think I'm carrying dope, do you, and a man's clothes? Absurd! I'm Doris Kaye."

"Come along!"

"But I must make that train. Why, the ticket agent must have seen."

The suitcase in one hand, the other clamped around her elbow, he marched her across to the ticket window. She told her story.

"I seen the other woman," the agent admitted. "No, I don't know what she looked like; I see about ten thousand every night——"

Doris' eyes swept the curious circle the patrolman was trying to hold back.

"I picked up the wrong one by mistake," she was saying. "Didn't any of you see it?"

They stared silently, with smirking grins.

"But this is nonsense! I'm Doris Kaye and I can prove it."

"I don't care if you're Gertrude Gump or Betty Blotto. You got to come up and sing your song to the Inspector."

"But I must make this train——"

"Maybe you must, but you ain't. Come along, now!"

Doris looked at his hard, implacable face and went along.

Outside, before the bulletin board, the man in gray threw away his cigarette, gathered his courage, and walked back toward the waiting-room. She might be more reasonable on second thought. He encountered a crowd that two policemen were dispersing.

"What's happened?" he asked.

"Connery of the Narcotic Squad pinched a girl dope peddler," an eager citizen told him. "She was a pip, too. Cute little trick in a purple dress."

A patrolman shoved them apart.

"Tell me—" the man in gray began again.

"I tell you nothin', see?" the patrolman growled. "Move along."

But when the man in gray took a shield from his pocket and displayed it, the patrolman told him all he knew.

II

DORIS' anger cooled and her apprehension faded as the taxi zigzagged through the crooked downtown streets and presently began to climb a hill. The detective sat beside her, the suitcase crowded her feet. She drew them back nervously. She had always loathed the drug traffic. What a joke that she, of all women, should be suspected.

She giggled, and the detective stared at her with uneasy suspicion as the taxi finished its climb and turned into a dark, silent square.

What a good story to tell Keith Lancefield for his magazine articles! She shivered; she had forgotten that she would have nothing more to tell Lancefield.

A black, grim building, like the Bastille, towered over her as the taxi stopped; but the detective took her into a more homelike, bow-fronted house of red brick. She couldn't take this seriously, even when she was hauled up before a desk where a man in uniform leaned over a big book. Even when a flashlight powder dazzled her and she saw a group of eager men talking at the rear of the room, she could only reflect inanely that it was years since the papers had thought her photograph was news.

"Name and address?" growled the man at the desk.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GIRL MEN DON'T FORGET]
Continued from Page Sixty-nine

"Doris Kaye—K-a-y-e. Avonwood School, Beacon Street, Brookline."

"Avonwood School?" He stared at her; even policemen knew about the Avonwood School.

"What do you do there?"

"I teach swimming and athletics," said Doris. "And I'm in a hurry. I want this stupid blunder cleared up. Let me see the Inspector at once."

"You'll see him in a minute. Take her in there, Connery."

IN a bare-walled room they waited, on uncomfortable chairs. Connery lit a pungent cigar, and Doris discovered that she needed a cigarette. Teachers at Avonwood weren't supposed to smoke, but it was an open secret that they did—and, anyway, she'd resigned.

She took out her monogrammed case and blithely asked the detective for a light. He gave it to her, and a black look with it. Evidently he disapproved of women who smoked, but she didn't care. For it was he, not she, who would have to explain to the Inspector.

And with the happy ending sure, this was an amusing adventure, to be relished by a girl who had had few adventures lately—and might never have another.

The door opened and the Inspector came in—a genial, fatherly Irishman—carrying the suitcase. Behind him was another man, whose shell-rimmed glasses sat on the bridge of his long nose like the rear sights of a rifle. His face, clothes, manner told Doris he was one of her kind. He would know what she was, even before she told him who she was. And he did.

"Is this lady your suspect, Inspector?" he asked sharply.

"That's the one, Mr. Blalock."

"Are you one of the Commonwealth Avenue Blalocks?" Doris asked. "Then you ought to know that I'm not——"

His glance, and the Inspector's, cut her off. They were looking at the lighted cigarette in her hand. She squirmed. Then, as their gaze shifted, she tried vainly to pull her skirt down over her bare knees.

Probably Blalock regarded knees and cigarette as well enough in their place, but it was plain that he considered a police station no place for either. And the Inspector was glaring—Doris wished she hadn't been so reckless of the official sense of decency. That was her trouble—always raising obstacles to climb.

"I am one of the Commonwealth Avenue Blalocks," the long-nosed one admitted dryly; "but I am also an official of the United States Government, assigned to co-ordinate the work of the Federal services and the local police in suppressing the narcotic trade. You are Miss Kaye of the Avonwood School?"

She nodded.

"I presume you can prove it?"

"Call up Sam Rodney of the Pinnaquit Trust. I've been staying at his house in Magnolia."

"He could be here in an hour," Blalock mused.

Doris sat up with a start which she hoped, though not confidently, he hadn't noticed. In an hour the last train would have left for New York.

"For that matter," she said lightly, "I can prove it myself. My letters were all in the suitcase the other girl took; but I have a bank book."

She handed him her bag. The bank book showed, she knew, a balance of $73.60, but this was no time for false pride. Blalock and the Inspector looked at it perfunctorily; examined the bag's contents.

"So another girl took your suitcase?" Blalock asked. "But how——"

"No; I took hers. My mistake, you see." She told him about it, eagerly.

"I see," he said at last. "But no one seems to have seen her; and it seems strange she should have let you get away with twenty thousand dollars' worth of heroin."

"She was scared and in a hurry. She didn't notice. And then I suppose she saw your detective and ran. After all, you know that a teacher at Avonwood— Why, we have to be above suspicion."

"My dear Miss Kaye, no one is above suspicion. You must know that some women of your class use drugs; I know that some women of your class deal in them. You were found with a suitcase full of drugs in your possession."

He stooped down and opened the suitcase.

"And a man's clothes," she added scornfully. "Surely you don't——"

"Not all of it was male attire." He held up the tawdry nightgown. "This might be yours, for instance."

"*That?*" she flared. "Think what you like of my morals, but you might at least give me credit for some taste."

He subsided into a conference with the Inspector; then:

"I'll be frank with you, Miss Kaye," said Blalock. (She doubted it.) "Tonight Inspector Dorgan learned that a man named Harry Hart——"

He paused, his eyes boring into hers. Doris waited, politely attentive; Harry Hart meant nothing to her.

"Was going to New York," Blalock resumed, with a suitcase full of heroin, and a girl. We wanted the suitcase and the girl, but above all we wanted Harry Hart. We were prepared to get them all at the house where he was to call for the suitcase; but unfortunately someone betrayed our plan and when we raided the place the suitcase was gone.

"HE'D sent the girl for it, pretending that he was busy. Busy? Bah! He was scared. He sent her for it; he said he'd meet her at the South Station—oh, yes, Miss Kaye, we have our informants, and one of them was able to mark the suitcase before it left. So we sent men to the South Station, and while they didn't find Harry Hart they found the suitcase—and you."

"Didn't you know who the girl was?" she asked him scornfully.

"Er — unfortunately, no. Harry Hart has a good many girls, I'm afraid."

"I never heard of the man."

"What, never?"

Doris shook her head; her memory for names wasn't perfect, but she didn't dare seem uncertain now. Blalock and Dorgan looked at each other grimly.

"Come, Miss Kaye," said Blalock soothingly. "We do not want to make matters hard for you. If you—if you give us the information we want, I can assure you that you personally need have no fear. I can understand how— You were the daughter of Carlton B. Kaye, I believe—oh, yes, I have two nieces in Avonwood; I've heard a good deal about you. Once you were wealthy. Sudden poverty brings serious temptations; and when a man like Harry Hart——"

"I tell you, I've never heard of him," Doris said wearily. "And I'd never be low enough to go into the dope trade. I hate the stuff!"

Blalock looked at her with new interest.

"Oh, you hate it, eh? Why, especially?"

"Because—" She shivered. The past ought to stay dead and buried. "Because a long time ago—when I was sixteen—I got into a party of—'snowbirds,' do you call them? And I've never forgotten it."

"Ah!" said Blalock. "Tell me about it, please."

"It was at a roadhouse somewhere on the South Shore. I'd gone down with a married woman—never mind who; she's dead now. I thought it would be just a few drinks and dancing; but it was—oh, awful! They wanted me to try the stuff, and when I wouldn't, some of them got nasty. Brr!"

"Yes? And then what happened?"

"Why, I ran out—I was only sixteen, you see, and scared to death—and begged the nearest taxi driver to take me home."

"A taxi driver?" Blalock and Dorgan stared. "What did he look like?"

"How should I know? He looked just like a taxi driver."

"And you asked him to take you home—alone? Rather risky, wasn't it?"

"OF course it was. But I was wild with fright—afraid of the people I was leaving. And he was very decent—didn't say a word until he sat me down in front of our house on Bay State Road. I didn't have a cent with me, but he wouldn't let me go in and get the fare—said there would be no use letting my father know where I'd been. He was rather chivalrous!"

"Ah!" said Blalock. "You didn't give him your photograph as a souvenir?"

"My photograph? Certainly not."

But she felt herself turning crimson, for she had given him a souvenir. Only sixteen, half crazed with relief and gratitude, she had kissed him good-by.

"Harry Hart used to be a taxi driver," said Blalock. "And in this suitcase we captured tonight——"

He held something out to her—a framed photograph in a desk mounting: a girl whose masses of long, dark hair clustered in waves over her ears, whose throat rose from a low-cut blouse, whose eyes snapped and sparkled. Unmistakably, the dashing Miss Kaye.

"That's me," Doris admitted. "Or, rather, that's what I was. But any number of men I never heard of might have my photograph."

"How's that?" Blalock demanded.

Doris subsided wearily. Evidently the dead past was not to stay buried, and how she hated to rake over the bones!

"They bought them from Bill Claflin," she told him.

"And who was Bill Claflin, to be selling your photographs?"

"Oh, you must have heard of Bill Claflin! He used to play on the Harvard football team, when they had a real one. He was killed in the war."

"I knew him," Blalock admitted. "But how did it happen that——"

"I was engaged to him," said Doris, "when I was eighteen; that must have been—let me see—1914, I suppose. When we broke off, he burned my letters, but kept my photographs. I'd given him dozens—snapshots and portraits both—I rather liked my looks in those days. When he graduated, being hard up for money—why, he auctioned them off."

"Auctioned off your photographs? You mean to anyone who would buy them—whether he knew you or not?"

"So I've been told by some of the purchasers. They—they were rather good photographs, you see. They brought two hundred dollars. I was proud of that once."

"Well!" Blalock leaned back, his finger tips pressed together, and smiled thinly at her. "You seem to have had a varied past, Miss Kaye."

Doris repressed an impulse to tell him he didn't know the half of it.

"I was a good deal of a fool," she admitted. "But that was long ago."

"Long ago? The past is never quite dead, Miss Kaye. It reaches on—surely you admit that a man who bought your photograph from Mr. Claflin—even supposing a taxi driver was

admitted to this auction—would hardly have kept it all these years unless he had some close connection with the original. And even if you gave it to this—this taxi driver who rescued you that night—oh, yes, Miss Kaye, you looked guilty when you denied that—even so, it doesn't seem probable that a man who saw you only once, years ago, should value your picture so highly—carry it around with him."

"Doesn't it?" she asked in weary, careless bitterness. "It seems I'm a girl men don't forget—worse luck!"

"Don't be facetious!" Blalock warned her. "Your explanations have this much plausibility, that you'd hardly make yourself out so—so very imprudent."

"I've been accused of a good deal," she admitted, "but never of prudence."

"I imagine not. But I'm not persuaded you don't know Harry Hart——"

"A taxi driver?" she asked scornfully.

"HE isn't a taxi driver now. He's a very smooth person. And if you were going to New York alone, why does this Pullman ticket in your handbag call for a whole section?"

"Because it's a hot night. I'm not usually so extravagant."

"Ah!" said Blalock. "Well, Inspector, if we had any corroboration for her story of this exchange of suitcases I suppose we might let her go."

The Inspector grunted with dissatisfaction. Doris started and gasped.

"You mean—you mean you won't?"

"I think we must ask you to remain at our disposal while we investigate. Not as a prisoner, of course—merely a material witness——"

"But I have to get to New York tonight! I——"

"HE said there would be no use letting my father know where I'd been. He was rather chivalrous."

She checked herself. If she said she was sailing for Europe they'd never let her go.

"I'm going to be married in the morning," she confessed.

"Married?" the Inspector roared. "To Harry Hart?"

"No," she told him contemptuously. "To Arthur Fox, if you want to know."

"I'm sorry to put you out," said Blalock. "But weddings can be postponed. Illness is always an excuse—ask your fiance to wait."

Ask Arthur, to whom that ambiguous telegram had promised nothing—ask Arthur to wait till the police let her go? She wanted to laugh—but it was nothing to laugh at.

Once before, in trouble as bad as this, Keith Lancefield had rescued her. Desperately she longed for him now. As the door opened she started up, half expecting him.

But the man who came in was only the imbecile who had almost run her down in a catboat and tried to pick her up in the station.

"Good evening, Inspector." He looked at Blalock, obviously puzzled, as he held out a shield to Dorgan. "I'm Steve Lamar of the Department of Justice."

THEY examined the shield, and he turned on Doris in amazement.

"Good Lord, Doris! I thought you'd got your train. Still looking for your suitcase? Better give it up and hustle for the Owl."

They stared blankly. Doris surmised that she was the most astounded of them all, but had enough presence of mind not to show it.

"You know this lady?" Blalock demanded.

"Of course. Don't you? I thought everybody knew Doris Kaye."

"And you know about her suitcase?"

"I certainly do. It was under my knees for

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GIRL MEN DON'T FORGET
Continued from Page Seventy-one]

an hour this evening. We came down together from the North Shore—I've been on Cape Ann and she was staying with the Rodneys at Magnolia—and drove to the South Station."

Doris swallowed a hysterical gasp. He must be crazy. But, crazy or not, he was her last hope.

"And what happened in the South Station?" Inspector Dorgan rumbled.

"Why, I had my ticket, so while she was buying hers I went over to the news stand—you know, down near the door. Looking back, I saw another girl behind her at the ticket window with a suitcase very much like hers—black leather with brass clasps——"

"What did the other girl look like?" Blalock interrupted.

"Why, she was rather dark, with a dark dress and light stockings—not much identification, I'm afraid, in a season when all the girls dress alike."

"It certainly ain't," Dorgan rumbled. "But go on."

"I bought a magazine, and when I turned back I saw that Miss Kaye had gone over to the benches where we were going to wait till traintime. The other girl was walking toward the door, and as she passed me I saw that the suitcase she was carrying bore the initials D. K. So I went after her——"

Doris stared at him, gray eyes glowing.

"I SUPPOSED she'd taken it by mistake," he went on, "but in the doorway she turned and saw me and started to run. Then I knew she was a thief, so I ran, too; but a woman with a flock of children got in my way. This girl got out to the side street and into a taxi; and though I took another and followed her, your Boston streets are so crooked that she lost me. What did you find in her suitcase, Doris? A brick or two, I suppose."

"A brick or two!" Dorgan snorted; and then he and Blalock went into conference once more.

Blalock looked up and asked him:

"How did you happen to come up here, after you missed this woman?"

"Why, I'd missed my train, too; and back in the station I heard that your men had picked up a dope peddler about to take the New York train. I thought perhaps you might give me some information——"

"How does the narcotic trade concern the Department of Justice?"

"Oh, I know the Narcotic Squad and the Coast Guard do the bulk of the work, but occasionally we help out. I'm directly under the Chief and he's had me on Cape Ann watching for stuff smuggled ashore."

"Oh, he has?" said Blalock. "You don't know me, I believe. I am Courtney Blalock, assigned by the Treasury to coordinate Federal and local efforts to suppress the trade. But I never heard that your department——"

Doris turned cold. A moment ago she had thought she was rescued, and now her rescuer himself seemed entangled. But he was only smiling easily.

"Well, Mr. Blalock, your co-ordinators ought to know how badly things need co-ordinating. I was recalled tonight; I've no doubt the news has just reached our department that you're getting things straightened out."

Blalock turned on Lamar with his thin, malicious smile.

"You didn't catch any smugglers on Cape Ann, did you?"

"No, I didn't; I wasn't there long."

"But you nearly caught one tonight. This—this thief you allowed to escape was a woman who was taking a suitcase full of heroin to New York. I'm afraid you're hardly quick enough for a sleuth, Mr. Lamar."

Steve Lamar's jaw dropped; he turned red; he was so crestfallen that Doris would have been sorry for him if——

"Good Lord, what a boner!" he muttered. "But do you mean she took Miss Kaye's suitcase and left one full of heroin?"

"The mistake was mine," said Doris. "I picked up the wrong one, and before she could tell me she must have seen the detectives."

"And they didn't see her?" Lamar asked.

"If they had," Dorgan flung at him, "they'd have got her. You didn't."

"True," Lamar admitted. "But—then, who was the suspect you arrested?"

"Why, I'm the suspect," Doris' cool, scornful voice broke in. "Would you believe it?

"Good Lord, Doris! I thought you'd got your train. Still looking for your suitcase?"

They thought this old suitcase was mine."

Lamar stared at Blalock and Dorgan.

"Talk about my boners! But, Doris, didn't you tell them——"

"She had no corroborative witnesses," Blalock put in apologetically.

"Well——" Lamar's voice was very cold. "She has one now."

"Oh, certainly, certainly."

Doris felt a lifting sense of relief. Dorgan was still unconvinced; but Blalock was whispering to him.

"Well?" she asked crisply. "May I catch that last train?"

"If we found the other woman," said Blalock, "your evidence might be——"

"And you don't want her to leave the State?" Lamar interrupted. "All she saw I saw. I'll be at the Biltmore for a few days——"

"This is a Federal matter," said Blalock stiffly. "State lines mean nothing. But—" He looked at Doris almost archly. "I presume, Miss Kaye, that under the—er—circumstances you'll be spending some little time in New York?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Doris cheerfully.

If he wanted to think she regarded New York in August as a good place for a honeymoon, let him. For it would never do to admit now that she was going abroad. "Yes, indeed. At the Hotel Kenroy."

"And you'd come back if we sent for you?" She knew they never would.

"Why, of course."

He beamed.

"Then I see no reason why I should interfere with your plans. Catch your train, by all means."

"I'm catching it, too," said Lamar. "May I take you down, Doris?"

She nodded, and Blalock rose.

"You will find taxis outside," he told them. "I hope, Miss Kaye, you will pardon my suspicions—and that we may meet again, unprofessionally?"

"That would be delightful," said Doris, and went out with Steve Lamar.

III

AS the door closed behind her, Blalock opened an inner door and two men stepped out.

"You heard all that?" he asked. "Good. Trail the taxi. If they go to New York, follow. Keep in touch with me, but don't take action unless you hear from me. If they separate, you stick to the girl, McGone; Kilpatrick, follow Lamar."

The two men vanished. Dorgan looked at Blalock with a grin.

"You think this is the fella she's goin' to marry?" he asked.

"I think that marriage story was only an appeal to my sympathies."

"All her stuff was monogrammed D. K."

"Oh, she was Miss Kaye, beyond doubt. I've heard about her. A very disturbing woman—attractive and poor. And either unprincipled or imprudent. But I suspect Lamar's the man we want. He seems singularly vague about the workings of the Federal service—and he's been watching for smugglers on Cape Ann! You and I know they're not landing this stuff there, whatever the magazine articles say. There are signs that somebody either in or close to the Federal service has been betraying secrets and helping out the runners."

Doris Kaye was the sort of woman who attracts adventure as steel attracts lightning. Don't fail to watch the close of one of the most thrilling days of her life. You'll find it in next week's installment.

GRAPHIC SECTION

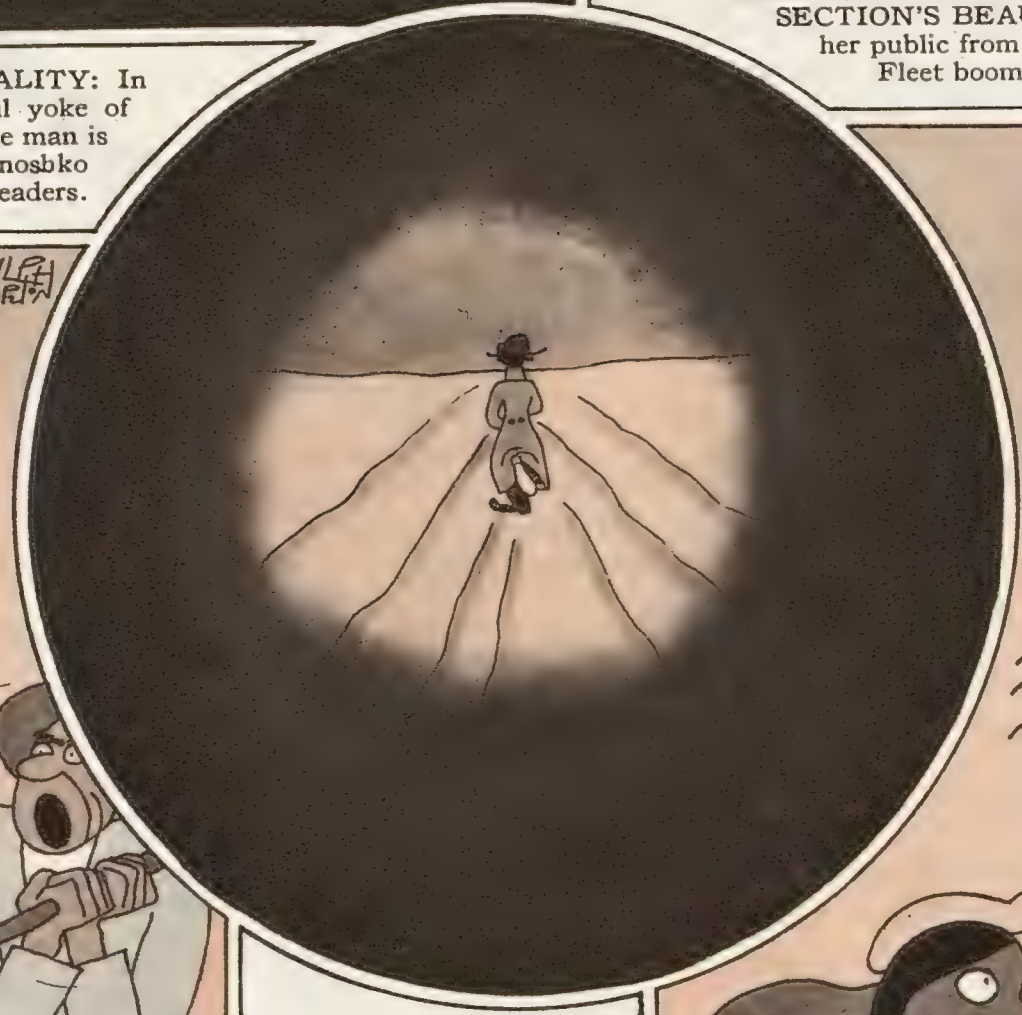
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

LATEST WRINKLE IN ABSOLUTE EQUALITY: In order to cast off any suspicion of the hateful yoke of tyranny and to conform to the principle that one man is as good as another, the members of the Ya Niymnosbko Parusko Garavitch Orchestra of Moscow are all leaders.

MISS PANSY MAE BUSHEL, winner of the GRAPHIC SECTION'S BEAUTY CONTEST, throwing kisses to her public from the Statue of Liberty as the Atlantic Fleet booms a salute of twenty-one guns.

DISHONEST BOOTLEGGER RIDDEN OUT OF Bean Center, N. D., on a rail when the local sheriff discovered that he was cutting his stuff to the legal alcoholic content of half of one per cent.



EXCLUSIVE PRE-RELEASE OF THE FINAL IRIS-OUT of Napoleon's Retreat from Moscow in the super-film that Charlie Chaplin is now preparing with Raquel Meller playing opposite him as Josephine.

LAVA STONE PICTOGRAPH discovered near Spokane, showing American Indian in the hard winter of A. D. 1010 receiving wampum from European visitor, to be used as a strong argument in favor of the cancellation of the present war debt.

Her ROMANCE Came True

Miss IDALIAN GAMBLE wins ROMANCE Hollywood Contest

CONTESTANTS in the great Romance-Hollywood Contest — your congratulations to the winner — MISS IDALIAN GAMBLE, of Alliance, Ohio!

Of the 20,000 who entered the contest, this miss of but nineteen years, who was graduated in June from the Alliance High School, submitted the most unusual and interesting solution.

Her presentation is illustrated above: a model bungalow named THE ROMANCE ART SHOP, complete even to electric lights and flagged walk. The twelve romantic scenes of the contest were reduced photographically and hung as framed pictures upon the walls of the completely furnished bungalow.

Prizes have been awarded to the 200 other winners, and an illustrated folder giving contest winners, with details, has been mailed to all who submitted a solution. A copy will be sent to anyone, upon request. We also wish to extend our thanks to every competitor, and trust that their Romance Chocolates will be the beginning of a long friendship.

COX CONFECTIONERY COMPANY
150 ORLEANS STREET, BOSTON

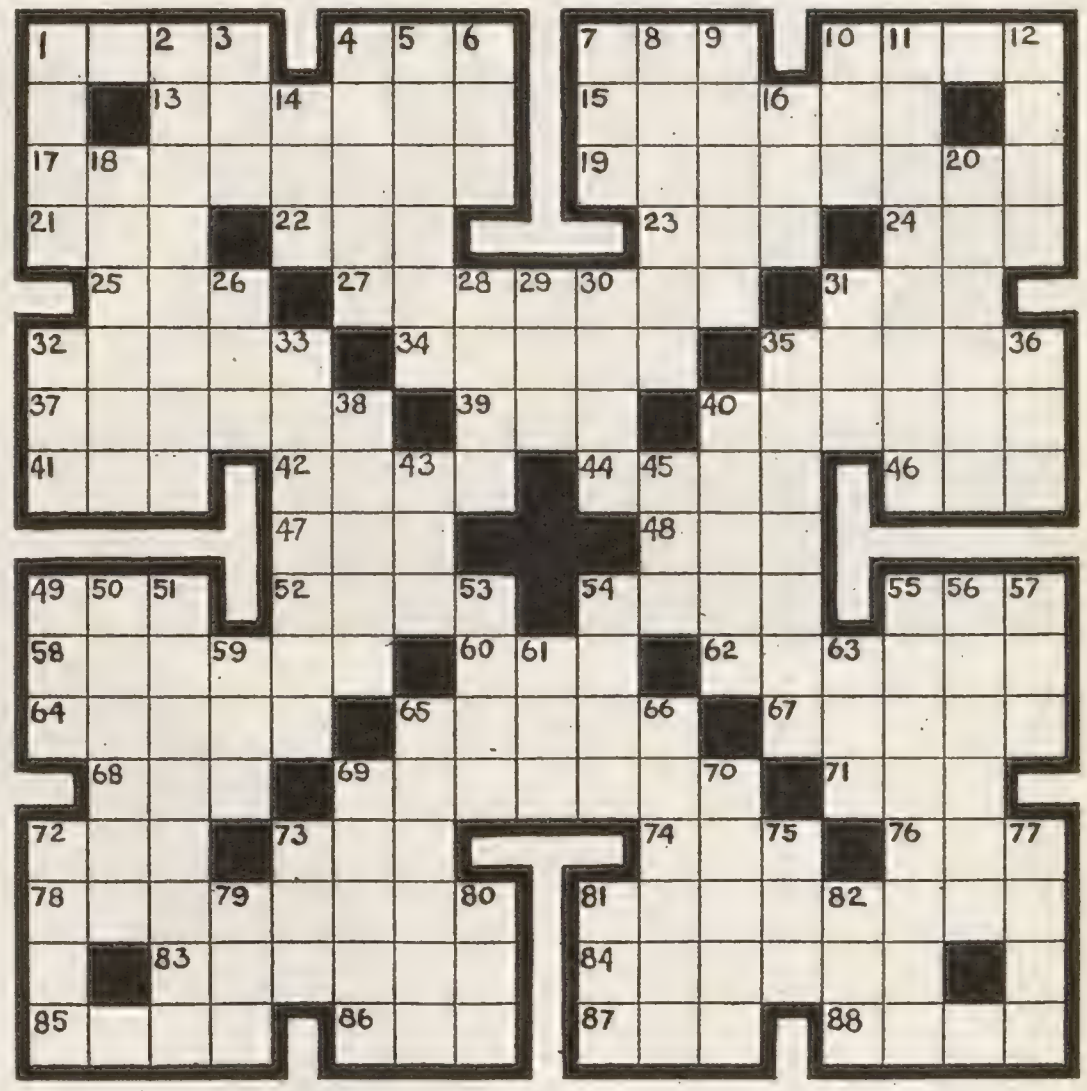
ROMANCE CHOCOLATES

Fifty Dollars a Week *for* Cross-Words

$25 Here's a chance for all LIBERTY cross-word-puzzle fans to enjoy themselves—and make money while doing it! Try your hand at blocking out a cross-word puzzle yourself. LIBERTY will pay $25 each for two original puzzles sent in by its readers and published. Before you send in a puzzle, be sure there are no obsolete or technical words. Puzzles not accepted for publication cannot be returned. $25

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE No. 83

By JAMES W. WHITE

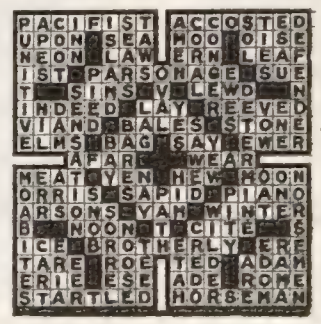


HORIZONTAL

1 A size of printing type
4 An insect
7 Moist
10 Impulsive
13 Bowers
15 Side remarks
17 A doorway curtain
19 Discarded as worthless
21 Previously
22 A prefix meaning three
23 The poetic form of over
24 Suffix used to form plural nouns of agency
25 A doctrine or theory
27 Sharpshooters
31 To supply with weapons
32 An article of available property
34 To give by consent
35 A feminine proper name
37 Pertaining to poetry
39 Also
40 American major general of the Revolution
41 Terminus
42 A bird of the crow family
44 A parent
46 Squalid place of resort
47 A wing
48 One hundred thousand rupees
49 Likely
52 Small marks, usually round
54 A long cut
55 Back or backwards
58 More wanting in finish, grace, etc.
60 A shelter
62 Closer
64 Pipes
65 Pertaining to the sun
67 To push forward
68 Unused
69 A form of lac used in making varnishes
71 Hail
72 Ever
73 Corroded
74 The sound made by a pigeon
76 Anglo-Saxon money of account
78 Bars of iron used as levers
81 Pastry cases to be filled with food
83 Irony
84 To make over or surrender by deed
85 Accustomed
86 A cereal grass
87 Notable period
88 Feminine proper name

VERTICAL

1 A tube
2 Fondled
3 Craft
4 Dutch farmers of South Africa
5 Deviating from the true course
6 Suffix indicating native or language of a country
7 A form of to be
8 Accompany
9 Part of a wheel (plural)
10 Heavy corded fabric
11 Slandered
12 Containers for coal
14 A boring implement
16 Initials of a women's patriotic society
18 A prayer or supplication
20 Fur-bearing animal of the weasel kind
26 Confronted
28 A kingdom in southwest Asia
29 Cooking vessel
30 Culminates
31 Malt liquor
32 A monkey
33 Harshly censorious speeches
35 Constructed
36 Poetic form of even
38 Hue
40 Measure of weight for precious metals
43 A cereal grain
45 Evil
49 Division of a drama
50 Trimmer
51 A flower
53 The wild plum
54 To fasten securely
55 Trifled
56 To hold in profound respect
57 Native metal
59 Atmospheric moisture
61 Extension of a building
63 A southern constellation
65 A wine
66 More spirited or animated
69 One of a flight of steps
70 A mark of punctuation
72 The color of unbleached muslin
73 Abbreviation of a word meaning approximately
75 Japanese sash
77 At sea
79 A small, compact mass
80 Comprehend
81 The Italian word for three
82 The mother of Ibsen's Peer Gynt



Answer to Puzzle No. 82

Jilt and Double Jilt

The Romance of a Blue-Eyed Girl and a Red-Headed Young Man

By Jessie Douglas Fox

Pictures by John Newton Howitt

PEOPLE who saw Jill were apt to sigh. She seemed to have everything—youth and loveliness and courage. But she had needed the courage from the day her mother had died, four years ago, and she had found herself quite desperately lonely in a world too critical of the lovely.

Jill lived with her Aunt Ada and her Cousin Isabel in a dreary brown house on the highest hill in Tarrytown. And she taught school. For three years now she had been engaged to Harry Brown, who was working in a surveyor's office in Denver. In three weeks she was going to marry him.

"I'm sure I don't know what you see in Harry Brown!" Isabel used to say.

Jill never told her. But she saw a new world. Harry was not just a lover. He was romance; and a little house. Harry himself had never heard of it. But Jill had begun to build it out of the money left over after she paid her board to Aunt Ada—and her dreams.

First came two egg cups, two plates, two cups and saucers of quaint Italian pottery. That was her dining-room. An ancient set of Dickens with illustrations by Cruikshank; a pie-crust table; one brass candlestick. That was her living-room. Four jars, labeled Spice, Allspice, Cinnamon, and Cloves, in the most brilliant of Czecho-Slovakian colors, and an iron holder. There you have her kitchen. But perhaps best of all was her bedroom.

"Oh, Patrick," she whispered, "how will you ever be sure now that I'm not marrying you for your house?"

She had bought nothing for it. But she had selected just the peacock chintz, the Venetian bowl, and the picture of St. Francis of Assisi feeding the birds in a wild, sweet garden that she would have.

It was a school morning in early June when Cousin Isabel slopped up the stairs and threw a letter on Jill's bureau.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Who has the Oldest Sewing Machine?

WE WANT to find the 100 oldest sewing machines, regardless of make, in family use in the United States and Canada. To each owner we will give, in even exchange, without one cent of cost or any obligation whatever, a new Singer Sewing Machine, of the latest model, electric or treadle, as preferred.

There are no conditions, no restrictions. If you have an old machine yourself, all you need do is fill out and send us the blank below. If you know of anyone else having an old machine, who may not see this notice, tell or write them about it.

Entries must be made on the form below before November 1, 1926. Awards will be made as soon as possible thereafter. Age of machines will be determined by factory number. Winners will then be notified and names of all winners posted in Singer Shops everywhere. Simply fill out and mail the form below.

Singer Sewing Machine Co., Inc.
Singer Building, New York

USE THIS FORM

Singer Sewing Machine Company
Dept 47-J Singer Bldg., New York, N. Y.
I desire to enter the machine described below in your contest to find the 100 oldest sewing machines in use.

Name of owner.....
Street or R. F. D.....
City .....
County.....State.....
Name of Machine.....
Its Factory Number.....
Singer users will find factory number on the bed of the Machine near the base of the arm.
Age of Machine.....years.
Have you electricity in your home?.....

175

FOR HAY FEVER
–and summer colds

LUDEN'S
MENTHOL COUGH DROPS
GIVE QUICK RELIEF 5c

Avoid Imitations

Safe Milk and Food
For INFANTS, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers, etc.

[JILT AND DOUBLE JILT
Continued from Page Seventy-five]

"Funny, Harry hasn't written for weeks!"

Jill caught the letter up and walked to her window. She waited until her cousin went downstairs and then tore furiously at the letter.

DEAR JILL: I have been seriously thinking over our marriage. I feel now that we were too rash. It has all been a mistake. Two people could not know each other on so slight an acquaintance as ours. I shall probably be in Wading River when you receive this. It would be better if you came down there if you wish to talk over the matter.

Sincerely,
HARRY.

The words struck Jill like hammer strokes. She dragged herself across the room and fell across her bed. She just lay still, saying over and over, "O God! O God!"

THREE years, and letters, letters, letters. Hot, impetuous letters from her, with words sprawling over the page and a shy, half hidden "Your Jill," at the bottom; and dignified letters from Harry, telling what people said about him and how he had to tell girls who went too far that he was engaged.

Jill buried her face in the pillow. Harry was just a good-looking youth. But her house was anything she wanted to make it. And now Harry didn't want to marry her. If only she could run away! She could at least go down to Wading River and talk it out with Harry. She tiptoed downstairs and managed to close the door behind her without being discovered.

At the station she sent this telegram:

MR. HARRY BROWN,
Wading River, L. I.
Am arriving on 10.16. Meet me. JILL.

A jaunty boy delivered the telegram in Wading River at a small shack on the beach.

"Say, are you sure this is for me?" asked the young man in the khaki shirt and the fish-smeared corduroys who came to the door.

"Your name's Brown, ain't it?"

Patrick Henry Brown ripped open the telegram, read it through, and grinned.

"Meet me. Jill."

He'd never heard of Jill, except in a nursery rhyme. But he had a Celtic strain that made him rise to the promise of adventure.

When Jill stepped down to the platform, the only person to meet the 10.16 was a young man scrambling out of a battered roadster.

"Are you Jill?" he asked. "I got your wire."

She nodded. She could not speak yet. Patrick walked beside her to his roadster. "You haven't any baggage?" he asked.

"No. Is Harry here yet?"

"Not yet."

"Are you—are you a friend of his?"

"Well—in a way—I am," he said grinning. "Won't you get into my car and I'll take you out to the shack and you can wait until Harry does arrive!"

Jill sat in the car with a sigh. She still felt shaky. But there was something about this man with his sunburned face and splendid shoulders and his amazing eyes that set her completely at ease.

The car shot down the white road. White birches fluttered silvery leaves and meadow grass billowed up a hillside to a dark clump of pines. They swept up to the crest of the hill. Patrick drew up his car. Far below, the sea thundered on a white beach.

The boom of the waves, the bracing tang of the air, seemed to give her back her courage. She wanted to tell this stranger everything and get his impartial judgment; but she seemed to find it impossible to begin.

"Tell me all about it!" he said.

She told him, squeezing her hands together in her lap and looking far down at the white spray. She ended, "You see, he wrote me that he thought our getting engaged had all been a mistake."

Patrick scowled, a trick he had when he was thinking.

"I'll have to be frank with you," he said harshly. "I haven't any use for Harry."

"Why?"

"I think Harry's a big bum!"

"A bum? Oh, no! He may not be able to make money, but, as Harry says, money doesn't matter."

"The only time that it doesn't matter is when you have it!" Patrick objected.

"But I was going on teaching after we were married. And—and then we could manage, especially if Harry does get a position in New York——"

Then she began to cry.

"Don't! Please don't! I can't stand it if you do that!" Patrick urged huskily.

Jill mopped at both eyes and smiled.

"I SHOULDN'T have told you all this. I don't know what's the matter with me. I suppose it's because I've had it bottled up in me so long."

"That's better, much better," said the young man. "What do you say we have lunch and then we'll tackle Harry?"

They drove back under a hot sun to the shack.

"If you want to wash there's a bowl and pitcher upstairs," he directed. A few minutes later she came down.

"Will you have pea soup or tomato and do you like eggs scrambled?"

"I think tomato bisque and an omelette would be nice," she suggested.

Jill was not sure how it began,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

I'll Show You—

—how to bring color to gray hairs, the best way, the simple, clean way—and at my expense. Test Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer on one lock of hair. You will be happily surprised. See natural shade come to the gray hairs. Won't wash off, won't rub off. Over 10,000,000 bottles sold — sales prove it best. Make simple test on one lock of hair. Mail coupon now.

Test Free

Mary T. Goldman, 924L Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black...dark brown...medium brown...auburn (dark red)...light brown...light auburn (light red)...blonde...
Name.....
Street.....
City.....
Please print your name and address.

Suppose You Were Offered Diamonds at 60% of Market Price

Suppose a reason you rarely think of makes possible here radically LOW PRICES, EVEN FOR FINEST QUALITY DIAMONDS. Thousands of representative people, bankers, lawyers, merchants, others—continually reap this real advantage. Everything sent for Free Examination. This 3/4 century, oldest, largest diamond banking institution in the world, rated over $1,000,000.00. CONVERTS INTO CASH the DIAMONDS ON WHICH MONEY WAS LOANED and NOT REPAID. Loan values, a fraction of market values, the price basis. Diamonds too from big cash deals direct with European cutters. Must sell NOW.

WHY PAY FULL PRICES
Send for Unpaid Loan Listings

Costs Nothing to See this 3/4 less 1/16 carat, snappy, accurately cut solitaire for $69.50. Try to match at $115.00. Sent on approval. No red tape. Latest list explains Free Examination offers. Accurately describes every diamond, watch, etc. Explains Guaranteed Cash, Like Insurance Policy Loan Guarantee. Also Unlimited Exchange privileges. Write now—edition limited. No obligation to buy. List is free. Post Card will do.

JOS. DE ROY & SONS, 5248 DeRoy Bldg.
Only Opposite Post Office Pittsburgh, Pa.

Real Comfort for Invalids

HERE is a *different* wheel chair—gives *extra comfort* to invalids, cripples and aged people. Runs by electricity from storage batteries.

THE CUSTER WHEEL CHAIR

is sturdily built of steel. Has brake, electric lights, upholstered seat and back, disc wheels and cushion rubber tires. Two speeds, 3 and 7 miles per hour. Costs 1c per mile to operate. Wonderful for use on streets, at home or in hospitals. The *easiest way* for the incapacitated to get around.

Order today. Price, $250.00 f.o.b. Dayton, Ohio.

THE CUSTER SPECIALTY CO, Inc.
921 Franklin St. Dayton, Ohio

JIM REED
Antique American
By WILLIAM HARD

A brilliant study of the gaunt Missourian who is the Senate's most arresting figure.

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

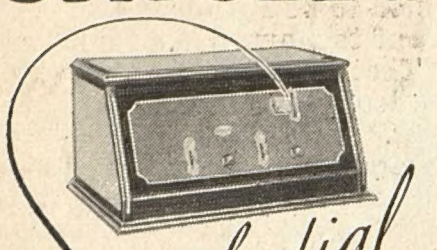
NEW—THE 4 SQUARE
Engel
10 cents "Art Corners" Buys 100
Holds snapshots, post cards, etc., securely in albums or anywhere. Four pretty effects out of one. Made in black, white, gray, gold, sepia, red. CAN BE USED FOR KEEPING PRINT AND FILM TOGETHER IN ALBUM.
Small enough to mount a stamp
Big enough for any kodak print
See them at your dealer or write for free samples
Engel Art Corners, 4711 North Clark St., Chicago

"STAMMERING
Its Cause and Cure"

You can be quickly cured if you stammer. Send 10 cents, coin or stamps, for 288 page cloth bound book on Stammering and Stuttering. It tells how I cured myself after Stammering and Stuttering for 20 years.

BENJAMIN N. BOGUE
10908 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis.

CROSLEY



Single dial 5 TUBE Control $50

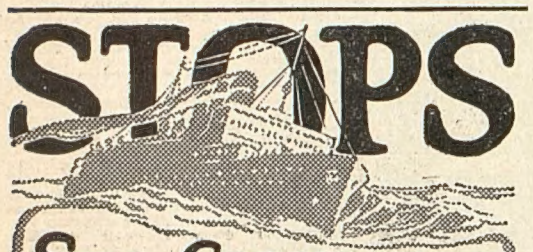
Solid Mahogany Cabinet — drum station selector — highly selective thru new "accuminator" feature — all-metal chassis shields units — marvelous volume — power tube adaptability.

Other CROSLEY RADIOS - *from* 1 tube "Pup" *at* $9.75 *to* R.F.L.-90 Console *at* $90. *PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER ON WEST COAST*

RADIO

Write Dept 76 for Catalog
CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
CINCINNATI
Licensed Under Armstrong U. S. Patent No. 1,113,149

STOPS



SEA SICKNESS

—in the roughest waters. This appalling nausea is unnecessary suffering. Mothersill's prevents Travel Sickness on your journeys by Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air. 31

75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct
The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
New York Montreal
Paris London

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY
25 Years In Use

MAKE $5.00 A DAY
For Work that is Play
In Spare Time at Home

Handcolor our Christmas greeting cards by process that looks like artist's work. *No experience needed.* Learn in one evening. Instructions FREE. Miss Dolly Spurr, Tujunga, Cal., writes: "Can color $10 worth in a day." Miss Clare Hueppner, St. Louis, made $240.00 at Christmas and big earnings other months. Robt. Jarvis, Springfield, Mass., colored $325.00 worth at Christmas and nearly as much at Easter. 40,000 others making spare time money this way. Sometimes whole families do it. A family may make $300 a month. FREE BOOK, "Pleasant Pages," EXPLAINS and reproduces 145 original Christmas cards *especially adapted to handcoloring*. Sent without obligation. Proves this *best* spare time money maker for those with high ambitions and no capital.

FREE Book shows what 40,000 others earn and what you, too, can earn.

If You Want QUICK MONEY Send $1 for Trial Box
Then you can start in *at once*. Trial Box contains assortment of beautiful Christmas Cards, all big sellers. Also, complete easy instructions how to color, brush, colors, and sample colored card. When colored, these sell for $3 to $4—big profit! Act QUICK—Christmas is biggest season and cards are selling fast already!

LITTLE ART SHOP, INC.
532 La. Ave., Washington, D. C.

Send for FREE BOOK

Bookkeeper Earned $1200.00 After Office Hours

Selling Xmas Cards

H. J. Knopke, Wisconsin, earned $62 one hour—Mrs. R. Kendrick, Texas, earned $61.50 in 1½ hours—M. C. Kaege, Illinois, earned $1200 spare time showing our

Personal Christmas Greeting Cards

that sell on sight No selling experience necessary Double your income—earn $5.00 to $10.00 every hour you can spare.

Weekly pay checks Bonus checks every month.
No money required. We furnish everything

$10 Outfit Free Write quick! Start at once making big money. Rush season right at hand

THE JOHN A. HERTEL CO.
318 W. Washington St., Dept. 9004 Chicago, Ill.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SIX]

but soon she was telling Patrick about the kitchen in the little house of make-believe—how the curtains would be gaudy checked gingham to match the blue-and-white linoleum on the floor and the Czecho-Slovakian jars. By this time lunch was spread on a small table drawn up before the fireplace, where Patrick had kindled some logs. He was leaning back smoking and watching her.

"I'm going to paint one of the Dutch dressers jade green and have quaint earthenware on the shelves—you see, we'll use the china every day——"

"Who?" Patrick asked bluntly.

"Why, Harry and I, of course!"

Then a wild color flooded her cheeks.

Patrick put down his pipe. "Do you want to know the truth? I don't believe you've ever been in love with Harry! It's this make-believe house you've been in love with for three years."

Their eyes met in a burning flash of understanding; hers were the first to hide.

A silence grew and deepened, and still she sat staring, cupping an obstinate chin on her hand.

WHEN they began to talk again it was not of Harry. She asked Patrick about himself.

"My mother was Irish. You must have known that!" he grinned delightfully. "She met my father on a ship coming to America and they were married at sea. She died when I was born. My father died a few weeks later of influenza."

"Go on! Oh, please go on!"

"I scrambled through the public schools and I worked on the estate of an engineer during the summers. He gave me my start at Amherst, and my first job."

"What was that?" she asked, enraptured.

"It was in Burma. You see——"

They forgot time. They forgot everything but this exciting discovery of each other. When he was at Amherst she was in high school. The year he went to Burma was the year her mother died. She told him things she had never told anyone.

She lifted her flushed face and met his eyes. Again she knew that wild thrill.

"Want to cruise in the car, Jill?"

That "Jill" sent her heart lurching. She did not meet his eyes frankly as she went over to get her hat and peer into her vanity case.

The roadster plowed along a sandy road and then whirred down a winding lane where trees shook out their fresh green leaves. The air held the tang of the sea.

The roadster stopped. Here on the crest of a hill was a small white house with stolid blinds of flaunted green and a trumpet vine that sprayed over the porch. Patrick got out and Jill followed him.

THEY looked down at the sea, the white breakers riding in; listened to the waves and the gulls.

"What a gorgeous little place it could be!" Patrick said enthusiastically.

They climbed the three steps to the porch and Patrick swept back the vines from the window and they peered in.

"Look at that jolly fireplace—and did you notice the fanlight over the door? I'm sure I could get in through an upper window."

"I don't want to see any more!" Jill breathed. "Take me back. I'm tired!"

Patrick caught her ungloved hands; she seemed to hear his voice through the thunder of the surf on the beach far below.

"Jill," he said huskily, "Jill, don't you know what's happened to us?"

"No—no—no—I don't want to know!" she said in a suddenly shaking voice.

But he held her hands and looked down into her face, white with panic and quivering with a wild knowledge.

"Jill, we recognized each other from the start! We've had to fight and struggle for everything we ever wanted—you and I. Ah, Jill, life would be worth living between us . . . the adventure, the splendor of it! Don't you feel it?" He kissed her.

The words of Harry's letter struck Jill like hammer strokes.

She beat him with her fists.

"Let me go! Let go, I tell you!"

He let her go at once. She almost fell. She had to grope across the garden to the car. She got in and turned away her face.

After they had driven some minutes in silence she asked, "Will Harry be there when we get back?"

Patrick spoke with violence:

"No, he won't. He never has been in my shack. And he never will be."

"What do you mean?"

"Just this: I got your telegram. I'm the only Brown they know at the post office. I never heard of Harry until you told me about him. I never want to hear of him again."

"Stop!" she cried. "I want to get out!"

He drove obstinately on.

"Of course, I know what you

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"I'd have started ten years sooner on a literary career"

Katharine Newlin Burt

"THERE was no Palmer Institute then," says Katharine Newlin Burt, author of "The Red Lady," "Q," and a number of other best sellers. "Given a natural ability, some perseverance and the necessary power to understand instructions—any writer—would-be or even experienced—would certainly find help in your course. . . . The instruction ought to prevent a hundred false starts—which mean a delay of years, discouragement and failure."

In the Palmer Courses, the so-called "professional touch," that elusive something that makes the difference between rejection slips and checks—is *actually taught*. If you have imagination and want to write, *you* can learn it. Clip the coupon. *No salesman will call upon you.*

PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP
Palmer Building, Hollywood, Cal. 64-J
CLAYTON HAMILTON - - - *President*
FREDERICK PALMER - - *Vice-president*
Please send me, without any obligation, details about the course I have checked.
☐ Short Story Writing
☐ English and Self-Expression
☐ Photoplay Writing
Name.....
Address.....
All correspondence strictly confidential

$40.00 Suit for Only $23.50

Think of being able to offer a $40.00 suit made of the finest quality of pure Virgin Wool; fit, fabric and fashion guaranteed, at the powerfully attractive price of $23.50! Can you sell such values? You can, if the experience of 2,500 other salesmen means anything. And you don't have to know anything about selling clothing. We'll take you, train and equip you to go out and make a success of this work if you are honest, ambitious and willing to work. If you are, write us. You'll hear from us promptly with the full facts. Address Dept. 985.

William C. Bartlett, Inc., 850 Adams St., Chicago

Gentlemen: I'm interested in the opportunity you offer. Please send the facts without obligation to me. 985

Name.....
Address.....
Town.....State.....

FOR ACHING TEETH
DENT'S
TOOTHACHE GUM

Stops toothache instantly. Cleanses and protects cavity. Retards decay. Destroys odor. Does not spill or dry up like liquids. All druggists or by mail, 25¢. Made for thirty-five years by C. S. Dent & Co., Detroit.

LAW in Spare Time

Learn law and earn more money. Qualify for a high salaried executive position or prepare to enter the practice of law. Study at home through the Blackstone Course prepared by 80 prominent legal authorities including **Chief Justice William H. Taft.** Blackstone graduates practicing law everywhere. LL.B. degree conferred. Magnificent 25 volume law library furnished immediately upon enrollment. Moderate tuition fee. Low monthly terms. Money Back Guarantee. Write today for Free copy of our 128-page book, "The Law Trained Man."

BLACKSTONE INSTITUTE, Inc.
Dept. 116 4753 Grand Boulevard Chicago
America's Foremost Non-Resident Law School

The Purity of Cuticura
Makes It Unexcelled
For All Toilet Purposes

[JILT AND DOUBLE JILT
Continued from Page Seventy-seven]

think of me. I did it in the beginning as a lark. Then when I saw you step off the train, I had to know you. There wasn't any other way. I'd do it all over again!"

"But why did you keep it up? Why?"

"Do you want to know why? Because I fell head over heels in love with you!"

In all this lonely world of sand and hilltop, sea and sky, they seemed alone. Jill spoke at last, and her voice had a breathless quality:

SUDDENLY Harry slumped on his knees. "I'm sorry," Jill said, "but I'm jilting you."

"You owe me something!"

"What do you want?"

"I want you to tell me something. What can I do to get Harry back? Tell me that!"

"I'll be damned if I will!"

He drove for some minutes in silence.

"Are you sure," he said at last, "that you want to see Harry and fix it up?"

"I'm sure!" Jill said, with her chin at an obstinate angle.

"I'll find out where he is staying, then."

He went into the post office. He stayed a long time. When he came out he merely remarked that he would leave her at Miss Evans'.

When Patrick stopped the car before a neat little house, he turned and faced her.

"Jill, don't do this thing! Don't go in there and talk it over with Harry. You're not in love with him. You never have been. I won't believe it if you tell me so!"

"Thank you. I'm going in just the same!"

"Jill, you can't do it. No one could love you as I do!"

She stepped stubbornly out of the car.

"It's good-by then," he said bitterly.

She leaned toward him and whispered:

"Good-by, Patrick!" and laid her hand for one fleeting moment on his.

He sat scowling. She heard him go chugging savagely down the road as she climbed the steps to the front door.

Harry himself opened the door for her.

"Who brought you up?" he asked angrily.

JILL told him. Meanwhile she looked at him in utter amazement. Was this Harry—this tall, sallow young man with the discontented expression? She wondered how she had ever thought him handsome! How could she have cared for a man with ears like that, and eyes like dead fish?

Then she remembered what had brought her to see Harry. Her voice shook in spite of her.

"We did make a mistake. I'm glad we found it out in time. I just came to say good-by."

"What?" Harry cried.

He was walking up and down his aunt's prim sitting-room, knocking into tables and chairs. He seemed to be furiously worked up.

"You don't want to marry me. I don't want to marry you. That's all."

He turned and looked at her.

"You're wrong. I do want to marry you. If you think I'm going to let that red-haired man walk off with you, you're mistaken. You're engaged to me!"

"But I'm not! You jilted me."

"I hadn't seen you for three years when I wrote that letter. Now I have and we're going to be married."

"But we're not! We're not!" Jill cried.

Harry began to say the most atrocious things about Patrick. He raged. Suddenly he slumped on his knees and caught her hands.

She wrenched them away.

"I'm sorry, Harry. But I shall have to tell you then. I'm jilting you."

She saw him brushing gingerly at the knees of his trousers as he scrambled up. She ran out of the room and fumbled with the catch of the hall door, and was out in the air.

She felt so trembly in her knees as she went down the porch steps that she did not see how she could walk to the station.

At the other side of the tall hedge a battered roadster was drawn up and a young man in it was scowling under dark brows.

"Please take me to the station," she said.

PATRICK would not even look at her.

"Does Harry want to marry you?" he asked as they stopped beside the platform.

"Yes."

"Thanks to me!" he said grimly.

"What do you mean?"

"Just this. When I went into the post office I telephoned to him and told him just what I thought of him!"

"You—you—" Jill gasped.

"Here comes the train," he said stonily.

She moved to step out of the car and turned, her face lighted with a sudden bewitching allure.

"Good-by, Patrick," she said. "I just wanted to tell you that I went to see Harry to tell him if he were the last man in the world, I wouldn't have him."

"Jill!" he cried. He caught her elbow and swung her about. "Jill, my darling!"

The train chugged in. A few passengers stared. The train chugged out. They did not even hear it.

Patrick said, with his arm about her, "I bought that little house, garden and gulls and seashore and all, after you left me!"

"Oh, Patrick," she whispered, "how will you ever be sure now that I'm not marrying you for your house!"

The first star came out, it was followed by a little flock of stars; but to the two with their arms about each other, the June dusk might have dissolved into star dust and blown through a ring of space for all they knew.

THE END

DANDRUFF?

Bottle Bacilli, the cause of Dandruff. Illustration reproduced from Hazen's "Diseases of the Skin." C. V. Mosby, Publisher.

Dandruff, known scientifically as Pityriasis Simplex Capitis, is a disease of the deeper rooted cells of the scalp.

It may spread by infection through personal contact (combs, brushes, etc.). Many people, for instance, and especially children, are free from the disease until infected by actual contact with dandruff bacteria.

Dandruff is a disease difficult to cure, but easy to check.

Unless checked and properly treated it has a persistent tendency to reappear, and often in more virulent form, with possible loss of hair or even total baldness.

The treatment to check dandruff requires constant cleanliness and the use of a suitable antiseptic solution to combat the disease and to heal the scalp.

Listerine does the trick

DANDRUFF is not only an unsightly nuisance but it is a danger signal of more serious scalp trouble —loss of hair, sometimes actual baldness.

Women as well as men encounter this trouble. The present feminine vogue of wearing the hair bobbed has revealed to many women that they have dandruff, where they never were aware of it before.

Dandruff is a germ disease that no intelligent person will neglect.

The ideal treatment to combat dandruff conditions is the systematic use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

We have received hundreds of unsolicited letters from Listerine users, who are most enthusiastic in their claims for what Listerine will do in this way. If you are troubled with dandruff you owe it to yourself to try it.

The use of Listerine for dandruff is not complicated. You simply douse it on your scalp, full strength, and massage thoroughly. The effect is antiseptic, cleansing and healing. And you will be amazed to see how this treatment, followed systematically, does the trick.

Moreover, Listerine will not discolor the hair nor will it stain fabrics.

Try Listerine some evening when your scalp feels tired and itchy. Dandruff is probably causing the trouble. Apply it generously and then massage vigorously. You will find it a stimulating tonic for the scalp, and in addition to combating dandruff, you will find that it adds that luster and softness to the hair that is so important a part of being well-groomed.—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE

—and dandruff simply do not get along together

This might have been prevented

Bad Teeth May Mean Sickly Backward Child

Taxpayers Assessed Huge Sum Because Pupils Are Retarded by Dental Ills

It is hard to believe that defective teeth can lead to the dreaded "catching" diseases that mothers fear when children go to school. But ask your dentist or physician. Either one will tell you that the consequences of tooth decay may be serious beyond belief.

Do you realize what it means in cold dollars and cents, when children fail "to pass" in school? The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has figured out that taxpayers are assessed hundreds of thousands of dollars each year for the re-instruction of children who have been kept back through disability caused by bad teeth.

School surveys have shown that mental development as well as physical, suffers when children's teeth are bad.

The move for better teeth is sweeping the country. Conditions are improving—but they still are bad. Much must yet be done.

Give the child a chance.

Special Trial Tube Offer

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 882
581 Fifth Ave., New York City

I enclose two cents in stamps. Please send me a generous trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name_____

Address_____

In Canada, 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal.

Mother—Guard Those Lovely Teeth

They're Priceless!

She'll thank you in after years if you teach her now the way to healthy, happy teeth. And you can't afford to let her take chances, for her beauty, her health and her mental development, all depend so much on her teeth.

Teach her the simplest, yet most effective beauty secret in the world . . . Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

* * *

Colgate's is the modern way to protect the charm of beautiful teeth. It makes them flash white and lovely when you talk or smile. It brings out all their natural beauty. But more important . . . it will help to keep your teeth and gums healthy, for Colgate's foams into every hard-to-get-at place between the teeth and under the edges of the gums.

Remove Those Causes of Decay

Colgate's penetrates every place where it is possible for germs and food particles to collect. It loosens these impurities at once. Then it washes them away, leaving your teeth and gums absolutely clean. The warm, dark interior of your mouth is an ideal breeding place for germs. But they can't lurk there and multiply, when you use Colgate's regularly. Colgate's literally goes right into their hiding places and removes those causes of tooth decay.

Your mouth feels clean after using Colgate's . . . and it is clean. You'll like the taste of Colgate's . . . even children love to use it regularly.

Here are children being taught to fight tooth decay. Colgate cooperates with thousands of school officials and health authorities in teaching dental hygiene.

Priced right, too!
Large tube...25c

Colgate & Co.
Established 1806.